THE MIDDY;

OR,

SCENES FROM THE LIFE

OF

EDWARD LASCELLES.

Embarked, the sails unfurled, the light breeze blew ;
How much has busy memory to review !

BYRON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:

E. L. CAREY AND A. HART.

.....

1838.

PZ3
L3325
vol. 1

THE MIDDY.

CHAPTER I.

BOYISH DAYS.

The summer months bring wilding shoot,
From bud to bloom, from bloom to fruit;
And years draw on our mortal span,
From child to boy, from boy to man.
ROKEBY.

IT cannot be of any surpassing interest to my readers to know, that I was born at ——, on the —— day of ——, in the year ——. Of my parents, who still live, I shall only remark, that they are such as merit in every respect the love and veneration of a son; and I may say with the venerable Archdeacon of Wilts, that had I the power of choosing a father and mother for myself, I would fix upon those whom Providence has allotted me.

With my father I have always lived on terms of the warmest friendship; while our intimacy, on my part, has been tempered by that feeling of respect which should ever be paramount in the breast of a son, when he looks upon the face of his parent. *Il est mon père et mon meilleur ami!* Eternal blessings crown the honoured head of the indulgent protector of my infancy; the valued friend of my maturer years!

Of the events of my childhood I cannot be supposed to have any very distinct recollection. The mind, during those tender years, may be said to resemble a glassy lake; which retains for the moment a vivid picture of the objects

reflected on it, but from whose surface the transient shadows are utterly obliterated by the first breeze that passes over the slumbering waters. Circumstances, indeed, there are, of so lasting a character, that they are never forgotten; and though the recollections of them often appear to us to be nothing more than the dreamy visions of fancy, still they retain to the last the vivid freshness of their colours, and recur from time to time, knit to the memory by a thousand trivial links of association.

When I contemplate my somewhat dark and weather-beaten complexion, which has seen the suns of many a clime, and felt the bitings of many a bitter blast; I can scarcely bring myself to believe that my childhood was nursed upon the lap of luxury; nay, that it was even sunned in the rays of royalty itself. Yet such is the fact. My father held a situation of some importance connected with the royal household; and as children, my brother and myself frequently resided within the ancient walls of Windsor. It was then that Britain was glorious beneath the benignant sway of the august George the Third; and knit to my earliest recollections is the venerable face of that beloved monarch, as he would often take me on his knee, and peering into my tiny features through his then almost sightless eyes, pat me on the head, and call me "his little white boy." My brother who was considerably older than myself, and extremely manly for his age, he used to denominate, by way of distinction, "the black." Those who were much about Windsor at the time may perhaps recollect this brother, as a remarkably handsome child, who was considered one of the "lions" of the promenade; and who used often to take his station beside the band of the Coldstream Guards, endeavouring to accompany their martial strains upon his little cymbals.

The white boy and the black! Alas, what mighty changes Old Time effects! The comforts of a quiet home, and the fostering attentions of fond friends, have long since blanched the bronze from Frederick's cheek; while hardships and hot climates have imparted not a little swarthiness to mine! *Mais n'importe.*

Of one whimsical circumstance which occurred at Windsor, I have still a vivid recollection.

At the time of which I speak, the Princess——— was famous for her skill in dress; and she often appeared before my wondering eyes, attired in all the gorgeous splendour of the court; her head adorned by a most luxuriant wig, whose powder-laden tresses hung gracefully over her shoulders. This wig was the object of my particular affection; and I long watched for an opportunity of investing myself with its shady honours. Accordingly, one day when the princess was engaged elsewhere, I stole cautiously into her tiring-room; and closing the door behind me, commenced a search for the envied ornament. It was not long till I discovered the place of its repository; and lifting it carefully from the gilded box in which it lay, I arranged it in a most courtier-like fashion on my head; completing my costume by throwing a fine cloth-of-gold scarf across my shoulders.

It so happened that while I was thus engaged, the venerable monarch, who was then in a very imbecile state, and used often to amuse himself with my childish prattle, sent one of the pages to fetch "his little white boy." But the white boy was no where to be found; all his usual haunts were carefully explored, but no traces of him could be discovered. At length a group of searchers, at the head of whom was my mother, entered the tiring-room; and there I was, parading with all imaginable majesty, before a large pier-glass; one hand retaining the folds of my scarf, the embroidered border of which swept gracefully on the ground; and the other raised to support the capacious wig, and prevent it from totally obscuring my tiny visage.

"For shame, Edward," said my mother, when she had somewhat recovered her surprise; "this is most disgraceful conduct; should it come to her majesty's ears, you shall certainly be severely punished."

"I don't care a straw for her majesty," I replied, lifting the wig a little higher on my brow as I spoke; "she never wore such a wig as this in her life. She's a nasty snuffy old woman, and wears nothing but an ugly mob-cap." And darting another glance at the mirror, I strutted away, quite proud of my appearance.

The joke, however, did not end here. The insolent

manner in which I had spoken of the queen was repeated, and I was ordered, in consequence, to be severely whipped; and perhaps it was the somewhat pitiless infliction of this punishment that served more than any thing else to engrave the circumstance on my memory.

With the history of my school-boy career I shall not detain you. It is nothing more than the usual chronicle of plots, discoveries, floggings, orchard-robbings, desertions, captures, and so forth, which form in general the most striking features of a school-boy's life. Whenever there was mischief on hand, I was sure to be employed in it; and I would at any time have risked a severe flogging, extra tasks, and solitary confinement, for the pleasure of what we technically termed "a lark." Being naturally of a daring reckless disposition, I was for the most part elected the leader in deeds of danger; and I usually led the van of my trembling comrades, when we were ordered for punishment, into the dreaded presence of the master. And truly it required considerable firmness of nerve to face without tremour that stern individual, when sentence of guilty had been recorded. Mercy he knew none; nay, on some occasions, even justice and he did not pull together in the same boat. I think I see him now, with his scowling eye, dark brow, and livid complexion, standing over some unfortunate comrade who was about to precede me in punishment; his powerful limbs displayed to the best advantage by the never-failing long black silk stockings; and his sinewy arm brandishing the pickled birch, which had just been removed from beneath the salted junk that formed our Thursday's dinner. With back and shoulders bared, lay the unlucky wight, extended transversely across two forms, between which stood the muscular flagellator; and you may conceive my feelings were any thing but enviable, as I witnessed blow after blow descend, and heard the appaling shrieks of my miserable comrade.

Much have our arch-agitators harped upon the topic of slavery! I have witnessed the actual condition of the slave, both in our own and foreign colonies; but never have I seen him, even in his most degraded state, subjected to more brutal treatment than is daily undergone at *some* of

our seminaries of education, by the scions of the best blood in Britain!

With my studies I was never very much in arrear; and though I could boast of being flogged oftener and more severely than any boy at school, I hardly recollect an instance at my being so for negligence at my lessons. Accordingly, I made considerable progress in classic lore, and used to read Homer and Catullus *ad aperturam libri;* no small boast, certainly, for a boy of twelve. Nay, such was my proficiency, that even the master himself, who bore me no good-will for the many teazing tricks I played him, was fain to give a tacit acknowledgment of it; and he invariably called upon me to "exhibit," whenever a stranger came to examine the school. After conducting his visiter through the different benches, and displaying the best specimens of writing, accounting, and so fourth; he would tell him that he could boast of being more successful in the classics than any other branch he taught. "I believe I may say, sir," he would continue, "there is not one boy in my advanced class who will not, without preparation, translate any passage in Homer you choose to prescribe;" and then turning, as if by accident, to me; "Master Lascelles," he would say, "will you stand up and translate the lines the gentleman has pointed out?"

I ceased, however, to be the show-boy shortly before leaving school, in rather a comical manner.

It chanced that one very temping summer's morning, I took my fishing-rod, and stole away at grey dawn to enjoy a few hours at my favourite sport; thinking that I could easily manage to be back before any of the family were astir. When I reached the stream, I found it in the most "beautiful order." A light westerly breeze curled its surface; and the rising sun, while it tipped the tops of the trees and high-brown banks on either side, left the dark waters beneath in a state of most propitious obscurity.—Following old Isaac's rule, I fished my stream by inches; the trout rose eagerly at my fly, and afforded such excellent sport, that I quite forgot to "mark the lagging foot of time;" and when at last I returned home, I found my companions already entering the school-room.

To be absent a whole morning without leave was an un-

pardonable offence; and I felt my skin grow somewhat tight for me, when I saw the doctor enter, with a dark frown upon his brow, and the awful pickled birch in his hand. Since I had been caught, as it were, in the fact, and there was sufficient overt proof of my guilt, I was not allowed the benefit of an investigation, but ordered to strip on the instant. Two benches were drawn forward to the middle of the room; I was stretched with bared back across them, and the pitiless pedagogue dealt me fifty of his severest blows in rapid succession; then lifting me up by the arm, and giving me a shake that made me stagger, he said he would "teach me to go a-fishing again of a morning!"

Scarcely had I donned my coat, and resumed my seat, when the servant entered in great haste, and announced that a strange gentleman had arrived to visit the school.—Quick as thought the rod was hid, and the forms shoved back to their places; and, when the visitor entered, the angry frown upon the doctor's face was exchanged for such gracious smiles, that he looked for all the world like the benignant Father in Raphael's Holy Family. The usual routine of exhibition was now gone through, and a due meed of praise adhibited; when coming up to me, and patting me, in the most kindly way, upon the head, "Edward, my dear," he said, "will you translate a passage of the gentleman's choosing?"

My back was smarting grievously at the moment, and I could feel the warm drops of blood trickling down between my skin and my shirt. I believe I may safely say that my disposition is not naturally either dogged or vindictive; but I shuddered at the loathsome touch of the hypocritical tyrant, and inwardly vowed revenge.

The passage selected was the well-known ode of Horace, commencing

> Parcus deorum cultor, et infrequens
> Insanientis dum sapientiæ
> Consultus erro;

and I could perceive a triumphant smile on the doctor's face as it was named; for he knew that none could have been chosen which was more familiar to me. His sur-

prise, therefore, may be imagined, when I commenced reading, in my most monotonous tone; blundering in the quantity at every word. It was in vain that he frowned, and bit his lip, and pinched my toes, and warned me, with a sharp "pay attention, sir;" on I stammered, with the most dogged incorrigibility. His dark eye flashed with anger; his shaggy brows began to corrugate; the book trembled in his hand; his whole frame shook with passion; and when I filled up the sum of my misconduct, by commencing to translate in the following classic language—"'The park of the gods, not unfrequently cultivated"—he completely lost all command of himself; dashed the book from his hand; gave a stamp with his foot that made the wall shake; and, clenching his fist, struck me a blow that speedily laid me senseless on the floor. The result of the affair I never witnessed. When sensation returned, I found myself in bed, in a state of burning fever.

Scarcely was I well recovered from the effects of this illness, when I was engaged in another frolic, which ended in my being finally removed from school.

It chanced that one of the boys was the son of a gentleman who resided within about four miles of the town; and who was possessed of a handsome manor, well stocked with all sorts of game; and a garden filled with a great variety of fine fruit. To make a regular storm of the premises, and have a day's beating in the cover and reveling in the orchard, had long been projected; but we had never been able to accomplish our design, owing to the dread our comrade entertained of encountering his father when engaged in such an overt act of rebellion. At length the fortunate concurrence of a whole holiday, and the absence of the gentleman in London, gave us an opportunity of carrying our plans into execution. Accordingly, we made our arrangements, and started, five in number; the heir-apparent of the devoted manor at our head.

It was a beautiful morning, in beautiful June. The sun had been up about an hour; and the dew-covered herbs and trees glanced cheerfully in the golden light. Away we trudged, gay in spirits, and buoyant with the expectation of a grand day's sport; threading our way through plantations, topping fences, and scouring fields; for we

scorned to plod, like every-day mortals, along the parched and dusty highway.

To our youthful spirits the scene was beyond description exhilarating. Every pass that was more inaccessible, every leap that was more difficult than another, we were sure to choose; dashing forward, to the infinite danger of our persons, and the detriment of our clothes, with the spirit-stirring cry of "Follow the leader!" To lend a hand to some unlucky comrade, as he slid down a precipice, or, missing his leap, found himself immersed in the water he intended to clear, caused us frequent delays. From these mishaps, however, none of us were totally disabled. A few scratches, cuts, and bruises, formed the amount of our misfortunes; and for these we were amply compensated, when, after a circuitous walk of three hours, we at length discovered the mansion-house of the demesne we intended to honour; its white minarets "bosomed high mid turfted trees," glancing merrily in the rays of the morning sun.

To make our devoirs in the drawing-room, did not, of course, form any part of our plans; so, following the directions of our guide, we pushed away in a sinuous direction for the dog-kennel. The names of several of the dogs, pronounced by the well-known voice of the young master, soon gave rise to such boisterous notes of recognition from within, that, trembling for our incognito, we rushed forward to open the gates, and set the growling captives free. Firm and fast, however, was every door and wicket locked. It was in vain that we attempted to shake them open; the more we shook, the more noisy grew the canine inmates; till at last the hubbub was loud enough to have shaken the very walls of the keeper's house, and roused the Cerberus, "slumbered he never so soundly." There was not a moment to be lost; discovery, at this critical juncture, would have been ruin.

It chanced that some carpenters had been engaged the previous day in preparing beams for roofing a small pheasantry, several of which were lying scattered around. In an instant one of the heaviest of these was swinging in our hands; a short run, a hearty push; open flew the main door; out rushed a motley group of pointers, spaniels,

greyhounds, retrievers, cockers, and terriers; and in a few minutes we were all hidden deep in the recesses of the neighbouring cover.

Guns we had none, nor did we for a moment feel the want of them. Sufficient was it for us that a set of fine dogs were scouring about before us, and obeying *our* word of command; it was a sight that inspired us with a proud consciousness of manhood. The difficulties, too, we had to encounter, in forcing our way through the tough tangled branches of prickly brambles, and the sharp thorns of dense furze, were not without their charms. The very circumstance of hearing ourselves call out, "*Cock! Cock! Mark!*" and so forth, as we had often heard our fathers do, was delightful. And then the pheasants and partridges that were flying about in all directions; greyhounds chasing hares, which they speedily lost in the thicket; retrievers plunging through the lake, in pursuit of young water-fowl; terriers grubbing at the entrances of rabbit holes; pointers and setters standing over hidden game; and the little cocker's bell, tinkling cherrily among the brushwood; all formed a scene that realised our most anxious expectations, and placed us, for the time, in an elysium of happiness.

As we anticipated, however, the noise which the dogs made, on our first arrival at the kennel, had roused the watchful keeper; and his astonishment may be conceived when he found the door broken open, and every individual of his charge away. It was in vain that he inquired at the other servants; their astonishment was equal to his own; and no one could give him any information that might lead to the detection of the robbers. His only resource, therefore, was to follow the prints of the dogs' feet; which as the dew was still on the grass, he could do with considerable certainty; and when he had once traced us to the forest, the broken boughs of the trees, and empty shells of eggs, served as an excellent guide for his further progress.

We were busily engaged, at the sedgy corner of the wood embosomed lake, sending out spaniels and retrievers in search of young wild ducks, when through a long alley or vista of the forest, we descried the portly figure of Old

Peter bearing down full upon us. This was a sad consummation, and there was nothing for it but swiftness of limb. Starting from the water, in which most of us were plunging middle-deep, we called off the dogs, and hied away, at the top of our speed, in the opposite direction. It was necessary, however, that we should surmount the high bank of the lake, in order to secure our retreat; and we were in this elevated position when the practised eye of Peter caught a glimpse of our party, dogs and all. Presently we heard the shrill note of the whistle. The dogs pricked up their ears at the well-known sound; looked back: and, recognising the old man, darted off with the most impetuous alacrity to join him; utterly heedless of all the threats and entreaties we employed to detain them.

Our practice of the "noble art of venery," was thus put an end to for the day, but this was no reason why we should give up the other parts of our sport; and accordingly, making a feint so as to leave old Peter to conclude that we were clear off, we turned sharp round, and following a somewhat circuitous route, soon found ourselves in the vicinity of the hen-roosts. Here we commenced a system of regular pillage; and it was not long before we had secured every egg and chicken that we could conveniently lay our hands on.

Laden with booty, a council was now held as to the propriety of beating a retreat; but how was it possible to pass the outside of the garden wall, with the chimney-tops of the vinery staring us full in the face, and the branches of some lofty fruit trees waving temptingly in the sunshine? A few steps up a pruning ladder; a light vault; and we stood within the precincts of the garden. All was hushed as death; not an individual garden within hail. Softly and steadily we crept into the hot-house, and bagged a quantity of unripe grapes and hard peaches. A circuit of the gooseberry and currant bushes completed our tour; and we were fortunate enough to make our exit by an open door; undiscovered and laden with an infinite variety of spoil.

With spirits by no means so exuberant, and corporal vigour somewhat subdued, we now found ourselves on our

way back to school. Our pleasure was past; certain punishment was to come. Faint and wearily we trudged along the very highway we had so scornfully despised in the morning; and, arriving at our destination, were not a little dismayed to find the gates locked and the porter gone. To climb the wall was therefore our only resource; and what was a twelve-foot wall with good niches, to *men* who had already braved so many dangers! Being reckoned the best scaler, I mounted first; and having assisted the rest to reach the top, we all easily dropped from thence into the yard beneath. Our descent, however, was not managed so cautiously but that it alarmed the vigilant watch-dog, who accordingly, as in duty bound, commenced a deep-mouthed incessant baying. It was in vain that we attempted to pacify him; the more we coaxed, the louder he barked; till at length the uproar became so tremendous that the porter hurried from his booth, with a lighted torch in his hand, to ascertain the cause of the alarm.

To have won over the good-natured old Richard, would have been no very difficult task; but our wits were brought fairly *au comble*, when we descried the tall figure of the doctor issue from the house, and hurry to the scene of action. There we stood, at once guilty and condemned; our hard-earned booty lying at our feet, and our dew-covered habiliments glancing in the red glare of the blazing torch. The brows of the pedagogue gathered black and stormy; and there was a vindictive smile upon his lips that boded heavy retribution.

"So, I've caught you, have I, you robber rascals!" he cried. "Off! off to your rooms; you shall hear more of this to-morrow!"

Early in the morning, accordingly, we were ordered up for punishment; and underwent, as usual, a round of most severe flagellation. In addition to the pains of the birch, I, as ringleader, was sentenced to one week's solitary confinement in my room; and I received, moreover, the pleasant intelligence that my father should certainly be informed of every thing that had passed.

It was on the third day of my captivity, as I was sitting at my table, puzzling myself in the preparation of the

tasks that were allotted me, and brooding over the evil destiny that brought me into so many scrapes, when I was startled by the unwonted sound of wheels; and running to the window, I caught a glimpse of my father's carriage as it drove up to the door. Here then was a consummation to all my miseries. I was pretty certain that the vindictive pedagogue would report nothing but the worst edition of the story; and if so, what had I not to expect from the displeasure of my offended parent. The pain of the birch I could endure, but at the bare idea of seeing my father angry, I trembled; for mild and indulgent though he was in general, he was a man "that in his wrath was terrible." It was the first time in my life that I had ever felt afraid to meet him; and there was something indescribably painful in the feeling.

At length I heard his step upon the stair; it entered the corridor; the door of my room opened; and in he stepped, with his usual upright form, and measured martial stride. As soon as he entered, my eye caught his; but there was no frown upon his brow, his lips smiled as sweetly as ever, and there was a look of even more than usual kindness in his countenance. That look it was impossible to resist; I sprang from my seat and rushed into his arms. With all the warmth of a father he returned my embrace; and patting me affectionately on the head, "Well, Ned," he said, "I have a sad account of you from your master. But never be afraid, my boy; I don't believe a word of it. I always thought him an ill-tempered sour rascal; and I blame myself for leaving you so long in his clutches. But never mind; it's all over now; and I have news that I think will make up to you for all that has happened."

He drew a paper from his pocket as he spoke, and put it in my hand. It was a midshipman's appointment in the royal navy; a situation for which, much against his own inclination and the wishes of the rest of the family, I had long been soliciting him to apply; and I now thanked him warmly for having thus unexpectedly acceded to my wishes; protesting that it was the only profession to which I was warmly inclined, and that he had made me the happiest person in the world.

"Well, well," he replied, "we will speak of that another time. At present proceed to pack up your things with all possible despatch, for you shall go home with me to-day!"

You may believe I was not tardy in complying with this request. Books, clothes, fishing-tackle, and cricket-bats; with an endless assortment of other varieties, were huddled together into my trunk with the greatest celerity; and in a few minutes we were ready to start.

"Well, sir," said the master, as we were taking leave, "I congratulate you on having got the lad appointed to the navy. It is the only thing that can ever do him good; I only fear it is come too late."

"Much obliged to you, sir," replied my father, sharply, "for giving the boy so fair a character. Of course we are bound to ascribe all his good qualities to the praiseworthy exertions of his preceptor. Come, Ned, my boy, jump up; good morning to you, sir!" and the next minute we were snugly seated in the carriage; rolling along to the old and much-loved manor-house.

The time I had to spend with my family was limited; as my father intimated that it would be necessary for me in the beginning of the week following to start for Chatham, where the ship to which I was appointed was fitting out. Eagerly were the few days I had to remain employed by my mother and sisters in attempting to persuade me to renounce the idea of going to sea. Every argument that affection or ingenuity could suggest was used. The horrors of the tempest were painted in the most vivid colours: with all its accompaniments of thunder and lightning, and rent rigging, and shivered masts, and the labouring ship tossed to and fro among waves far higher than the Malvern Mountains. I was told of the oppressive usage practised by the captain and officers on the poor midshipmen; how they were oftimes confined like eagles on the pinnacle of the mast, and kept there for weeks together without food; how they were obliged, during the cold bleak night, to walk alone up and down the pitch-dark deck; how, if they chanced to fall asleep on their posts, they were tied by the neck, and flogged for a whole blessed hour without stopping; how they

got nothing to eat but great round lumps of unboiled salt beef; and how they had to sleep in a bag not much bigger than a Carlisle peck. But it was all in vain. The appointment had been procured at my own urgent request, and nothing on earth could now tempt me to relinquish it.

At length the day of my departure arrived; and steeling my heart as well as possible, in order that no tear should be seen, or sigh heard, which might be construed into repentance, I went through the parting scene with a tolerably unconcerned demeanour, and started in company with my father for Chatham.

CHAPTER II.

MY SHIPMATES.

The breezes freshen, and with friendly gales
Kind Phœbus fills the wide-distended sails;
Cleft by the rapid prow, the waves divide,
And in hoarse murmurs break on either side.

TICKEL.

OUR first care on arriving at Chatham was to wait on the port-admiral, who was a very old friend of my father. We were most kindly received.

"So you're appointed to the Hesperus, young gentleman," he said to me; "the Happy Hesperus? Well, I wish you joy. To say you sail under Captain Morley, is to boast of having one of the finest fellows in the service for your commander. I hope," he continued, turning to my father, "you have no engagement for this evening; I expect Morley to dinner, and shall be very happy if you and your son can join the party." My father expressed his readiness to do so; and after a little farther conversation, we took our leave.

To a raw boy not ten days from school, the idea of dining with a man of the port-admiral's consequence was not a little formidable; however, I made no complaints, but slipping on my silk stockings, drove down with my father at the time appointed. On our arrival, we were ushered into a large and elegantly furnished room; but, much to my relief, found none of the company assembled. Soon after we had seated ourselves, the port-admiral entered, dressed in full uniform; his wife, a most beautiful woman, leaning on his arm. It is not to be supposed that Dr. Birch's* flaggellatory system of education was altogether the best calculated for producing Chesterfields; so after shaking hands with the admiral, and being presented to his lady, I made very little scruple of turning round and pro-

* Not Dr. Birch of Rugby.

ceeding to examine a splendid engraving of the battle of La Hogue which was hanging on the wall. One after another the company arrived; and each time the door opened I felt a sort of nervous trepidation lest the dreaded captain should be ushered in. At length I did hear the servant announce in a loud articulate tone, "Captain Morley!" Rivetted on the door-way, as he entered, were my anxious eyes; and certainly they encountered no very appalling spectre.

Captain Morley was a man apparently between thirty-five and forty years of age; rather above than under the middle size; with a remarkably intelligent expression of countenance, dark sparkling eyes, fine auburn hair, and a complexion bronzed, more perhaps by hard service than by nature. Round his lips and eyes there played a peculiarly pleasing smile, which I afterwards found was habitual; evidently not one of those smiles, by which the poet tells us the cheek may be tinged

> Though the cold heart to ruin run darkly the while;

but such a smile as beams in its loveliness on the face only of the kind and benevolent. His figure was powerful and gracefully formed; and his well-turned and athletic limbs were displayed to advantage by the long white silk stockings which constituted, at that time, an essential part of the full-dress naval costume. Altogether there was something about his appearance extremely prepossessing. He was one of those enviable men whom a person cannot help liking at first sight.

As soon as he had paid his devoirs to the principal persons in the room, I was led up to him in a most formal manner by the worthy admiral, and introduced as one of his midshipmen. Awkwardness and *mauvaise honte* caused me at first to feel not a little nervous before him; but the gentle kindness of his manner, and the affability of his address soon restored my confidence, and made me feel quite at ease in his presence. The evening was spent in a course of most agreeable conversation, during which I performed the part of a delighted listener; and my father and I returned to our hotel, charmed in every respect with the gallant commander.

Next day was spent in making the necessary arrangements; and on the succeeding morning I shook hands with my father, and went on board.

At first, every thing went on tolerably well; I found my brother middies, on the whole, very agreeable; and as a mark of kindness to the "young bear," I was invited to dine in the gun-room with the officers. Towards evening, however, it was evident that some plot was hatching; for when I came up from the gun-room I observed a great deal of whispering, winking and nodding going on amongst the "youngsters;" all of which, I was satisfied from the significant glances I encountered, referred to me. I, however, took no notice of anything, but began to chat away, quite unconcernedly, upon indifferent topics; and it was not long till I overheard one of them whisper something to another, in which I thought I could distinguish the words "his hammock." Upon this hint I acted; and having walked the deck till all the rest were "turned in," I slipped gently to my berth; removed the bed-clothes; and carrying them to a snug corner of the deck, lay very contentedly down to sleep.

I had not been long in this situation when I heard one of the midshipmen leave his bed; and presently, by the light of the moon, I descried him, gliding stealthily in his night-shirt towards my empty hammock, with a large clasp-knife open in his hand. Of his design I could not form the most remote idea; but the circumstances were certainly sufficient to give rise to strange surmises. Cautiously, and on tip-toe, he crept along till he reached the hammock; then stretching upwards his armed hand, he suddenly severed the cords by which it was suspended, and down upon the deck it came with a heavy fall. This accomplished, he closed the knife and returned to bed; laughing and chuckling all the way as he passed along. When all was again quiet, I got up; knotted my lanyards; and hanging up my prostrate hammock, got into it, and soon fell fast asleep.

In the morning all the middies flocked round, and asked me jeeringly how I had spent the night.

"Extremely well on deck," I replied, "until you performed the ceremony of cutting down my hammock; and

very snugly in my hammock, when I had once more got it securely hung."

This trick procured for me the *soubriquet* of "Wide awake," by contraction "Widoe;" an appellation which adhered to me afterwards in every ship in which I served.

Whilst we continued hulked at Chatham, time went on dully enough; and what rendered matters worse, the captain not being come on board, we were left under the command of the first lieutenant; without exception one of the most disagreeable fellows that ever trod a quarter-deck. No man could have been found more thoroughly calculated to create disgust at the profession than Mr. Settler. He was a tall, stout, heavy-made man; with a hard-featured plebeian face, long lank sandy hair, yellow freckled complexion, thin red whiskers, and sleepy grey eyes. In the general expression of his countenance there was something extremely forbidding. It seemed to indicate a most unpropitious mixture of low cunning, bad temper, ill-breeding, and overbearing arrogance; just such a countenance, in short as that to which Martial applied the celebrated line,

Rem magnam præstas, Zoile, si bonus es.*

Although utterly disqualified, both by nature and education, for moving in the sphere of a gentleman, he was constantly endeavouring to act the great man, and to impress others with a magnificent idea of his importance. Thus, though it was pretty generally understood on board that he was the son of no more dignified a personage than a small west-country farmer, he was never done talking about the splendid pack of fox-hounds his father kept in Shropshire; and of the exquisite equestrianism of his aunt Diana; who had frequently, he said, in a close run field, taken the lead of Lord —— himself. Towards his inferiors he was tyrannical and overbearing; towards his superiors dogged and sullen. He was at once detested and despised by all.

The mission on which he despatched me, the second evening after my arrival on board, will serve to illustrate his character.

* With every symptom of a knave complete,
Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a dev'lish cheat.

I happened to be on duty during the second dog-watch* and had just been relieved, when I met Mr. Settler coming up from the captain's cabin.

"Mr. Lascelles, sir," he said, "you will immediately take the second gig with four men, and proceed to the quay main-stairs. When there, see that you don't quit your post for an instant; but lie close in at the landing-place, until the arrival of a friend of mine, whom you are to bring on board. You will recognise the individual by the pass-word 'Stand clear.'" Despach, sir; and on your peril show your lubberly face here without having accomplished your errand.

It was a wet gusty night; and the misty twilight had given place to total darkness, when we pulled up to the quay. A dim, solitary lamp, which twinkled at the top of the landing-place, threw a narrow stream of glistening light down the wet steps; scarcely tipping with its tiny beams the ledge of the boat and more prominent parts of our figures. A few watermen still plied their craft up and down the river; and served somewhat to relieve the monotony of the scene, by the frequent and warm altercations that ensued as they jostled against each other in the dark. On the quay not an individual was stirring. The rain descended in torrents, and was driven bitterly against us by intermittent gusts of eddying wind. We wrapped our pea-jackets closely round us; drew our hats over our brows; and folding our arms on our breasts, sat in dogged resignation, still and motionless. Twice since our arrival had the bell of the dockyard clock warned us of the lapse of another hour; and still no appearance of our charge. To think of leaving the place without him, however, was in vain; I knew too well what I had to expect from Mr. Settler, if I dared so far to disobey his orders. To continue in waiting was our only alternative; even though it should be till morning.

Towards half-past eleven o'clock, the rain ceased; we shook the water from our clothes, and continued sitting in "patient expectation" for another tedious half-hour; but still no tidings of our tarrying passenger. At length,

* The second dog-watch continues from six to eight in the evening.

amid the universal stillness, we thought we heard the sound of an approaching footstep. Nearer and nearer it came; and presently we were hailed by a somewhat rough but not strong voice.

"Boat, ahoy!"

"Hilloa!" I replied; and immediately, to our utter surprise, a middle-aged female, arrayed in a dress of rusty silk, and carrying a ponderous umbrella in her hand, descended the stairs.

"Pull closer to the steps, you young spalpeen, will you, and take me on board."

"We have no directions to take you on board," I replied; "pray, who are you, madam?"

"What the devil's that to you?" cried the lady "Stand clear, you Lilliput, or I'll drive you into the water, I will;" and, with a light spring, she suddenly threw herself into the boat; and the next moment was snugly seated alongside myself in the stern sheets. "Now, pull away, my boys; we'll have a glass of grog together when we meet on shore. *Stand clear's* the word! Stretch out, you lubbers!" The men lay to their oars; and, in a few minutes, we delivered our fair cargo in charge to the enamoured and amiable lieutenant.

Mr. Settler, however, was the only exception; in our other officers we were extremely fortunate. The second lieutenant, Mr. Strangways, who has, I believe, been designated elsewhere "the straight-forward fellow," was a gentleman by birth and in feeling; a gallant officer; generous and gentle in his disposition; brave almost to recklessness; famed for his great activity in emergencies, and his daring in danger. At the time of which I speak, he was a man about twenty-nine years of age; with a dark complexion, fine features, an extremely pleasant expression of countenance, slight, but very athletic figure, and taper aristocratic hands. His favourite amusement, when in a lounging humour, was sitting in the gun-room, or in his own cabin, with an old fiddle in his hand; which, though often reduced to the desperation of one string, he still caused to discourse most eloquent music. With officers and men, at sea and on shore, Strangways was a universal favourite.

Our third lieutenant, Mr. Wetherall, a big stout man, about forty-five years of age, had nothing very remarkable about him; except that he was good-natured, cheerful, obliging; and unassuming. As a midshipman, he had been taken prisoner in France, and confined for several years in a French dungeon; a captivity of which he was very fond of narrating the history. He was a good steady officer, and always at his post.

Our marine officer, Mr. Granger, was a remarkably spruce, gentlemanly little fellow, about twenty-six years of age; very nice in his dress, and somewhat effeminate in his habits; constantly complaining of the discomforts of the ship, the state of the weather, and so forth. He was, however, an extremely good-hearted friendly fellow; and not devoid of talent, in his own peculiar way. Strangways usually denominated him "his jolly little sea-troop."

The Master, Mr. Black, was a strong-built, round little man, about forty-two; an excellent sailor, but apt to get a little testy if any one presumed to differ from him on points of nautical tactics. His usual mode of closing an argument in which he was worsted, was by striking his fist on the table, and calling out, "Steward, bring me a glass of grog; d——n this!" He was possessed of a great deal more general information than usually falls to the lot of officers of his rank; but, notwithstanding this, he had by no means divested himself of the many petty prejudices which are said to characterise the profession. He could not, for example, endure to hear any one whistle on board; and the maltreatment of a cat would drive him furious. The whistlers he generally endeavoured to silence by the significant question, "Haven't we enough of wind already, think ye, sir?"

In the person of the jolly little Mr. Sands, we possessed the very prince of pursers. He was a short man, of an extremely stout square make, with a bald shining head, large black whiskers, round pleasant countenance, and merry sparkling black eyes. Unlike the generality of men in his station he was extremely well-bred and gentlemanly in his demeanour; liberal in his sentiments, and refined in his tastes; and, as a consequence of all these good qualities, a particular favourite of every one on board, and

a great intimate of the captain. On his face there was, invariably, a pleased, good-humoured smile; and you might hear him, in all weathers, trolling forth some favourite song as he sat in the cabin making up his books. The fiercer the blast blew, the louder rose the mellow pipe of the jolly Sands.

The boatswain, Mr. Parsons, was a fine bluff-looking seaman, who was fond of asserting the dignities of his office, and used to call the fore-castle his quarter-deck. "Get you to *your* quarter-deck," he would sometimes say, good-naturedly, to a lounging middy, "get you to *your* quarter-deck; I'm on *mine!*" He was, with all this, however, an excellent sailor, and extremely civil and obliging.

As for our midshipmen, they were, for the most part, very fine fellows; though there are, of course, exceptions to every general rule. On the whole, we were certainly extremely fortunate; and such was the harmony and good-fellowship which throughout prevailed among our officers, that the ship was universally known in the service by the name of "The Happy Hesperus."

In the course of about a week after my arrival on board, our fitting out being completed, we left the Medway, and proceeded to Portsmouth. While here, the crew received two months' pay in advance; and, in consequence of this, it became necessary to use every possible precaution to prevent desertion. A few days after our arrival at Portsmouth, we again weighed, and sailed for Cowes; and during this short trip a circumstance occurred, which, though of no great importance in itself, had nearly ended in my being dismissed the service.

On the morning that we left Spithead, I was ordered to take the jolly-boat with four men, to bring some holy-stones* from Southsea beach. Before starting on this mission, I had strict injunctions given me to see that none of my crew deserted while on shore; and truly, when I contrasted my own puny figure with the muscular frames of the great stalwart fellows I had to control, the post

* A sort of soft porous stone, used in scrubbing the decks, over which sand and water are first sprinkled.

seemed one of not a little peril. However, I put a bold face on the matter; and, seating myself at the helm, we left the ship, and soon arrived at our destination. The taking in of the stones was pretty heavy work, and kept us all fagging severely for a couple of hours; two men and myself on shore gathering the masses from the beach, and two stowing them away in the boat. At length, when the cargo was completed, I jumped on board; ordering the two men who had been gathering to push off the boat and follow me.

"Indeed, master," said one of them, "we'll push off the boat for you, and welcome; but as to following you, the devil a foot of ours 'll ever touch the main-deck of the Hesperus again."

"Then, if that be the case, Jack," rejoined one of the fellows in the boat, "it's never Jem and myself that are going back alone. Is it, Jem?"

"I be d——d if it be," said Jem, sullenly; as he very coolly began to resume the jacket, which he had thrown aside for convenience in working.

I found there was not a moment to be lost. Starting from the place I had taken at the tiller, I rushed forward; drew my dirk; and placing one foot firmly on the gunwale of the boat, I raised my weapon in the air, and declared I would stab the first man who attempted to leave me. The two who were on the beach, taking alarm, I suppose, at the sight of the bare weapon, gave the boat a sudden push. Like a duck she slid into the water, and in an instant was out of soundings. The wind was from the shore, the tide favourable; and, setting all sail, we speedily made the ship, which was by this time dropping down to Cowes.

On my arrival on board, I was severely taken to task for allowing the two men to escape; and I believe it was for some time seriously under consideration whether or not I should be forthwith dismissed the service for such an offence. That I was not, was looked upon as an act of great leniency exercised towards me, on account of my youth and inexperience. For my own part, I never could understand how, under such circumstances as I have de-

scribed, a boy of thirteen could possibly prevent four strong grown men from deserting, if they thought proper to do so. And yet there are few naval men who will not say that I *might* have prevented them, had I been sufficiently vigilant.

CHAPTER III.

A FIRE.

—— the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seemed to 'siege, and make his bold waves tremble;
Yea, his dread trident shake.

THE TEMPEST.

AT COWES, on the 27th July, 18—, we finally weighed, and left the white cliffs of Old England for the dark waters of the Atlantic. With a pleasant breeze we dropped down the Channel, and soon lost sight of land. The "world of waters was now our home;" and at first, I must confess, I found it a very cheerless and solitary residence. Away we bore, sometimes in tempest, sometimes in calm; touching at the lovely shores of Teneriffe, and steering for the lone isle of St. Helena; where we were to receive instructions as to our ultimate destination.

It was on a lovely autumn evening, in nine degrees south latitude, and three east longitude, that we were going steadily along, at the rate of six or seven knots; a moderate breeze upon our larboard quarter. All around, the usual indications of continued fine weather were observable. The soft undulated surface of the water was slightly curled; the sky overhead was clear and cloudless; and the declining rays of the evening sun diffused over the western horizon a broad flood of ruddy light.

The sentinel had struck two bells of the second dog-watch;* groups of the men were assembled on the forecastle, to enjoy the genial serenity of the evening; Strangways and Sands paced the quarter-deck, side by side; and I leant listlessly over the bulwark, watching the ripple of the water, as it was reflected from the stately sides of the vessel. The burning heat of a tropic sun had induced

* Seven o'clock P. M.

an apathy, which caused all the "idlers" of the time to encourage an unusual degree of listless languor. The portly Mr. Parsons stood with folded arms, leaning against the carriage of a gun on the forecastle, and gazing on vacuity; even the tuneful voice of the jolly purser was mute; and, save the occasional creaking of the spars, the sighing of the breeze among the shrouds, and the slight murmur incidental to the usual routine of duty, there was nothing to interrupt the sleepy stillness.

It was customary for Captain Morley, especially on such evenings as the present, when the steadiness of the weather relieved him, in some degree, from the anxiety consequent on his situation, to assemble the midshipmen in his cabin; where he would kindly explain to them some difficulty in the ship's reckoning; or cause them to read aloud to him, by turns, such books of instruction or entertainment as he thought proper to put into their hands. Their diligence and good elocution were frequently rewarded on such occasions with supper and a glass of grog at his own table; or sometimes even with a hand at whist.

To some rigid disciplinarians, perhaps, such a practice may appear highly derogatory to the dignity of a commander. But Captain Morley was one of those who conceived that good discipline was not incompatible with kindness, or even with considerate indulgence; and while the mildness of his deportment gained for him the devoted attachment both of his officers and men, the respect due to his situation was never for a moment forgotten; and his behests were invariably attended to with that emulous alacrity, which is only observable when the sense of duty is mingled with a sentiment of esteem.

Accordingly, I had not long continued to watch the rippling waters, on the evening alluded to, when I was summoned below. I found the captain in the after-cabin, sitting in a careless attitude in the corner of the sofa. One hand held a book, and was resting on the ledge; the other, on which his head was listlessly reclined, was partly hidden among the dark tresses of his hair. The rich mellow rays of the setting sun streamed gorgeously through the stern windows: tipping with their ruby light the bullion of his epaulets, and throwing what painters term a broad

light and shadow over his face and figure. Two of my brother midshipmen, who had been summoned for the same purpose as myself, were just taking their seats as I entered.

After some general conversation, on subjects more immediately connected with the business of the ship, Captain Morley opened the book he held in his hand; and, presenting it to me, requested that I would read some passages from it aloud. It was a copy of "Coleridge's Poems," and I found it open at that beautiful creation, 'Christabel.' In the perusal of this book I knew the captain took great delight; and I commenced to read in my very best style of intonation. I had already got as far as the entrancing description of the mysterious lady, "in the touch of whose bosom there dwelt a spell;" and I had just given out the concluding lines—

> I guess 'twas frightful there to see,
> A ladye richly clad as she—
> Beautiful exceedingly!

when Captain Morley suddenly started from his reclining posture, and leant forward in his seat with an expression of intense anxiety in his face; watching apparently the repetition of some sound that had alarmed him. I paused; and for a moment there was a death-like silence; but at length the extreme and anxious tension of the captain's features gradually relaxed; he sunk back into his former attitude; and without remark on either side, I continued my reading.

I had not, however, proceeded far, when I was again interrupted. On this occasion, as if again suddenly startled, Captain Morley sprung hurriedly to his feet. For one instant he remained stationary, in an attitude of absorbed attention; his hand a little raised, as if to command silence; his brows knit, his eyes fixed, and his lips slightly separated. At length, impatiently snuffing the air, he rushed eagerly from the cabin.

I knew Captain Morley to be a man of the very firmest nerve, and greatest promptitude in cases of emergency. Never taken unawares; always prepared for whatever might happen; he was wont to behold the approach of

tempest or of battle, how unexpected soever, with the same calm serenity of countenance with which he paced the quarter-deck in sunshine and safety.

His conduct on the present occasion, therefore, struck me as the more remarkable. There was a wild expression about his face, and a hurried trepidation in his movements, which I had never before witnessed; a mixture of alarm and anxiety for which I was totally at a loss to account.

I did not, however, remain long to consider the probable causes of his sudden disappearance; but dashing down my book, I followed him hastily out of the cabin.

On reaching the main-deck, the first thing that caught my bewildered sight was the captain's coat lying in the lee-scuppers; the very coat he had worn two minutes before in the cabin. I snatched it up, and stood for a moment lost in a maze of wild conjectures. What could have happened? The uniform coat in such a situation, notwithstanding Captain Morley's known punctiliousness in all matters of etiquette! Was it possible that that raised look, and apparently causeless trepidation, could have arisen from any mental ——? the very thought of such an event was dreadful.

I looked anxiously around in all directions, in search of some source of explanation, nor was I kept long in suspense. First I heard an indistinct murmur rising forward from the lower deck; then an inarticulate sound; and at last spoken by twenty voices at once, the awful announcement—Fire!

At sea, and for the first time, who that has heard that cry can ever forget it! It is still ringing like a death-knell in my ears; and though many summers have since passed over my head, the events of that night are still as fresh in my memory as if they were the occurrences of yesterday. Many leagues from the nearest point of land; our boats insufficient to carry one-fifth of the crew, and at best totally unfit to live for a day in those seas, if the weather became at all unpropitious; we had nothing to look for but death in one or other of his most appalling forms! It was a fearful alternative!

My first impulse, I know not why, was to rush on deck.

I found it almost entirely deserted. On the first alarm, men and officers had pressed eagerly forward to ascertain the extent of the evil; and, saving the man at the helm, and Mr. Sands the purser, who was pacing up and down the quarter-deck with a look of determined resignation, not an individual was to be seen.

"For God's sake, Mr. Sands," I cried; "where's the fire, sir?"

"In the boatswain's store-room, sir. Another hour, and there will not be a man left to tell the tale."

"The boatswain's store-room!" I repeated, as the thought flashed across my mind that nothing but a thin bulkhead divided this room from the powder magazine.* "The boatswain's store-room! Then no earthly exertion can save us!"

"Of course not, sir," replied Sands; and pointing forward, he directed my attention to a thin column of white smoke that now began to issue from the fore-hatchway.

Uncertain what to do, or which way to turn, I stood and gazed upon this harbinger of our destruction, as it rose slowly up behind the shelter of the booms; and then, caught by the breeze, was carried away in eddies, and dissipated on the face of the waters. The sound of the drum beating to quarters was the first thing that roused me; and in obedience to the summons, I hurried instantly to my station below.

The scene here soon became one of extreme activity. The firemen of the fore-mast guns handed in water from the main-deck ports; while those of the after guns cleared the magazine, and got the gunpowder on deck; where it was stowed abaft the mizen-mast, ready to be thrown over-board, in case the fire should obtain the mastery. At the fore-hatchway, where he commanded a full view of the main, and a partial one of the lower deck, stood our gallant commander, without coat or hat; issuing orders and giving directions. Strangways took charge of the men beneath, and directed the play of the engines.

The fire now raged with fury; and at every fresh dis-

* Being a young sailor at the time, I was not aware that the Hesperus, being a frigate of the class denominated Jackass Frigates, had no magazine forward.

charge of water, it sent up thick suffocating gusts of vapoury smoke. The different articles in the store-room; ropes, canvass, tarpaulings, and so forth; being of a very combustible nature, gave additional impetus to the flames; and it became a matter of the utmost importance that as many of them as possible should be removed. The perilous and arduous duty of removing these was undertaken by the boatswain himself. With a rope fastened round his waist, and a hatchet in his hand, the gallant Parsons made repeated descents on this perilous mission; and was as often dragged out in a state of total exhaustion and insensibility.

I shall never forget the scene that presented itself to me as I stepped forward to the top of the hatch to deliver an order from the captain. Within the burning store-room, his figure enveloped in dense smoke, but at the same time clearly relieved against the red glare of the flame, stood the gallant Parsons; breaking open the lockers with his hatchet, and tearing down stores of all kinds from the shelves. The heavy stroke of the axe, and the crashing of the breaking boards, mixed strangely with the crackling sound of the fire, and the hissing of the water. Vigorously, for a few minutes, did the noble little fellow wield his uplifted hatchet and tear asunder the hoards of the lockers. Gradually, however, his stroke became feebler and more feeble; until at length, completely overcome by the scorching heat and suffocating smoke, he reeled, fell, and was dragged insensible on deck.

For two hours did we labour incessantly, but in vain. The fire was gaining so rapidly, that the stream of water from the engines very soon lost almost entirely its effect. As a last resource, therefore, the lower deck was scuttled; and water was brought in buckets, and poured, through the openings, down upon the raging element. At first this appeared to produce a good effect, as the strength of the flame was evidently subdued; and in the hope of extinguishing it entirely by one large volume of water, Strangways ordered the men to fill all their buckets, and pour their contents at the same moment through the deck.

This was accordingly done; but to the astonishment of every one, a fresh flash of fire, accompanied by a dense

volume of smoke, followed the discharge. The men for an instant stood aghast; the empty buckets in their hands. Strangways seemed uncertain how he was next to proceed; and the captain bent over the hatchway above in considerable consternation.

A slight murmur among the men succeeded this momentary pause. It seemed to refer to getting the boats in readiness; and the practised ear of the captain instantly caught its purport. He started, as if struck by lightning,

"Send the carpenter here!" he exclaimed, in a voice almost amounting to a scream; and immediately the carpenter was at his side.

"Go on deck, sir," he cried; render every boat unfit for sea! And now, men," he continued; "we shall sink or swim together!"

A single round of hearty cheers followed this declaration; and in a minute all were again busily occupied.

Scarcely, however, had the axe been laid to the first boat on the booms, when Strangways called up the hatchway to announce that the fire was nearly extinguished. The last flash of flame and cloud of dense smoke had been the expiring struggle of the devouring element, as the great volume of water fell upon some vital part. By a little active exertion, the firemen in a few minutes succeeded in getting it entirely under; and very soon nothing remained of the conflagration but the vapoury smoke which arose from the smouldering embers.

Such of the stores as were not consumed were now got up on deck; where they were spread out and examined, in case any latent spark might still be lurking among them. All, however, being reported safe, the retreat was beat; the starboard watch set; and an universal silence speedily prevailed, which contrasted strangely with the previous bustle.

I well remember, it was my middle watch; and shall I be ashamed to acknowledge, that while I paced the deck during those four solitary midnight hours, I breathed forth more than one thanksgiving to the mighty Ruler of all things, who had thus so mercifully interposed in our behalf!

Next morning when I left my hammock and went on

deck I found everything in its usual order. The gunpowder and other stores had been removed below; the decks and hatchways were newly washed; and, saving that a strong smell of burning still lingered about the main and lower decks, no one could have imagined that, so shortly before, the ship was on the eve of perishing by fire. I stepped forward on the gangway, and found Darby Mullins, the carpenter's mate, busy repairing the boat he had disabled the previous evening.

"Good mornin' to your honour," said he, touching his little bit of tarpaulin hat, as I passed; "I'm glad to see you well and alive after last night's work. Troth, they would ha' found it indifferent sailing that trusted themselves to this gig anyhow."

"Why, Darby, I suppose if you had had a few minutes longer you would have scuttled every boat upon the booms."

"Fait! and wid all my heart and soul, your honour. Och, it was like a rale gintleman in the captain, to tell us all to sink or swim thegider! Japers! he's none of your big-wigs, who are afraid of being seen in honest folk's company! But, who does your honour think 'll be sarved out for the doing of it?—bad 'cess to him for that same!"

"I can't tell, Darby; it's no business of mine, nor of yours either, I trust."

"Thrue for you, thrue for you, your honour; only I couldn't help axing about it, for Mister Parson's has been saying that the captain's been after making vestigashins, and we'll hear more about it yet."

"Darby Mullins," said I, "mind you your mallet and your chisel, and leave the captain to take care of his own affairs."

"Thrue for you again, your honour; so I'll just be after patching up this big hole myself was so handy at making;" and he again set to plying his hammer with redoubled assiduity.

Whatever investigations the captain had instituted, with regard to the individual with whom the fire had originated, the result was totally unknown except to the parties concerned. That due inquiry *had* been made, however, we all felt quite assured; for the crime was

one of a very serious nature, and not likely to be overlooked by so strict a disciplinarian as Captain Morley. Nay, when the systematic arrangement of everything on board, and the correct information the captain usually had of whatever passed in the ship, was considered, it seemed extremely probable that the guilty person had been detected.

It was, not, therefore, matter of astonishment to myself or any one else, when, at six bells in the forenoon, all hands were turned up for punishment. In the fore-part of the quarter-deck stood Captain Morley, dressed in full uniform, and holding a folded paper in his hand; apparently the articles of war. Near him were the different officers, in cocked hats and side arms; and, a little farther removed, the men.

All was now anxiety as to the culprit; and there was a general murmur of regret and surprise, when Richard Elkins, the boatswain's yeoman, was called forward and committed to the custody of the master-at-arms.

If there was one man on board the Hesperus a greater and more general favourite than another, it was Elkins. Civil and obliging to his superiors; kind and friendly to his equals; an excellent seaman, and always ready at the call of duty; he was respected and beloved both by officers and men. During the war he had been engaged in the hottest of the fray; and bore many honourable wounds in testimony of his gallantry. Repeatedly had he led the van of his comrades in boarding the enemy; twice had he by his prowess, and, at great personal risk, saved the life of an officer; and on one occasion he swam to the admiral with despatches when the iron shower of ball and grape fell so thick that no boat could be trusted on the water.

The captain, having read, before an uncovered audience, the clause in the articles of war which related to the crime, folded up the paper, and, with a tone of deep emotion, addressed the unhappy man nearly in these words;

"Richard Elkins! through your carelessness yesterday the ship was nearly destroyed by fire; and your shipmates have only been saved from the most dreadful of deaths, by the merciful interposition of that Being before whose awful tribunal your culpable neglect had so nearly hurried

them. You have broken the articles of war; having, in direct opposition to orders, removed a lighted candle from the lantern in which it was placed for safety; and fastening it to a beam, you left it burning in that situation when you went to supper.* In consequence of this act of disobedience and neglect on your part, the fire broke out in the boatswain's store room. Is this the case, sir, or is it not?"

"It is, sir!"

"I therefore consider it my duty to punish you, as an example to the rest of the crew; and much do I regret that one, who is in every respect so deserving a man, should have incurred so severe a penalty. Strip, sir!"

Without a syllable in his own defence, or a single plea for mercy, poor Elkins took off his coat and shirt; and his brawny wrists were tied to the gratings. One only appeal he made, but not in words; it was merely an expressive glance of his eye, by which he seemed to request the intercession of his officers and comrades. The benevolent commander marked that glance; and it was reflected back from his own countenance, as if he wished to second the appeal. But in vain; no one spoke; for all knew that the offence was too heinous to be forgiven.

The boatswain had taken off his coat, preparatory to giving the first dozen; the cat was ready in his hand; the stiff figure of the master-at-arms stood by, prepared to record the stripes; and the captain paced to and fro upon the deck, chucking into the air a small bunch of keys; his common practice when he was agitated.

After making several turns of the quarter-deck, he at length stopped; and every one expected that he was about to give the signal to commence. For a moment he stood gazing on the culprit. It was an interval of the most anxious suspense; and all eyes were eagerly fixed upon him. At last turning towards the boatswain, he raised his hand gently upwards, and gave the unexpected order, "Cast him off!"†

In an instant the bonds fell from the poor fellow's arms; and he stood, unshackled and undisgraced, among his comrades.

* Four o'clock P. M. † Unbind him.

"Elkins!" said the captain, "I cannot flog you! It is not twenty-four hours since God forgave us all; it is meet that I should now forgive you! Pipe down, Mr. Parsons."

Three rounds of such hearty cheers, as made the timbers of the Old Hesperus ring again, succeeded this short, but truly eloquent address; and I believe I was not the only one on board who envied our noble-minded commander the grateful applause of an approving conscience; an applause which, certainly, he must have that day experienced.

CHAPTER IV.

ST. HELENA.

And then there was a little isle,
That in my very face did smile;
The only one in view.
A small green isle; it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor;
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were wild flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.

PRISONER OF CHILLON.

AFTER a somewhat tedious six weeks trip from Teneriffe, our ears were at last gladdened by the announcement of land; and I cannot more adequately describe the feelings that, as a young sailor, occupied my mind on this occasion, than by quoting the above lines which the inimitable Byron has applied to the Prisoner of Chillon.

Unhappy Bonnivard! For six long years his look had rested upon nothing but the humid walls and dripping vault of his cell; and now when he had clambered up to the grated window of his dungeon, and "bent the quiet of a loving eye" upon the towering mountains, with their thousand years of snow; and the sunny surface of the rippled lake; and the gay white sails that skimmed the waters of the flowing Rhone; it was with feelings which they who have experienced can alone appreciate.

In the little island, which the poet has represented as so peculiarly rivetting the attention of the noble Prisoner, there is nothing remarkable. The stranger may pass it a thousand times, and scarcely, perhaps, be so much as aware of its existence. But for the captive Bonnivard it had a charm, independent of its aspect. In his mind it was associated with the idea of that which he cherished more fondly than life; the idea of freedom. The breeze that sighed among the foliage; the tall trees that stretched

their leafy branches towards the sky; the streams that cascaded among the rocks; the many-tinted wild flowers that smiled in the sunbeams, were all lively emblems of the liberty he had lost. He gazed upon them as upon friends from whom he had long been separated; and felt how true it is that misfortune teaches us to find, even in objects the most indifferent, a charm to which we were totally insensible while slumbering on the lap of blind prosperity.

It was with feelings somewhat analogous, that, after passing six monotonous weeks on the weary waste of waters, I heard the look-out at the mast-head announce "Land!"

It was evening; and a thin gauzy mist obscured, but did not hide, the horizon. I stretched my anxious look in every direction; but I could discover nothing, save the same circular sheet of shoreless water which had so long formed our only prospect; unvaried, unbroken, uninteresting, as ever.

Captain Morley was pacing the quarter-deck; and though a good deal ashamed of my want of skill in distinguishing distant objects, I at last ventured to ask him, "Where *is* the land, sir?" He smiled; and putting his glass into my hand, desired me to look in a direction nearly due south.

On the very verge of the horizon I discovered something that resembled a narrow strip of bluish cloud; apparently divided in the centre. It was St. Helena; the wave-walled prison and island grave of Napoleon. So light, so vapoury, so air-suspended did it seem, that I was, at first, almost tempted to consider it a meteoric illusion; and scarcely had I time to satisfy myself of its reality, when the fiery disc of the tropic sun plunged beneath the horizon, and in a few minutes there was total darkness.

In the morning, shortly after day-break, I was on deck. The island was now about eight leagues distant, and appeared like a solitary mountain, very high and precipitous; its summit enveloped in dense clouds. We were scudding before a steady breeze; and, as we approached, the clouds melted gradually away, and I could discern a series of steep conic hills running along the water's edge; their

angled summits relieved against the sky. I could even distinguish the shape and reddish colour of the apparently volcanic strata of which these rocky masses were composed. Round their base, the sea, everywhere so tranquil in those latitudes, broke boisterously. Of a beach there was not the slightest indication.

From the roadstead, where we dropped anchor in the afternoon, the view was strikng and unique.

Before us, and partly concealed by a dense range of trees, lay the town; with its houses of dazzling white or glaring yellow, glancing gaily in the sunbeams; and its neat church rearing its little square tower into the air, as if in vain emulation of the majestic steeps that surrounded it. Beyond this, the bare rugged sides of St. James's Valley receded far into the distance.

On our right hand was Ladder Hill; its lofty summit surmounted by battlements; and its precipitous side indented by a zig-zag road, which forms the only access to the fortress above. Steep craggy cliffs, from seven to nine hundred feet in height, dipped sheer into the water; and the seething waves murmured hoarsely among the hollow caverns, which their constant fretting had excavated in the rocks. Strong bulwarks of stone, and batteries bristled with cannon, protected every spot where a landing could possibly be effected.

A few trees scattered along the face of the precipices, presented a verdure foreign to the scene; and contrasted strangely with the red and grey colour of the rocks which they shaded. But saving these, there was not a vegetation. All was bare, rugged, and forbidding; and a few occasional patches of sickly, yellow-looking, glass-wort, only served to remind the spectator of the extreme barrenness of the soil.

In the evening we communicated with the Admiral; and we were informed that our vessel was to be put on cruizing duty to windward, previous to proceeding to the Cape.

This was by no means pleasing intelligence to my brother officers; most of whom were looking eagerly forward to the society and pleasures of Cape-town. For my own part, I was, on the whole, rather satisfied with the arrangement; as I had an uncle on the governor's staff at

St. Helena; to whom I had a great deal of home intelligence to communicate, and with whom I anticipated a few agreeable days. He was an officer high in the service; and, of course, possessed the *entrée* to all the society in the island worth coveting.

On the morning after our arrival I was leaning over the bulwarks; observing the various craft from the shore, that were plying about and trafficking with the crew, when I descried a large gaily-painted barge emerge from behind a promontory of the rock, and pull directly for the ship. As she neared us, I discovered a military officer in a blue frock and red sash, cocked hat and feather, sitting abaft. The rowers pulled lustily along; the barge shot rapidly through the water; and presently I could distinguish the friendly ruddy countenance of Uncle Fred.

"Well, Ned, my boy," said he, as soon as the first greetings and congratulations were over; "how do you take with the sea-faring life, eh? Mighty well, no doubt! No objections, however, I suppose, to smell the land breeze for a few days, eh? Well, I must see what my friend Morley has to say to it;" and he descended, accordingly, to the captain's cabin, carrying with him my best wishes for the success of his mission.

In about half an hour the captain and he appeared together on the quarter-deck; and the former calling me up, informed me that I was at liberty to go on shore with my uncle for a week.

Short time sufficed to make the necessary preparations; and as the captain was himself going ashore, he insisted on our taking places in his gig.

Never shall I forget the pleasure I felt at the prospect of once more setting my foot on land. Although the rowers pulled strongly, and the rapid forward motion of the boat sent showers of spray into the air; to me the oars seemed to linger in the water, and every wave we surmounted appeared to carry us back. Had we sped upon the wings of the wind, I verily believe I should have thought we were loitering.

On nearing the shore, I looked in vain for a landing-place. All around I could see nothing but tall perpendicular rocks, and inaccessible stone bulwarks; far up the

black and weather-beaten sides of which the sea rolled its white-crested billows, as if to forbid all access to the water-warded coast.

At length my uncle pointed out to me something that resembled a quay; but so low, and so much the colour of the surrounding rocks, as scarcely to be distinguishable.

Even here, the only accessible spot in the whole circuit of the island, it was no easy matter to effect a landing. The steep stone steps of the quay rose abruptly out of the water; and the waves flowed and receded upon them in such a manner, as at one moment completely to immerse them, and the next to leave them entirely bare. The same billow that bore us far up to the very water's edge, carried us back again in its reflux; and left us to be borne forward by the next. Our only resource was to take advantage of the short pause that occurred before the receding of the wave; and to jump as quickly as possible ashore.

In effecting this, I unfortunately slipped my foot; and falling into the water, just as the wave was receding, I would infallibly have been carried away by it, had not my uncle suddenly caught me by the arm and pulled me out.

"So, so, Ned!" he cried, as, considerably disconcerted, I shook the brine from my dripping clothes; "are you so very fond of salt water, that you can't leave it for a week without a parting embrace!"

A roar of laughter succeeded this sally; in which I thought it was, on the whole, most prudent to join.

We now proceeded along the pier; which is high, and overlooks the water, but is defended by no parapet. When the sea is peculiarly stormy, the heaving billows lash, with fearful impetuosity, far above the spot we were traversing, and preclude the possibility of either landing or embarking.

Presently we entered the covered way of the principal battery, which skirts along the verge of the rock; considerably elevated above the water's edge. This walk was adorned by a beautiful alley of flourishing fig-trees;* be-

* Those trees appear to grow out of the solid rock, which forms the only soil. Their leaves have much the appearance of those of the

neath the shade of which the Chinese labourers, in their white linen clothes and broad-brimmed straw hats, were comfortably squatted; enjoying their hour of rest, and discussing their morning's rice. Several tawny-looking Yamstocks* eyed us with eager curiosity as we passed along: a few of the towns-people, dressed in English costumes, were promenading beneath the sheltering shadows of the trees; and the little becafico hopped about among the branches, enlivening the scene with its cheerful note.

Proceeding onwards, we passed through a narrow arched gateway; and the town, which consists of one short straight street of dazzling white and yellow houses, lay before us. We were here received by a mounted orderly with two led horses; one richly caparisoned with ornamented housings; the other, a noble animal of the pure English breed, equipped in the common equestrian furniture.

Having cordially shaken hands with the worthy captain, we mounted, and rode off at a brisk pace for my uncle's residence. We ascended Ladder Hill by the zig-zag pathway I had observed from the ship, and proceeded along the ridge of its flat and barren summit.

It was a bleak and cheerless prospect. Rocks, naked and flinty, without the slightest indication of soil, far less of vegetation, stretched themselves out in every direction. Saving a few solitary sea fowl, that hovered at a cautious distance over our heads, or sailed away down the wind as we approached; not a living thing was to be seen. The hoofs of our horses clattered along the rocky road; and the hollow monotonous sound which they made accorded well with the solitude of the scene. Not the vestige of a habitation; no trace of man or of his handiwork, served to indicate that the spot we were traversing had ever before been trodden by a human foot.

When we reached the extremity of the flat space which forms the summit of Ladder Hill, and had begun to descend

common poplar; but our doctor, who was somewhat vain of his botanic lore, assured us they were the *Ficus religiosa* of Linnæus. *Ficus religiosa!* what associations that name suggests!

* The natives are so denominated.

upon the other side, it almost seemed as if the wand of the magician had been waved over the scene. A lovely amphitheatre of wood and water, and rich green meadows, and the abodes of men, lay before us. Occasional glimpses of the white walls of a handsome mansion-house completed the picture. I gazed in silence, lost to every feeling but wonder and admiration; and it was not till the sudden winding of the road, beneath a grove of majestic sycamores, had shut the prospect from my view, that I could recall my thoughts to their former channel.

"Is this fairy land?" I said to my uncle; "or have I been suddenly transported back to the wooded plains and rich green holmes of England?"

"Not at all," he replied; "you are nowhere but on the bleak, desert island-rock of St. Helena. The handsome mansion you must have observed from the hill, is Plantation House, the residence of the governor; to whom I shall shortly have the pleasure of presenting you."

As he spoke, we were startled by the clattering of hoofs and the rumbling of wheels; and looking back, we observed a handsome English phæton, drawn by four beauful black ponies, approaching at a rapid pace. I followed the example of my uncle, and reined my bounding roan to the side of the road to allow a free passage.

The carriage was occupied by two ladies; one of whom guided the prancing team with admirable adroitness. She was habited in a pelisse of dark blue cloth; which, being open at the breast, displayed the plaited folds of a cambric chemise; the embroidered collar of which was thrown back over the shoulders, and retained round the lower part of the neck by a broad ribbon of black silk. A black beaver hat and green gauze veil, drawn to one side and hanging down over the back, completed her costume. She was a woman apparently in the prime of life; with dark hair, lively sparkling eyes, and an uncommon brilliancy of complexion. A gay cavalcade of young officers and ladies followed at a hand-gallop behind the carriage.

Arrived opposite the place where we stood, the fair charioteer reined up and saluted my uncle. Like a true born son of Yorkshire, I confess I was at first more

occupied with the team than with their mistress. Four such beautifully matched little black bloods I had scarcely ever seen; sleek, shining, and jetty; with high arched necks and limbs like rein-deer. I would have given the world could I have taken the lady's place and usurped the reins. As it was, I was fain to content myself with admiring the "points" of the tiny steeds; which I did with a genuine nautical want of ceremony; and I was only tempted at last to bestow a look upon their guide by hearing her mix her conversation with several kind epithets and terms of endearment addressed to them.

"And pray, Colonel—soho, my darlings!—who is this that you favour so highly as to mount upon the redoubted Nestor? Quiet now, my pets!"

"A nephew of mine, your ladyship; arrived last night with the Hesperus."

"What! a midshipman!—steady, dears, steady!—a very nice-looking youth, indeed. Well, he comes quite *à propos*—softly, Kitty! Sir ——, you know, is particularly fond of midshipmen; and there has, besides, been a lack of males for some days at Plantation House. I hope he can make himself useful—gently, loves, gently! See you don't neglect to parade him at dinner to day." My uncle bowed. "Does he make a long stay, Colonel?"

"He has obtained leave for a week, your ladyship."

"Very good! but see you don't let him come in contact with the *double-nosed pointer*, or the *brass knocker!** You understand? Be sure you take care of that; otherwise he won't do for me, you know. Well: good bye for the present; we shall meet at seven. Come along, my sweets!" And with a shrill chirrup to her ponies, she bounded off; followed by the rest of the cavalcade.

When I left the ship in the morning, I had no idea that I was destined to dine with the governor in the afternoon. Indeed, it was an honour with which I would gladly have dispensed. Before I left England, I had never heard Sir —— —— spoken of, unless in the most opprobrious terms; and his name was associated in my mind with

*Any person who chanced to sojourn at St. Helena during the period to which I refer, will perfectly understand this allusion of her ladyship.

everything that was base, tyrannical, ungenerous, and ungentleman like.

At school, if there were any boy particularly disliked, we used to designate him, by way of reproach, "*The Gaoler Knight.*" Our very sports had reference to him; and the walls of the school-room were plastered over with all manner of grotesque figures, intended as representations of this hated individual. Sometimes we had him depicted as a grim Turkish Janizary, with a bunch of ponderous-looking keys in his hand; sometimes as Bluebeard, with an enormous sword at his side; and sometimes as the "cruel uncle" in the nursery tale, with a bundle of chains and manacles on his back. But whatever the form our pictorial invention might bestow upon him, it was invariably a hideous one; and it was generally distinguished by having written beneath it, in huge characters, "*Old Geoffrey;*" the name which we used jeeringly to apply to him.

Every thing out of school, too, tended to confirm this prejudice. The ballads sung in the streets; the conversation of our elders; the public newspapers, constantly teeming with accounts of new atrocities; all tended to strengthen us in our dislike of the iron-hearted governor.

"I had rather not go with you to Plantation House today, sir," I said to my uncle; after we had partaken of a plentiful collation. "If you will leave me at home, I shall not be at a loss for amusement."

"Why, what the deuce is come over you now, Ned? Are you frightened, boy? Nonsense! Fourteen, and frightened for a governor!"

"You mistake me, sir," I replied, a little piqued at the insinuation. "I am afraid of no man; but I hate the governor so cordially, that I am sure I shall not be able to remain for an hour in his society. Besides, I don't like the idea of sitting at the table, and eating the bread of a man, of whom I have been in the habit of thinking and saying every thing that is bad."

"Pooh, pooh! is that all? You must learn to *know* him, boy, before you pretend either to like or dislike him. When you have lived in the world as long as I have done, you will know the folly and the danger of founding *any*

opinion upon the empty, fetid breath, of common slander. You *shall* go!"

To so imperative an indication of my uncle's pleasure on the subject, I did not attempt a rejoinder; and accordingly, at a little after seven o'clock, I found myself in the drawing-room of Plantation House.

It was an elegant apartment; handsomely fitted up, with English furniture, and in the English style. The company, which was numerous, was divided into separate groups; some engaged in turning over the files of the latest British papers; some in making gallant speeches to the ladies; some in listening to the jokes of Lady ——, and some joining in conversation with the governor.

To the latter I was formally presented by my uncle. He was a little spare, pale-faced man, dressed in the full uniform of his rank. His figure, though diminutive, was correctly proportioned; and his countenance might have been termed handsome, but for the peculiarity of his eyes; which were almost hid beneath his bushy overhanging eyebrows.

In his manner he was extremely affable. He spoke to me of my ship and my brother officers; asked my opinion of St. Helena; and hoped I would be no stranger at Plantation House; where he promised me at all times a hearty welcome, good cheer, and plenty of amusement.

"In fine weather," said he, "we have horses, dogs, and guns for our friends; in bad, a billiard-table. In the evenings we have good wine, good music, and occasionally a dance; so I hope, Mr. Lascelles, you will find our lone isle as pleasant at least as the main-deck of the Hesperus; gallant vessel though she be!"

I will frankly admit, that this address made the first lodgment on the outworks of my prejudice.

At the dinner table, partly by my own adroit management, and partly through the favour of chance, I found myself seated beside a young lady, whose appearance had rivetted my attention from the moment I entered the drawing-room.

She was apparently about my own age; and, in my opinion, inexpressibly beautiful. Her long flaxen hair was divided over the middle of the forehead; and hung,

in full clustering ringlets, down her neck and shoulders. Her complexion was of an almost transparent delicacy; and its lovely roseate tint accorded well with the intelligent tone of her features, which were cast in the finest mould of Grecian symmetry. A benignant smile played round her lips; and her laughing lambent eye was of the softest liquid blue.

Her dress displayed great taste. It was simple; and arranged with a total disregard of everything approaching to ornament.

Ogni suo fregio non era fatto, ma nato.

She had the figure of a sylph.

With the bashful awkwardness of a boy, I sat for some time silent, at a loss how to address her; and heartily envying a dashing cornet of dragoons,* who was seated at her other hand; chatting away with all the volubility of military assurance.

At the first glance, I set down this youth as a most consummate coxcomb. His silky blond hair was studiously divided over his forehead, and collected in shining clusters at his temples. His thin half-growing mustache was carefully dyed; and a meagre Henri Quatre, of the same auburn tint, adorned his under lip. His right hand, which was considerably seamed and scarred, he took especial care to display; constantly keeping it above the table, playing with the handle of his knife or fork, or with the spoon of the salt-cellar. He appeared anxious, indeed, that the lovely girl, to whom he addressed himself, should infer that this hand had been wounded in action; or, at least, in an affair of honour.

His conversation was insipid in the extreme; full of the most arrant egotism, and interlarded with a variety of strange exclamations and singular oaths. According to his own account, there was nothing in which he was not a proficient.

He talked of guns, and drums, and wounds,
God save the mark! and that the sovereignest
Thing on earth was——

* The reader is, perhaps, aware, that there were no dragoon officers stationed at St. Helena. The young gentleman referred to was on his passage to India; and a visitor, for the time, at Plantation House.

himself. In horsemanship his skill was consummate; in sporting he was a nonpareil.

"I should like to show the governor," said he, "what it is to handle a fowling-piece! I certainly *may* boast of being able to shoot!"

His fair companion replied with a simple, but somewhat emphatic, "Indeed!"

"I assure you it's the case, ma'am!" he continued.—"I was present at Lord ——'s famous *battu* in Yorkshire, last year; and even his lordship, who is reckoned one of the best shots in England, declared some of my hits quite superb!"

"Indeed!" again responded the lady.

Now, it so happened that I had heard a good deal of this famous *battu* at Lord ——'s in Yorkshire; and as I glanced at the shattered hand of the speaker, it put me in mind of a circumstance which had been mentioned to me as occurring on the occasion; and which the reader may perhaps recollect as having run, at the time, the round of the public journals.

"I have heard, sir," said I, joining in the conversation; "that it is rather *dangerous* to shoot with Lord —— in cover."

The cornet blushed slightly; and looked as if he could have torn my tongue out.

"A circumstance of rather a peculiar nature," I continued, addressing myself to the lady, "occurred to a raw young sportsman, at the *battu* of which the gentleman has spoken. I was in Yorkshire at the time; and am acquainted with the whole particulars. It was in a thick young plantation; where the trees were just high enough to overtop the heads of the sportsmen. The youth to whom I allude, hearing one of the keepers call out "*Cock!*" and being aware of a flapping of wings within a few yards of him, but seeing nothing; raised his gun and fired in the direction of the noise.

"'A superb shot!' called out Lord ——, who was within about thirty yards of the spot. 'Who fired?'

"'*I did!*' ejaculated the youth.

"'Where are you?' rejoined his lordship. 'Hold your hand up that I may see where you are!'

"The youth, dreading no evil, did as he was desired. Crack went his lordship's gun; and its contents were lodged in the ill-fated, upstretched hand.

"'Take that, my young friend,' cried his lordship; 'and learn to shoot nearer your mark another time. Your pellets have completely riddled my hat!'"

The lady glanced at the seamed right hand of the cornet, as I finished my story; and gave a hearty laugh. The officer blushed up to the eyes; grinned a malicious laugh at what he called "the good joke;" and took the earliest opportunity of concealing the unlucky hand beneath his napkin.

For the next hour he was wonderfully silent.

The enemy being thus disposed of, and a fair field before me; I did not lose the opportunity of pursuing my conversation with the beautiful Sophia. My bashfulness speedily vanished before the cheering smile of her beaming countenance. We talked of home; of England, its people and its pleasures; and shortly of the mutual friends, for many of them we found were mutual, whom we had left behind us there.

I had never been so happy in my life. To sit by Sophia; to talk to her, to hear her talk; was elysium!

CHAPTER V.

A TRAIT OF THE GOVERNOR.

Lo! there thou stand'st a breathing valiant man;
Of an invincible unconquered spirit.
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
Which I, thine enemy, due thee withal.

KING HENRY VI.

My agreeable tête-à-tête with the beautiful Sophia was at length interrupted, by the governor calling out, in rather a loud voice, for his butler; who was at the other end of the room.

"How is this, Stevens?" said Sir ——; when the man was at his side. "There are no ———* at table; and I told you that I particularly desired a dish of them to-day."

"An't please your excellency," replied the servant; "there were none to be had in the island. The fishermen have been out the whole of last night, and all to-day; and they have only just returned with scarcely sufficient for a dish."

"Well; let them be dressed immediately. They are never so good as when they are fresh from the water. Quick!"

The well-powdered, silk-stockinged Stevens, was proceeding to give the necessary orders; but he had not reached the door when Sir —— called him back.

"Did you say they were very scarce—none to be had on the island?"

"I did, an't please your excellency; and the fishermen tell me that they will be able to procure none, so long as this wind continues."

* Sir —— named a sort of small fish, somewhat resembling our smelt; which is caught on the coast of St. Helena, and is thought to rival the famous white bait of Blackwall in delicacy. Its name I have, unfortunately, forgotton; but it is extremely scarce, and to be caught only at particular seasons; when the weather is very fine, and the water placid.

"Indeed? A pretty long look-out at the present season certainly! Well; I shan't have them dressed. See that they are properly packed up; and sent off immediately to the general, at Longwood, with my compliments. And take care that the bearer make my best respects; with a suitable apology for the fish being so few in number."

So long as the servants continued in the room, and even so long as the ladies remained at table; the name of the ex-emperor, by a sort of tacit consent, was never alluded to. When the latter, however, had removed to the drawing-room, the conversation became more general; and it turned chiefly on this engrossing topic.

"Have you seen Napoleon to-day, Sir ——?" said General ——;* addressing the governor.

"I was at Longwood by appointment, at two o'clock this afternoon," replied Sir ——; "and I was kept waiting in the ante-room for nearly an hour, before I was admitted to his presence."

"Was he affable?" inquired the general.

"Quite the reverse. He scarcely ever opened his lips; and when he did so, it was only to make an abrupt answer to some pointed question. I touched upon every topic which I thought could interest him; but all to no purpose. I offered him the perusal of a file of English papers, which I had brought with me; but he declined them: saying he had plenty of journals of his own. At length finding all attempts at conversation vain, I rose to take my leave; and in doing so, I asked if there was anything I could do to oblige him '*Rien! rien de tout!*' he replied; shrugging his shoulders significantly, but without rising from his chair. And so our interview ended."

"Not much, I dare say, to the satisfaction of either party," observed the general.

"At least not much, I believe, to his," replied Sir ——. "For my own part, I have many allowances to make for him. To be hurled from the throne of the first nation in Europe, and made a perpetual prisoner on an isolated spot like this; is a change of fortune by no means easy to be

* General —— was not stationed at St. Helena; but was on his return to England from India.

borne. It would be enough to sour the temper of the most calm and philosophic; far more of a man, whose ruling passion is ambition, and the love of power. That he should look upon me with jealousy and suspicion, the office which I hold renders natural; and I do not blame him for it. But it certainly *is* hard; that, after bearing with all his taunts and insults, and doing every thing in my power to gratify his humours, in so far as is consistent with the trust reposed in me, I should be upbraided by my countrymen, whose good opinion I value so much, as being ungenerous and tyrannical; as trampling, as it were, upon a fallen foe. God knows he never was foe of mine; unless in as far as he was the foe of my country. I have no personal pique to gratify; on the contrary, I have always admired him in the only capacities in which I have had occasion to know him; as a gallant soldier, a talented and enterprising man. But I must do my duty; even at the risk of my popularity."

"Had the tables been turned," said the general; "and had you been Napoleon's prisoner; I believe he would have cashiered any governor, who showed you one-half the attention that you show him."

"There, I think, you wrong him, general," said Sir ——. "Napoleon's disposition is naturally generous; and I do not believe he would have permitted any prisoner of war to be maltreated with his knowledge."

"I shall not argue the point with you," rejoined the general; "but I believe I speak intelligibly to many here, who served against him; when I say, that I was myself for some time a *guest* at Verdun!"

The conversation proceeded for some time in this strain; and we were just about to leave the table, when the butler entered the room.

"Were the fish sent, as I desired, Stevens?" said Sir ——.

"They were, your excellency."

"Did the general return any answer?"

"He has returned the fish by the bearer, your excellency; exactly as they were sent."

"Returned them!—how! Did he send no message with them?"

"Monsieur Cypriani informed the servant, that 'the emperor desired it might be intimated to your excellency, *that he was not in the habit of being supplied with fish no bigger than his thumb!*' "

"Oh! very well! See that they are dressed for dinner to-morrow; and tell the cook to be liberal with the cayenne."

"Well," said Sir ——, when the servant had left the room; "the general *knows* he may insult *me* with impunity!"

We now left the table, and proceeded to the drawing-room; where each spent the remainder of the evening as his taste inclined him; with cards, music, or conversation.

The gay cornet of dragoons, having washed down his chagrin at the *battu* exposé, with plenteous potations of claret, immediately took up his position beside Sophia; who was seated at the piano when we entered. I bit my lip with vexation, at having thus allowed myself to be out-generalled by the coxcomb; but, assuming the appearance of indifference, I joined in conversation with the old general on the old topic of Napoleon.

At length Lady —— proposed a dance.

"May I have the honour of your hand?" said the cornet to Sophia.

Sophia curtsied an acquiescence; and as she took his arm, I thought she looked at me. I felt all the inclination in the world to knock the cornet down.

"We are to dance a quadrille,* Mr. ——," said her ladyship; addressing the superb sportsman of the *battu;* "and, from the exhibition we had the other evening, I believe you cannot rate quadrille dancing as one of your numerous accomplishments. As for you, Sophia, I have told you already that I will not have my drawing-room converted into a dancing-school; so I think you had better look out for another partner."

The crest-fallen cornet looked unutterably foolish;

* At the time of which I speak, quadrilles had been newly introduced in England; and dancing them was not then so common an accomplishment as it is now. Thanks to the female branch of my family; my education in this respect had not been neglected.

bowed, and dropped Sophia's arm. I was at her side in an instant; she accepted me as a partner; and I triumphantly took my place beside her in the dance.

Every one knows that, excepting the shade of the lone greenwood tree, or the bustle of a crowded dinner-table; the side of a quadrille is the best of all possible situations for saying "soft things." When I first saw Sophia, I thought she was beautiful; as I sat beside her at table, I thought she was charming; I now considered her quite enchanting; and, after a dozen rounds of the giddy waltz, I was downright in love.

The evening passed with incredible celerity; and it was by no means a pleasant announcement, when my uncle informed me that it was time to go.

As I took leave of Sophia, I fancied her hand pressed mine. My blood thrilled in every vein; and with a rapid parting glance, I rushed from the apartment.

"Well, Ned," said my uncle, as he showed me to my bed-room, "do you regret having gone to Plantation House?"

"On the contrary, sir; I have been quite delighted.—Sir —— was delightful; Lady —— was delightful; the old general was delightful ——"

"And Sophia not *very* disagreeable, I suppose," said my uncle; interrupting me in my list of delightfuls. "Well, all I have to say is; take care of yourself. Remember that you have only a week to spend here; and that then you must leave St. Helena, and every one in it—perhaps for ever. Don't forget *that*, my lad; and so good night to you."

CHAPTER VI.

TENDER REMINISCENCES.

Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
THOMSON.

NEXT day displayed the beauties of the place to advantage; it was bright, sunny, and intensely hot.

My uncle's residence was certainly a most delightful one. The house, which consisted of only one story, was elevated a few feet above the surface of the ground; upon a broad platform of polished marble. The ledge of the wide over-hanging eaves was supported by a range of airy pillars; which were clustered with the delicate tendrils of the passion-flower, and formed an agreeable verandah round the whole extent of the building. A row of beautiful orange trees, with flowers and fruit in all stages of maturity, adorned the stone parterre in front; and exhaled a most aromatic and delicious perfume.

An open space of brilliant velvety green-sward expanded itself before the house; sloping gently downwards to the distance of about fifty yards; where it was lost beneath the shade of an extensive grove of cedars and palm-trees. In the distance, the heights of Ladder Hill and High Knoll shot up into the sky; the pure atmosphere and bright sun investing their rugged sides and summits with a soft tint of ethereal blue; which formed a beautiful contrast to the bright verdure of the trees in the foreground. It was altogether a little paradise on earth; formed to dream away the cares of an ungrateful world.

But I was in no plight for admiring the beauties of rural nature: and, at that thoughtless season, few were the cares I had to dream away. The whole night I had thought of nothing but Sophia; and every hour seemed an age till I should again be at her side.

My uncle, who had his various duties to attend to, left me soon after breakfast; telling me to amuse myself as I thought proper, and to command the services of Nestor.

Accordingly, at as early an hour as etiquette would permit, I presented myself at Plantation House. Sir —— was gone out; Lady —— had not yet appeared.

"I will step into the drawing-room," I said to the servant; "and wait for Lady ——. But pray don't disturb her ladyship, on my account, before her usual hour."

Without the precaution of being formally ushered; I gently opened the door and walked into the apartment.

Sophia was there, alone. With her back turned to the door by which I entered; she was seated at a small fly-table, apparently engaged in drawing. A box of colours and brushes, and a small crystal ewer with water, stood before her. The low-sash windows were thrown open to admit the cool air; and a gentle orange-perfumed breeze played among her clustering ringlets. She stooped slightly over the table; and I could perceive, by the reflection in an opposite mirror, that she was eagerly intent on her occupation.

I stood for a few moments still and motionless, incapable of any thing but admiration; for surely there never lighted on this orb a more lovely vision than that before me!

Suddenly, a gust of wind passing through the open casement, rustled among the airy folds of the gauze window-hangings. Sophia looked up; her eye fell upon the mirror; and there I stood discovered and abashed. A slight blush suffused her countenance; as, without turning round, she hastily collected her drawings, and secured them in the portfolio.

I moved instinctively up to the place where she sat; looking, I dare say, as I felt, inexpressibly foolish.

"This is an unexpected visit, Mr. Lascelles," she said; without looking up; and apparently intent on fastening the silver clasp of the embroidered portfolio. "I was not aware, sir, that you were in the room."

"I sincerly ask your pardon, madam," I replied. "The servant informed me there was no one here; and I unfortunately dispensed with the formality of an usher. If I am in the slightest degree interrupting you, I shall im-

mediately withdraw; and I can only apologise for an intrusion which, I assure you, was by no means intended.

She laid the portfolio on the table as I spoke; and the enchanting smile, which was so peculiarly her own, resumed its place upon her features.

"You do not interrupt me at all, Mr. Lascelles," she said; "I assure you, you do not. I was only a little startled by your sudden appearance. We ladies, you know, have the privilege of taking alarm at trifles; and, when I saw your shadow in the mirror, it was almost as trying for the nerves, as a scene in the Castle of Otranto. But now that you *are* here, I bethink me you come quite *à propos;* as I particularly wish your judgment on some sketches of English scenery, which I have lately received from home."

The drawings were produced, canvassed, and criticised. We sat side by side at the table; leaning over the sheets, and pointing out their beauties and defects. The scenes which they represented recalled to each of us varied trains of pleasing association. I pointed out to Sophia the very streams that I had angled, and the fields over which I had followed the fox; while she showed me the mansion in which she had spent her childhood, and the garden in which she had tended her flowers.

How long we were thus occupied I know not; for time passed unheeded by. At length Sophia, touching the spring of a gold repeater that hung at her side, said it was time to prepare for her afternoon's ride.

"Sir ——," she said, "has requested his aid-de-camp, Mr. Tunbridge, to attend me at a particular hour; and the worthy old gentleman does not like to be kept waiting."

"Perhaps," she continued with an arch smile, as she rose to bid me adieu; "perhaps you will remain to see Lady ——. You will find Bishop Tillotson, and the latest series of the Beau Monde, on the next table. Her ladyship, I should think, will emerge from her boudoir in about an hour!" And with an airy trip she glided from the room.

Without the slightest intention of waiting for Lady——; but at the same time not exactly knowing what I wished

to do, I remained for the present where I was; sadly tormented with the idea of the aid-de-camp, in whom I fancied I had found another rival. It was true, Sophia had called him "old;" but then she might have called him so in joke; and, besides, she coupled with that appellation, the epithet "worthy."

The "green-eyed monster" was busy in my bosom; and I was already jealous of a man whom I had never seen.

I tortured my imagination in picturing him to myself. I fancied him a man, not old, but elderly: say thirty-five; with a fine portly figure, piercing black eyes, clear dark complexion, and clustering, jetty hair. There was certainly, I thought, some disparity in their ages; but then there was nothing extraordinary in a young woman falling in love with a man of his description; who, perhaps, added to his other good qualities, extreme amiability and graceful accomplishments.

"I will, at least, see this man," I said to myself; with all the haughty boiling in my veins which becomes a love-sick youngster; and, thrusting my hand into my bosom, I elevated my head; looking all the while, I doubt not, unutterably fierce; and strutted off to the window to cool my burning brow in the summer breeze.

What was to be done when I *had* seen this formidable aid-de-camp, never once entered into my consideration.

The window at which I stood was clustered round with fragrant woodbine; and it opened into a beautiful flower-garden, which was hemmed in on the farther side by a dense thicket of luxuriant shrubs. The background of the picture was occupied by a forest of tall trees; over whose leafy tops were seen the waters of the placid ocean; shining like a sheet of molten silver in the burning beams of the sun. In the universal stillness, I could distinctly hear the distant murmuring of the waves; as they chafed against the rocky cliffs on the coast.

There was a calm summer-day serenity over the whole scene, which could not fail to impart itself to the feelings of the spectator; and even I, the jealous, love-sick midshipman of the Hesperus, submitted to its soothing influence. But still my thoughts ranged upon the aid-de-

camp; and the tall figure and Mars-like eye, which my fancy had conjured up as his; were constantly obtruding themselves upon the lovely prospect before me.

At length the door opened; and the servant announced, "Mr. Tunbridge."

I turned hastily round; and a load was removed from my breast when I contemplated the figure before me.

The real Mr. Tunbridge was very different from him whom my fancy had pictured. He was a tall, stiff, heavy-shouldered, awkward-looking man, apparently about fifty-five; with an expression of countenance by no means aristocratic; meaningless grey eyes, and shaggy, grizzled eye-brows. His neck was so short, that he could scarcely be said to have one at all; and his head had consequently the appearance of being stuck upon his back; much in the same position, as that which our terrestrial globe occupies upon the brawny shoulders of atlas. His straight, wiry hair, which had entirely forsaken the front part of his wrinkled sconce, was nourished at the back till it had attained a somewhat unreasonable length; and the stiff collar of his military coat, pressing it up from beneath, gave it an outward direction; and caused it to assume much the same shape as the expanded tail of a strutting turkey-cock.

In one hand he bore his regimental foraging-cap, in the other a silver tipped riding-whip; and his blue trousers, with their glaring red side-stripes, were fastened beneath his huge boots by means of a pair of steel chains, which somewhat resembled the curb of a horse's bridle.

Altogether, he was a figure that would have inspired the pencil of Hogarth; one of the few caricatures which we occasionally meet with in real life. As soon as I saw him the indignation of offended dignity gave place in my breast to an irresistible inclination to laugh; and yet there was a something in the general appearance of the man, which in a great measure restrained this propensity; an indescribable something, which seemed to indicate that he was "an honest fellow."

I had scarcely time to make these observations on the person of my dreaded rival; when Sophia entered, in her riding costume. It consisted of a plain English riding-

habit, hat, and veil. She looked more fascinating than ever.

"Good morning to you, Mr. Tunbridge," she said; addressing herself to the aid-de-camp. "Allow me to introduce to you Mr. Lascelles; midshipman in his Majesty's ship Hesperus, and nephew of your friend Colonel ——. The patient young gentleman has been waiting here these three hours on purpose to see Lady ——; and I believe he intends to wait another."

"I almost despair of seeing her ladyship now," said I; "and I had intended to ask if you would honour me so far, as to permit me to be one of your riding party. My horse is already at the door."

"Oh! impossible, Mr. Lascelles," replied Sophia; "that would be rude to Lady ——. Besides, my little genet could never keep pace with the Colonel's Nestor; could he, Mr. Tunbridge?"

"I fear not, Miss Sophia," replied Tunbridge; "unless indeed the gentleman rein Nestor well in. I recollect that horse in England; and I once saw him run a sweepstakes steeple-chase. It was over a very difficult country; and he was ridden by Yorkshire Dick, who carried weight. This was before the Colonel bought him, Mr. Lascelles; he belonged then to Squire Hartree. Well, as I said; it was a very difficult country, and Yorkshire Dick carried weight. Who cares! off they all started ——"

"Mr. Tunbridge, you see, is quite of my opinion," said Sophia; interrupting the aid-de-camp, who evidently intended to inflict upon us the whole details of the steeple-chase; "and no man is a better judge of a horse's powers than he. But you can amuse yourself very well till her ladyship appears. I assure you, you cannot now have much more than an hour to wait. For example, I think you could not do better than devote the time to the perusal of an eloquent discourse of Bishop Tillotson; which I shall be glad to point out to you. Ah! here it is," she continued; taking up the book. "You see the subject is *Resignation;*" and she glanced archly in my face, as she placed her beautiful finger on the word.

"But I shall rein Nestor in, ma'am," I said eagerly;

"on my honour I shall! I can make him go as devoutly as a dray horse."

"What say you, Mr. Tunbridge? You see Mr. Lascelles is importunate."

"Why, ma'am," replied Tunbridge, "I know Nestor was excellently well trained; and, as he is naturally of a mild temper, I don't think the gentleman can have much difficulty in making him go our pace. He was first put in the bridles by black Jem, at Thornton Castle; where he was bred. His sire was the famous ——;" and Mr. Tunbridge was entering into the history of Nestor's pedigree, when Sophia again interrupted him.

"Well, Mr. Lascelles; if you will promise to ride very slow; for Mr. Tunbridge and I always ride *very* slow; I suppose we may as well allow you to go with us."

I bowed in recognition of the favour; and the horses being announced, we proceeded to mount.

Lightly, and before I had time to render her any assistance, Sophia vaulted into her saddle; the beautiful chesnut genet curvetting beneath her, as if proud of its burden. Nor was it long till I bestrode the bounding Nestor; and was at her side.

But mounting was no such easy matter for the bulky Tunbridge; and I almost laughed outright to see the unwieldy attempts he made to get his foot into the stirrup; preparatory to rolling his huge carcase on the back of his tall, gaunt troop-horse.

"Poor fellow!" said Sophia, as she observed my tendency to merriment; "he was wounded in the left knee by a musket shot at Marengo."

The expression of her countenance, as she uttered these words, was so exquisitely benignant; that I felt humbled at the idea of my own ill-timed risibility.

It was agreed that we should ride towards the town; and as we were ambling gently down the avenue, Tunbridge got fairly embarked in a detailed description of the battle of Austerlitz; which promised to last the whole of the way. He had just arrived at the advance of the right wing of the imperial troops, and was proceeding to the corresponding movement of Napoleon; when Sophia, who I saw was plotting something, suddenly interrupted him.

"I have just been thinking, Mr. Tunbridge," she said; "that though Nestor is considerably taller than my Palafox, he is not by any means so fleetly shaped about the limbs; and I am almost confident that he has not so much speed. I feel strongly inclined to try him a race."

"You had better not, Miss Sophia," said Tunbridge; "you are sure to be beaten. I've seen Nestor run as I told you; and at great disadvantage—Yorkshire Dick carrying weight, and the country being extremely difficult; but there was not a horse in the field could come near him. To be sure, Squire Thornton's Sir Ralph, who is reckoned the fastest horse in England—that is, always barring the turf—came, at one time, pretty close; but then——"

"Well, I don't care," cried Sophia; "I'm determined to try. Come, Mr. Lascelles; have you any objections?" And shaking the reins upon her palfrey's neck, she bounded off at full gallop.

"Not a fair start! not a fair start!" cried Tunbridge; entering into the full spirit of the scene; and driving the spurs into his steady old grey. "Forward! Mr. Lascelles forward; and take the inside of the road at the turn—it's your only chance. Bless us, how that Palafox runs! And when you come to the hill, don't forget to time Nestor properly—his wind's his weakest point—and be sure you give him bridle when———."

But the latter part of the exordium was lost; for, putting Nestor to his speed, I was soon out of hearing.

I looked back before the winding of the road shut him entirely from our view; and I saw the honest fellow labouring away with his spurs, and waving his cap in the air; at a great distance behind.

"He's a worthy man, that Tunbridge," said Sophia; when I was once more at her side. "But oh! his stories are insufferable."

"He's very fond of sport, however," I rejoined. "I saw him, cap in hand; hallooing behind us, like a huntsman at view."

"If you knew the story of that poor fellow, Mr. Lascelles; you would love him in spite of all his absurdities. The next time you have three hours to spend in waiting

for Lady ——, I shall tell it you. But see! my Palafox is a full neck a-head of Nestor; so, as I presume you confess yourself beaten, we had better rein up, and proceed at an amicable amble."

As she spoke, we reached a point where the road diverged in two different directions.

"The road to the right leads to Longwood," said Sophia; "and I think we had better follow it. It is much more interesting than the other."

"But Mr. Tunbridge," said I, "supposes we are going townwards."

"No matter. He has business in the town at any rate; and then we shall be rid of his interminable stories."

Leaving Mr. Tunbridge in the lurch, therefore, we took the road to Longwood; proceeding at a brisk pace, and receiving the salutes of piquets and sentinels as we passed; all of whom seemed to recognise my fair companion as the inmate of Plantation House.

The residence of the ex-emperor has been so often and minutely described, that I shall not dwell on its localities. We rode round the house, and skirted the garden.

"Do you see that little man," said Sophia; "stooping over a flower-bed, and propping the stem of a China rose?"

I replied that I did.

"That is Napoleon!" said she; and, as she spoke, the conqueror rose from his stooping posture, and contemplated his work.

He was dressed in a loose grey frock, large military boots, and the ever-memorable three-cornered hat. I gazed upon him for a moment with intense earnestness; till, suddenly raising his eyes, he observed us; and, folding his arms upon his breast, he strode away into the house.

Our ride lasted for nearly two hours: and more delightful hours I never spent.

At length we turned our horses' heads towards Plantation House; but the nearer we approached home, the more we abated our speed. From a brisk gallop we fell into a cautious hand-canter; then into an amble, then into a walk; and before we reached the avenue, we were going so slow as scarcely to make any progress at all.

Suddenly turning an angle of the road, we were surprised to see, at some distance before us, the grey steed of honest Tunbridge fastened to a tree; beneath the pleasant shade of which his master was comfortably seated, reading a newspaper. As soon as he was aware of our approach, he started to his feet; and putting his hand to his mouth, by way of a speaking trumpet, he bellowed out, at the top of his voice, "Mr. Lascelles! did Nestor beat?"

"No!" I replied, in the same loud tone: and the aid-de-camp shook his head, and resumed his paper.

"I could have sworn it," he said, as soon as we were arrived opposite to him. "I told you at first it was not a fair start! There's not a horse in St. Helena will beat Nestor with fair play; I could stake my commission on it! Gracious! how he did run that steeple-chase; and Yorkshire Dick carrying weight too! The first fence he came to, was a stone wall six feet high; with a five-foot ditch on either side. Pooh! what was that! over he went like a greyhound. He then came to the canal; we measured it, and it was fifteen yards good. Yorkshire Dick gave him the spur; and——"

"But, Mr. Tunbridge," said Sophia; "what an odd place this is to read a newspaper; could you not have taken it with you home?"

"Very true, Miss Sophia; I could have taken it home. But I wanted to hear who beat; so I sat down quietly here, and waited till you came up. But I knew how it would be! I'll maintain it to the last it was not a fair start! If you had only let me give the time! Nestor's limbs! did you say, Miss Sophia? Why there is not a better limbed horse in the universe; his sire and dam were both famous for their proportions."

During this address the worthy aid-de-camp had managed to raise himself into the saddle; and, having deposited my fair companion in safety at Plantation House, I proceeded with all despatch towards my uncle's residence.

CHAPTER VII.

CRUISING TO WINDWARD.

Ach! dass sie doch ewig bliebe,
Die schone Zeit der ersten Liebe!

SCHILLER.

I HAVE bustled about too much in this weary world of tears and strife; and I have seen too much of its hypocricies, its deceits, its disappointments; to be all tinged with sentimentalism. But still I cannot plead exemption from the common feelings of humanity; and I confess that I never look back on what Schiller calls "the beautiful season of first love," without being conscious of, at least a passing feeling, of something like regret.

It is true, my St. Helena attachment was a childish one. Unlike the better judged and more durable affections of maturer years, its impression passed speedily away amid the stirring bustle of active life; and its place was as speedily supplied by others, no less evanescent than itself. But for the time, it exalted me to the seventh heaven. Like the Lesbian of old, I was "blest as the immortal gods;" and shall I be blamed for regretting these sublimated feelings of unmixed delight; which are only experienced during that happy season when all is confidence and hope, and when no painful knowledge of the world clouds the fairy scenes of our bright and sunny existence.

During my residence on shore, my time was spent almost solely at Plantation House; and with Sophia.

Being looked upon as children; and, after all, what were we else; we were allowed to enjoy each other's society without interruption. Side by side we traversed on horseback the green savannas and rugged steeps of the island; or explored on foot the shady dingles of the woods. We culled posies of wild-flowers; we plaited garlands; we gathered fruit; and joined in a thousand other childish

pastimes. No matter how frivolous the occupation; it was invested with a surpassing interest if we engaged in it in each other's company.

And then, we were for the most part alone. The gay cornet, finding his place occupied, had prudently abandoned the field; and, though we were usually attended in our walks and rides by the trusty Tunbridge, we soon began to consider him as nobody.

But time passed on; and the day on which I was to go on board arrived.

With a heavy heart I packed up my velise, and gave it in charge to the orderly who was to accompany me to the town. Nestor stood ready at the door; and, having taken an affectionate leave of my uncle, I mounted, and proceeded on my way.

Arrived opposite the avenue of Plantation House, I gave my horse in charge to my attendant; and ordered him to await my return. It was not long till I stood in the entrance-hall.

"Sir —— is gone to Longwood, sir," said the servant; "and Lady —— is at present driving out."

"And Miss ——?" I inquired.

"Miss —— felt rather unwell this morning, sir; and did not accompany her ladyship. I believe she is at present in the garden."

To the garden I accordingly proceeded. Up one walk and down another I ran with impatient haste; but no Sophia was to be seen.

At length I bethought me of an arbour, in which we had spent many happy hours; and I hastened thither. Sophia was there. She sat with her elbow leaning on the rustic table; her delicate hand was passed across her forehead, and shaded her eyes. She was simply habited in white; a garland of roses, which I had twined for her some days before, was interwoven among her hair; and its faded flowers formed a melancholy contrast to the bright colours of the jesmine and honeysuckle, which hung in gay festoons from the trellissed roof of the arbour.

Before her lay a book. It was a small French volume of botany; which was usually kept in the garden for the use of those who were fond of flowers.

So absorbed did she appear in her meditations, that I stood close at her side before she was aware of my presence. I stooped down, and whispered softly in her ear, "Sophia."

"Edward!" she exclaimed; starting up and grasping my proffered hand.

It was the first time she had addressed me by my Christian name; and the word must have fallen unconsciously from her lips; for a deep blush suffused her countenance the moment she pronounced it. To me it was the sweetest music I had ever heard.

"Yes, Sophia," I said; "I am come to take leave of you. I must join the ship this afternoon."

Her hand still lay in mine; she bent her eyes upon the ground, and was silent.

"But we shall meet again, and in happiness," I continued: "Meanwhile, may Heaven protect you!"

She raised her hand as I spoke; and, plucking a sprig of white jesmine in full flower, she fastened it on my breast.

"And is this *all*, Sophia?" I said. Have you no adieu; no kind parting word to say to me?"

"Ah!" she replied; "that jesmine spray says much! Do you not understand the language of flowers?"

She took up the small French volume from the table, as she spoke; and opening it, she pointed to the word *Jasmin blanc*. Opposite to this was written *L'amitié*.

"And now," said she; "adieu, and may God go with you!"

She pressed my hand as her trembling voice gave utterance to this brief farewell; her cheek was pale as marble, and the tears streamed copiously from her eyes.

"Oh! not thus; I cannot leave you thus!" I exclaimed passionately; and, clasping her in my arms, I imprinted a fervent kiss upon her lips; and rushed from the alcove.

There are those, I doubt not, who will blame me for dwelling on so childish a scene as this. I admit that it is childish; but it was deeply important to me at the time; and I wish at present to give a transcript of what I then felt as a boy, not of what I now feel as a man.

Soon after I left St. Helena, Sophia returned to England; where she became the *belle* of Almack's; "the admired

of all admirers." Lively in spirits, winning in manners, lovely in person; she has since caused many hearts to ache as sadly as mine did then; and, amid the attractive gaieties of her age and sex, she speedily forgot the poor midshipman of the Hesperus.

Such is the heart of youth! Its affections are easily awakened; and they fade as easily away. In the elegant language of Tasso;

Trapassano al trapassar d'un giorno!

When I arrived on board, I was in a state of most miserable dejection. My messmates flocked round, to welcome me and ask the news. But I had not a word to say to them; and, when they began to banter me for my low spirits, I could almost have leaped overboard for vexation.

"Something strange must have happened to Widoe," said one; "he has not a word to throw to a dog!"

"He must have lost all his money at play," said another.

"Or been keelhauled by some she pirate in petticoats," said a third.

"Gentlemen," said I, sharply; "I have no intention of telling you *what's* happened to me; nor have you any right to ask. I, therefore, beg to hear no more of the matter."

"That was spoken like Widoe Wildfire himself," said Strangways, who had just joined the group; "so I think, young gentlemen, your best policy is to sheer off; otherwise there may be broken heads among you."

One after another, my brother middies followed this friendly advice; and I was soon left to my own meditations.

For some days I continued in a state bordering on desperation. Nothing could interest me; nothing could give me pleasure; but thinking of Sophia, and gazing on the only token of remembrance she had given me; the little sprig of white jesmine. And then my ideas were so exalted and romantic, that I scorned to think, or speak, or act, like other men. I could scarcely so much as give a common order to a seaman, but it was clothed in some sublime phraseology.

The following extract from my private journal, dated the day after my arrival on board, has caused me many a laugh in later years.

"*On board H. M. S. Hesperus,*
"*St. Helena.*

"Once more tossed about upon the heaving billows of the boundless ocean! [*the sea was, all the time, as smooth as a mirror*] seeking for fame and fortune [*God knows, there was little prospect of either in those 'piping times of peace'*] amid the rude struggle of tempestuous elements! Bubbles! more empty and evanescent than the white sea-foam, that is annihilated the moment of its formation!—Fame! what is it, after all; but to have one's name interchanged, for a few centuries after death, with the names of Drake and Nelson [*alas! alas!*] and a thousand more of the other pretty names of Europe; and then —— why then to have it consigned, like the names of common men, to utter oblivion! Yes! let Vanity and Ambition flatter themselves as they will, Oblivion, with her hollow, sightless eyes, will come at last. At the touch of her destroying hand, the monuments of the great will crumble away; their fulsome inscriptions will be obliterated for ever.—The presumptuous piles of Westminster and St. Paul's will be trodden to dust beneath her foot; she will rifle the gardens and ruin the towers, of even the most enduring of Fame's gaudy temples! What, then, does it matter whether we are forgotten the moment we die; or live on for a few hundred years [*!*] after the grave has closed on our remains; in the remembrance of a posterity for whom we care not; of whose very existence we are, in some measure, uncertain! And fortune! O Sophia! indigence and solitude with thee, were worth a thousand times all the luxuries wealth can purchase; all the pleasures society can afford! But I hear the shrill note of that accursed Parsons, piping up the starboard watch.

"*Midnight.*

"At this solemn hour of silence and solitude; while others are dreaming away in their sluggard beds, the little span of life allotted them here below; [*below in reality,*]

let me revel in luxurious reminiscences of Sophia! O thou angel! brighter than the brightest seraph that ever glided through the regions of the sky; how unworthy am I of a love so pure as thine! But I shall strive to merit it; and the remembrance of those sighs, those tears of thine, will ever awaken in my bosom a desire for the glorious and the good!

"Shed but one tear ere I depart,
A drop to sooth my bosom's pain;
I'll shrine the treasure in my heart,
And it shall wake my smiles again.

"Breathe but one sigh of fond regret,
While sorrow's tear shall mutely fall;
Enough! I see those *eyes are wet (!)*
Those precious drops pay me for all!

"The encircling arms which late entwined,
In joy, thy sylph-like beauteous form;
Must now engage the furious wind,
And brave the buffets of the storm.

"Again! again! that last caress;
Repeat once more that kind adieu!
When care and dangers round me press,
Fond memory still shall turn to you!"

Here, indeed, I doubt not the reader will exclaim, is a pretty compound of bombastic jargon! I admit that it is so; but, nevertheless, at the time when I wrote it, I confess I considered it "very fine!" Indeed, as far as the *verses* I have just quoted are concerned, old reminiscences still maintain in me a sort of lingering attachment to them. For *them*, therefore, I crave the reader's indulgence; and I hope that when he meets with such elegant expressions as "*those eyes are wet*," or "*engage the furious wind*," he will pass them over with a smile.

Neither, I trust, will any one "accuse me of poetry:" which, God knows, is no sin of mine. In penning the above *pathetic lines*, I was merely fulfilling what Lord Byron considered to be the destiny of all men; "once to be in love and write verses." But to proceed.

No occupation can be imagined more truly insipid, than serving on board a ship that is doomed to "mount guard;" no matter under what circumstances. Cruising

to windward of St. Helena was most awful drudgery.—Day after day nothing but the same tedious routine; beating to one end of the island, and then running back again; or making and shortening sail in pursuit of passing vessels.

It was a happy day for all of us when we were at length recalled; and ordered to proceed to the Cape.

As we were running round to take up our station in the roadstead; previous to our final departure; a strange sail hove in sight, without any distinguishing colours. We immediately gave her chase; and, as she did not attempt to elude us, we were speedily within hail.

"Ship ahoy!" cried Strangways; who was an adept at the speaking-trumpet.

She immediately gave the appropriate response.

"What ship's that?"

"An American."

"Where are you bound to?"

"The Cape."

"Where are your colours?"

"Riven to bits in a gale, I reckon."

"Have you not another set?"

"We have."

"Hoist them instantly."

"Can't, I calculate."

"Why?"

"They're stowed away, and we cant find them, because!"

"Heave to, till I send a boat aboard."

She accordingly hove to; and, a boat being lowered, Captain Morley,* Settler, and one of the midshipmen, proceeded on board.

The examination of the credentials occupied some time; and both vessels meanwhile drifted, and came opposite Bankes's Battery.

Strangways and myself were standing on the quarter-

* Every seaman knows that it is customary for a lieutenant, and not for the captain, to board a vessel under such circumstances as I have described the American; and that in case of anything suspicious being found in the credentials, the merchant master returns with him to the naval captain. Suffice it to say, that Captain Morley *had his reasons* for going on board himself on the present occasion.

deck, looking towards the shore, when suddenly we saw a vivid flash upon the battlements of the battery; and, to our infinite surprise, a heavy shot dipped into the water immediately under our bows.

"Hoist the pendants!"* cried Strangways. "Sharp's the word!"

The men were in the act of running up the pendants with all possible despatch, when another flash was seen upon the battery; and an accompanying shot whistled through the American's rigging.

"Get a gun instantly forward!" cried Strangways. "If that's your game, my pretty gentlemen, I've no objections to have a rubber with you!"

Strangways was himself actively engaged in helping to cast the gun loose, when a bit of slow match, which he held in his hand, *set fire to the priming!* Off she went with an echoing report; and the nine-pound shot hitting just above the fort, which is situated on the side of what is called the Rocky Hill, the fragments of loose stone came rattling down, to the no small discomfiture, as we afterwards learned, of the garrison.

"Remember, Widoe," said Strangways to me, "that was pure *accident*."

"Oh! of course, sir," I replied; "and the gun pointing herself."

"To be sure she did; a child might have noticed it!"

The pendants were now streaming mast high in the breeze; and the fort accordingly did not attempt a rejoinder.

"What the devil's the meaning of this, Mr. Strangways?" said Captain Morley, as soon as he got on board. "Did you fire upon the fort, sir?"

"The gun went off quite accidentally, sir."

"How did that happen?"

* Every vessel on the cruising station had particular distinguishing pendants; which she was obliged to hoist when she passed any of the forts on the island; in order that intelligence of her having been seen there might be forwarded to the interior. As we were not near the battery when we hove to to communicate with the American, but had drifted opposite to it; we had neglected this ceremony; which was the cause of our being so sharply reminded of it.

"I chanced to have a bit of match in my hand, sir, and it came in contact with the priming."

"A very good joke, Mr. Strangways; but a deuced dangerous one. A complaint will certainly be made; and can you say, upon your oath, sir, that the gun went off by accident?"

"I don't like making use of oaths, sir."

"Aye, I thought as much. You've got us into a pretty scrape, sir; and how we're to get clear of it I know not. Six weeks more cruising to windward will be the least of it. But how's this?" he continued. "Your hand is bleeding, sir; let me see it!"

"Only a slight scratch I got by the recoil of the gun, sir," replied Strangways, as he held up his hand for the captain's examination.

"I say it's *not* a slight scratch, sir; its a *wound!* Get down instantly to the doctor, sir, and have it dressed."

"I assure you, sir, it's only——"

"Assure me nothing about the matter, sir! A pretty pass we're coming to, if I'm to be contradicted in this way at every turn. I say it's a *wound*, sir; and I'm determined it shall be a wound! So get away, and do as I desire you; and see you don't appear for the next week without wearing it becomingly in a sling."

As soon as we arrived at our station, the captain lodged a formal complaint against the garrison of the fort, for firing on him after his pendants were hoisted; and he at the same time returned "*one officer wounded.*"

A slight investigation, I believe, was made into the particulars; but the fort must have borne the blame, as we never heard any more of the matter.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROBBING THE ADMIRAL.

Take heed! take heed! and whisper low!
Look out, and spread your nets with care;
The prey we seek we'll soon ensnare.

MASSANIELLO.

BEFORE proceeding on our voyage to the Cape, the ship was to be provisioned and watered; so we lay for a week snugly in the anchorage off St. James's Valley; not very much burdened with business.

My chief occupation, during this interval, was fishing for mackerel and stumps.* We had three "stump-pots" constantly in use; and the management and care of them was given over entirely to me. I was very assiduous at my post; and, having hit upon an excellent spot for sinking them, I was very successful; scarcely ever drawing a blank. At length, however, my good fortune forsook me; and for several days I did not catch a single stump. I was quite at a loss to divine the cause of this; as I had used every precaution with regard to bait and situation; so I determined to watch my post more narrowly in future.

Accordingly, one morning, having baited them carefully, and sunk them at the usual spot; I rowed to the landing place, and went ashore; ordering the men to leave me, and return for me in the afternoon.

For several hours I skulked about among the rocks; keeping a careful eye on the buoys of my pots. At length, just about the dinner hour on board, a boat hove in sight which I knew to belong to the admiral; and, con-

* Stumps are a species of lobster which are caught off the coast of St. Helena, and are esteemed a great delicacy. They are taken by means of a sort of wicker baskets called "stump-pots;" which are let down under water supplied with bait; and having been allowed to remain several hours, are drawn up, and the fish, if any, taken out. Of these "stump pots," every captain on the station had generally two or three in constant occupation.

cealing myself under the rocks, I watched her progress. The men pulled gently along the coast till they were over my stump-pots; when they very coolly drew them; took out the fish; and, having carefully lowered them again to their former position, they rowed off to the flag-ship with their booty.

The secret was now out; and when I returned on board, I related the whole circumstance to Captain Morely; adding, that I thought a complaint should be made to the admiral.

"That would be of little use," replied the captain. "The truth is, the admiral very properly considers stumps a great delicacy; and he is not, perhaps, over scrupulous with regard to what particular pots they come from."

"What shall I do then, sir?" said I.

"Do what you like, sir; only don't ask me silly questions. All I say is, *get stumps* to-night; and come to breakfast with me in the morning."

This hint of the captain I considered sufficiently broad; and, accordingly soon after sunset I took a boat with four men, and proceeded once more to the fishing station.

It was quite dark when we set off; but before we arrived at our destination, the moon, which was in the first quarter, appeared over the top of Ladder Hill. It was a beautiful evening for mackerel-fishing; and we were so successful, that before midnight we had stowed a large cargo of that fish aft.

We now put up our lines, and rowed along the coast to the place where I knew the admiral's stump-pots were lowered. As soon as we were over the buoy of the first of them; I ordered the men to draw it.

"An't please you, sir," said one of the fellows; "this is the admiral's stump-pot, sir!"

"I didn't ask you whose stump-pot it was, you fool; I ordered you to draw it."

The stump-pot was drawn accordingly; three beautiful fish were taken out; and it was then carefully lowered again to its former position. On we passed to the next, till we had emptied every one of them; and we commenced our progress towards the ship with nine fine stumps on board.

The moon was now pretty high; and, as we were pulling along under the dark shadow of the overhanging rocks, a boat with six men hove suddenly in sight, round a projecting promontory.

"That's the admiral's boat," cried one of my men. "Shiver my timbers, but we're in for it now anyhow."

"Never mind, my lad," said I; "we must make the most of it. Hand me your jacket and hat, will you?"

I was speedily disguised in Jem's monkey-jacket and tarpauling hat; and, the boat being a whale-boat, I took my station at the steer-oar; directing the men to pull gently till the other boat came within hail.

As the admiral's party were in the full light of the moon, and we under the shadow of the rocks, I had some hopes that they might pass without observing us. In this, however, I was deceived. Taking an unexpected turn shoreward, they baffled my efforts to elude them; and they were in a few minutes within a couple of oars length of us.

"Boat ahoy!" they hailed.

"Hilloa!" I replied.

"Have you been fishing?"

"Yes."

"What sport? any stumps going?"

"Two or three; but nothing to speak of."

"Where did you get them?"

"What the devil's that to you?"

"Oho my fine fellows; that's your tune, is it? You've robbed our pots, by G—d!"

No reply.

"Come, come, hand over the stumps sharp, do you hear; and no more about it."

"See you d—d first! Find stumps for yourselves!" And we continued rowing gently on our course.

"By heaven, you shan't get off this way, my fine fellows; we'll follow you to your ship."

"Very welcome. There she is, dancing merrily in the moonshine; the jolly old Hesperus. If you don't know *her*, you're pretty well acquainted with her stump-pots any how. Do you take, my fine fellows?"

My men were very anxious to make a regular fight of it;

but I thought it better not to hazard this; so we proceeded gently towards the ship, followed nearly the whole way by the admiral's boat; with which we kept up a flying colloquy of the same general nature as the above. Finding, however, that nothing was to be made of us, she at last retired; giving us a heavy broadside of curses.

According to invitation, I appeared in the morning in the captain's cabin to breakfast; and, having presented my stumps, I gave him a minute detail of the whole proceedings.

"Very well, youngster," said he; "you must stand the brunt of it; and as it is the admiral you've been pillaging, I fancy it will be no easy matter."

"Perhaps, sir," said I, "as you would not like to be embroiled in the affair, I had better take the stumps to the midshipmen's berth. I've no doubt we'll be able to discuss them there."

"No, no," said Morley, "there's no necessity for *that*. Leave the stumps where they are in the meantime."

An ardent attack was now commenced upon the salt junk and other eatables; and no more notice was taken of the stumps.

"We must proceed to water the ship to-day," said Morley, as I was leaving the cabin; "and you must go immediately and borrow a launch.* I have the admiral's order for his; but, as I suppose you won't much like going to the flag ship at present, you may borrow one from the —— frigate."

Having thanked the captain for this considerate arrangement, I proceeded on my errand; although after all, I would sooner have encountered the admiral himself than the first lieutenant of the —— frigate.

The first lieutenant was proverbial in the service for his brutality and tyranny. His temper was violent in the extreme. When acting captain on board one of the ships in which he served, he was said to have flogged, upon an average, two men daily. No sooner did any poor fellow offend him, however slightly, than he ordered him to be

* A launch is a large water-boat, and not carried by vessels of our rate.

instantly tied up and punished. When this happened, as it frequently did, during the night, a couple of lanterns were fastened to the gratings; and the unfortunate culprit was flogged by candle-light. For convenience of use, as it was in such frequent requisition, the cat-o'-nine-tails was constantly kept in the binnacle; an arrangement which procured the ferocious lieutenant the by-name of "*Old-cat-i'-the-binnacle;*" or, for brevity, "*The Old Cat.*"

With the fear of this awful personage before my eyes, I proceeded on board the frigate. On reaching the quarter deck he was the first man I encountered. He was pacing hurriedly backwards and forwards; apparently in an awful fury about something or another.

"What, in the devil's name, do *you* want here, sir?" he bawled out, as soon as he saw me; at the same time standing still, and knitting his shaggy brows into an awful frown.

"A launch, sir, to water the Hesperus; by the admiral's order," I replied, with great respect but total indifference.

"The Hesperus, eh! The happy Hesperus you call yourselves; don't you, eh? Devilish clever fellows, are you not, eh? No saying what the Hesperus can't do! Expect to hear of her going, stern foremost, round Cape Horn next! Happy Hesperus, forsooth! happy devil! Very well, sir; take the launch; there she is; and if you so much as scratch the side of her, hang yourself; but never show your face here again!"

This eloquent address I received without a reply; and, having made my bow, I was retiring to my boat, in order to take the launch in tow; when "The Old Cat" jumped between me and the gangway; and poking his spyglass, through which he affected to look at me, so close to my face as almost to touch it; he roared out in a thundering voice, as if he had been hailing a ship a gunshot off:

"Avast there, my lad! Which of you d——d fellows was it that robbed the admiral's stump-pots, eh? In for a scrape now, by G—d! See if your happy Hesperus can carry you through the squall that's coming from that quarter! Deuced fine fellows to be sure! Six weeks cruising to windward will be the least of it, by G—d! D—n me, if I would'nt flog you all round, from the

captain downwards, by G—d!" And he walked off; chuckling at the idea of the Hesperus being put upon the admiral's black list, and sent to cruise as a punishment.

The whole of the forenoon was spent in watering the ship; and about two o'clock, Captain Morley, who had been ashore, returned on board. The first thing he did was to send for me.

"Well, youngster," he said; "I am going ashore, to dine with the admiral to-day; and you are to go along with me."

"I—I—sir!" I stammered out; quite taken aback by this very unwelcome intelligence. "But ——"

"Well; but what, sir?"

"The stump-pots, sir!"

"Oh! never mind the stump-pots! See that you're ready at five."

There was no alternative; I was obliged to submit; and, all the time we were pulling ashore, I was meditating what I should say in exculpation of my misdemeanour.

The appearance of the company with whom I was to dine, did not tend to remove my embarrassment. They were all captains; save myself and the flag-lieutenant. With the latter, however, I was, fortunately, very well acquainted; and a finer, nobler fellow, I never knew; either in the service or out of it.*

"Well, Widoe," said he; "in a little bit of a funk, eh! But don't be frightened; and if the stumps are mentioned, be sure you pass it off as a joke."

Shortly after we had commenced dinner; and as soon as the dry ceremonial, which invariably fences the table of a commander-in-chief in either service, had been somewhat got over; the admiral apologized to the party for having given them no stumps.

"The truth is, gentlemen," said he, "my stump-pots were plundered this morning. A pretty pass the service is coming to, Mr. Lascelles," he continued, addressing himself to me; "a pretty pass we're coming to, when midshipmen rob admirals' stump-pots!"

* Should these pages chance to meet the eye of the gentleman alluded to; Widoe Wildfire embraces the opportunity to send him his very warmest regards.

He evidently waited for a reply; but I was so much embarrassed that I could not bring out a word.

"Did you ever hear of any midshipmen, Mr. Lascelles," he continued, pressing the point: "did you ever hear of any midshipmen, who did such things?"

There was no getting over so pointed a question; so, screwing up my courage, I bolted out the following reply, with tolerable self-possession:—

"I have only heard of one instance, sir; and the midshipman who did it, thought that he was only doing his duty."

"What! a midshipman's duty to rob an admiral's stump-pots!"

"It is a midshipman's duty, sir, to follow in all things, and to the best of his ability, the example of his superior officers."

"Well; what of that?"

"Only this, sir; that the midshipman to whom I allude, was following the example of an admiral, when he helped himself to the stumps in question; and in so far, I conceive, he was only doing his duty."

The range of captains who were seated round the table, stared in perfect astonishment at my audacity. Captain Morley laughed outright. As for the worthy admiral; he was one of those commanders who, at the dinner-table, forget the quarter-deck. He joined in a hearty laugh; and only replied, "That if the case were as I had stated it; perhaps the best thing the admiral could do, was to say nothing about the matter."

The truth was, Captain Morley, who was always doing his officers one good turn or another, had gone ashore in the morning, expressly on purpose to explain the affair; and he had arranged it all with the admiral before returning on board. I was invited to dinner, merely to be "roasted" a little; by way of punishment.

CHAPTER IX.

WHALE-FISHING.

Oh! 'twas a dreadful interval of time!

CATO.

THE business of provisioning the ship being at length accomplished; we weighed and sailed for the Cape.

It was now four weeks since I had come on board from my visit at my uncle's; and this period, short as it was, had worked wonders on me. The moping melancholy with which my separation from Sophia at first affected me, had entirely disappeared; and I engaged once more in the duties of my situation, with that lively interest which is so essential to performing them well.

There is not, I believe, on earth, a being more truly miserable, than a man, who has either mistaken his profession, or who from whatever cause, engages in its duties, as in a burdensome task. This misery I had fully experienced; and the pleasure I felt of being once more restored to my proper self was proportionably great.

We bore away before a steady breeze; and the sun, whose evening beams had gilded the rocks of St. Helena, rose in the morning upon a wide expanse of empty waters. A week passed rapidly away without any thing particular to mark it; every day the same monotonous routine of common duty.

One night about four bells in the first watch,* I exchanged the sultry closeness of the midshipman's berth for the free air on deck. It was a lovely tropic evening.—The sun had been for some time gone down; and the slender crescent of the young moon, whose rays were occasionally obscured by dense clouds, afforded but a feeble and intermitting light.

* Ten o'clock P. M.

It was Strangways' watch; and Captain Morley and he were pacing the quarter-deck side by side. The coolness of the evening air was delightfully refreshing after the sultriness of the main-deck; and I leant over the bulwark to enjoy it.

"Pray what is that in the water, sir?" I said to the captain, as he and Strangways passed near me; and, as I spoke, I directed their attention to several huge masses of some black-coloured substance, which rose and sunk from time to time under the bows of the ship.

"Why it must be a shoal of black fish,"* said Strangways; and presently, in confirmation of what he said, a column of water was projected from one of them into the air.

"Had we been whalers," said Captain Morley; this would have been a lucky adventure. As it is, I fear we must look out for squalls."†

"Whalers or not," rejoined Strangways; "I feel strongly inclined to have a run with one of them, if you have no objections, sir."

"None," said the captain; "but where will you find tackling for the purpose?"

"There's a harpoon on board, sir; and, as for a line, we have the deep-sea lead line,"‡

"Very well," said Morley; "set about it. I will take charge of the deck for you during your absence."

The line was soon bent on to the harpoon; and Strangways, stepping into the main-chains, very dexterously sent it up to the socket in one of the fish. Off the monster dashed, and the line spun like lightning from the reel.—The whale boat was instantly lowered; and Strangways, with four men, having descended, the reel, and a couple of boarding pikes, were handed down.

There was very little wind at the time; scarcely sufficient to afford the vessel steerage way; and we could distinctly hear the spinning noise of the line, for some time

* A small kind of whale, commonly called *finners*.

† Those fish are generally supposed to be forerunners of foul weather.

‡ The deep-sea lead-line, which is about 200 fathoms in length, is wound round a large reel, which hangs constantly abaft ready for use.

after the boat was lost to our view in the obscurity. In a few minutes all was again silent.

"Did they take any lights with them, Mr. Parsons?" said Captain Morley; addressing the boatswain.

"No sir, they took nothing with them but a couple of boarding pikes."

"Ah!" said Morley; "that was a great oversight. The moon will very soon go down; and in their situation, darkness must be attended with considerable danger. Let the second gig be lowered instantly; and harkee! which of the men are acquainted with whale fishing?"

"None of them, sir, as far as I know, were ever on board a whaler in their lives."

"Let the boat be lowered instantly; and send Mr. Settler here. It was rash in me to allow them to go on this foolish enterprise!"

The boat was soon lowered; and the first lieutenant awaited the captain's commands.

"I must leave the ship for a short time in your charge, Mr. Settler," he said. "To prevent accidents, it will be necessary to give Mr. Strangways some assistance; and I believe I am the only man on board whose assistance can be of material service to him. Let the blue-lights be taken from the deck and put into the boat; we shall also require the quartermaster's lantern."

With these precautions our worthy commander descended into the boat; and rowed off with four men to the assistance of his lieutenant.

Not long after he was gone, the weather changed, and a strong breeze sprung up; but, as it blew steadily, and we were quite aware of the direction the boats had taken, we never for a moment thought of any danger.

At last, as the captain had predicted, the moon disappeared; and the sea became involved in total darkness. Still, even this circumstance did not cause us any alarm; for we had perfect confidence in the ability and expertness of our favourite officers.

At length, however, when rather more than an hour and a half had elapsed without bringing any tidings of the boats, we began to be somewhat anxious for their safety. All eyes were eagerly strained on the look-out; and we

puzzled ourselves inventing plausible reasons for their delay. Mr. Settler, meanwhile, paced the quarter-deck, and never opened his lips; though we expressed our anxiety loudly enough in his hearing.

"Had you not better fire a signal-gun, sir?" said Mr. Sands at last; going up to him, and interrupting him in his walk.

"What right have you to direct me, sir?" said the lieutenant; turning sharply round. "I presume you are aware, sir, that the ship is under *my* command."

"Perfectly, sir," replied Sands with great mildness; "but I thought that as the wind has sprung up; and as the boats are so long of appearing——"

"Very well, sir; don't I know that the wind has sprung up as well as you do? You will be kind enough, sir, to mind your own duty, and leave me to mine."

"Good God!" cried Sands, as he joined a group of officers standing aft; "I hope the fellow has no improper design. Why should he be so angry at me for proposing that a signal-gun should be fired?"

The officers to whom he addressed himself, looked at each other; but said nothing.

The breeze was now blowing hard, and the sea running pretty high. The ship, which had previously been hove to, made sail; and hauled on a wind. We were astonished at this movement; as its obvious tendency was *to carry us away from the boats!*

"I've seen a good deal of service," said Wetherall, who was standing among the other officers, aloof from Settler; "and I think I ought to know something about the management of a ship. But I'll be hanged if I understand the meaning of our hauling the wind at present; the breeze being northerly, and the direction of the boats due south."

"What, in heaven's name, shall we do, Wetherall?" said poor Sands; who was reduced to a state of absolute despair. "Could we not cast a gun loose; and fire it whether he will or not?"

"That would savour something like mutiny, Sands," said Wetherall. "We might as well tack the ship whether he will or not."

The rigging was by this time crowded with officers and

men, all keeping an anxious lookout; and the boats were constantly reported in one direction or another; so apt is imagination to deceive us, when anxiety quicken its powers.

But no boats appeared. Mr. Settler still kept pacing the quarter-deck; speaking to no one. In this manner another hour passed away.

"He's preparing to fire a signal at last," said Mr. Granger, the marine officer; who stood beside me on the main-top. "I see the gunner carrying a match."

"Thank God!" I exclaimed; when, after a few minutes, the report of the gun rung through the rigging.

I did not at the moment reflect, though Mr. Settler probably did so; that, as the breeze was blowing very strong at the time, and as the boats must have been considerably astern; they could not possibly hear the signal.

Another half hour elapsed; and the sentinel struck three bells of the middle watch.* It was a "dreadful interval of time;" during which a thousand things were said, and a thousand more were thought. But Mr. Settler all the while kept aloof from his comrades; exchanging words with none; pursuing his own counsel, and issuing his own commands.

I prayed inwardly for daylight; stretching my anxious gaze in the direction the boats had taken. But in vain. Not a trace of them was to be discovered; all around was thick, impenetrable darkness. The sky was obscured by dense clouds; not so much as a star was visible.

"By heaven, here they are at last!" cried Granger. "Look, Widoe! right past the end of the main-yard!"

I looked in the direction he pointed out; but could discover nothing.

"Don't you see them, man?" cried Granger. "Take my glass; do you see them now?"

With the assistance of the glass, I descried a light in the distance. It was, indeed, a ray of hope; but it beamed only to deceive. A little observation convinced us, that it was nothing more than a solitary planet in the horizon; which the drifting clouds had exposed for an instant, and which they speedily again obscured.

*Half-past one o'clock in the morning.

Again the sentinel struck the bell; its sound was like a death-knell on the ear. Again it sounded; and my heart responded with a throb to each of its five dismal chimes. Every moment seemed an hour, so intense was our anxiety; and weary, at length, of straining my sight in vain, I once more descended to the deck. Wetherall, Sands, and the doctor, were standing in close conclave abaft.

"You're right, Sands," said Wetherall; "it is high time that something should be done; and I can't help thinking that it will be little short of downright murder, if we do not go in search of the boats. As it is, we're steering right away from them, by G—d!"

"Before heaven!" cried Sands, who was dreadfully excited; "you may talk of discipline, and subordination, and mutiny, and all such balder-dash; but what are these to me, when the lives of the two men I value most in the world are at stake!"

"This is a matter, gentlemen," said the doctor, "that will require serious consideration. What do you propose to do?"

"Seize that dog Settler," cried Sands; striking his clenched fist against the bulwark: "and clap him in irons! Though I should swing for it at the yard-arm before mid-day, I'll be the first man to rivet the gyves!"

"And what then?"

"Why then Wetherall will take command of the ship; and we'll go in search of the boats."

"Would it not be better," said the doctor, "to go first and speak to Mr. Settler; and——"

"Confound him, for a villain!" cried Sands, impatiently.

"Nay, my good sir, hear me. First endeavour to persuade him to alter his course; and, if he still persist in rejecting all advice; then—why then—I quite agree with you, that steps ought to be taken."

"The doctor is right," said Wetherall. "Come, Sands; let's go together to Settler, and see if we can persuade him to steer upon another tack."

They accordingly proceeded forward. Settler was stil pacing the quarter-deck, with folded arms; the vessel keeping the same course as before.

Wetherall and Sands faced him, just as he turned to make another round; and they stood in such a position as prevented his passing. He immediately saw there was something in the wind; so, sticking his arms akimbo, and throwing into his countenance an expression of infinite superciliousness, he addressed them with the assured air of one entitled to command.

"Pray, gentlemen; may I ask the reason of your stopping me in this unceremonious manner?"

"Mr. Sands and I are of opinion, sir," replied Wetherall, "that the ship is, at present, steering away from the boats; and we are come to give you our advice as to the course it would be best to take."

"And pray when did I ask either Mr. Sands or you to give me any advice on the subject, sir?"

"You certainly did not ask our advice, sir; but we thought it proper, under present circumstances, to volunteer it."

"And *I*," replied Settler; "think it proper under present circumstances, to decline all conference with you on the subject, sir."

The bell again reminded us that the morning was advancing. It struck six.*

"The boats on the weather-bow!" cried Parsons from the forecastle; in a voice that made the vessel ring.

"God be praised!" cried Wetherall; interrupting himself as he was about to reply to Settler.

We all rushed eagerly forward, to assure ourselves of the welcome intelligence; and we discovered the blue lights in the boats at no great distance, making directly for the ship. Settler immediately hove to; and in a few minutes they were under our bows.

Officers and men now crowded eagerly forward on the gangway; and, as the rope was thrown over to the boats, a tremendous cheer resounded to their welcome.

Sands was standing next the gangway; and as soon as Morley touched the deck, the kind-hearted purser eagerly grasped his hand.

"May God be praised, sir," he cried, as the tears started

* Three o'clock in the morning.

in his eyes; "may God be praised, that we have you once more safe on board!"

"Thank you, my honest fellow," cried Morley, returning the cordial grasp of the purser's hand; "and thank you too, my honest fellows all! By heavens! it makes a man's heart warm to meet with a welcome like this! Danger becomes desirable when such a reward awaits it! Strangways and I, to be sure, were nearer losing the number of our mess, by the frolic, than we bargained for; but it's all over now; and your looks, my fine fellows, repay me a thousand times. We must have been sadly out of our reckoning, however; we took the ship to be full two miles to leeward of where she is!"

Settler blushed slightly at this remark; but not a word was said. The fact of his guilt, or of his innocence, was allowed to remain between his own conscience and the main-mast.

"And now, Sands, my boy," continued the captain; "here's oil enough to make your fortune. Serve out lamps, my lad, and cabbage your candles! Our trip has been of some service to you, at all events!"

It turned out that they had succeeded in killing the fish, after much difficulty. It had proved a very strong one; and it gave them a long run before it was exhausted.

By what almost seemed a merciful interposition of Providence, the fish had towed the boat in the same direction that the ship had taken; and the gleam of our blue lights, which they discovered accidentally, while looking for them in a totally different direction, served afterwards to guide them in their course.

The fish was soon got on board, piecemeal; and the blubber was boiled on the main-deck. The oil, which turned out to be very fine, was sold to Sands, for a pound of tobacco and a straw hat to each man in the ship; and we went on our way rejoicing.

About the end of the third week after leaving St. Helena; the flat top of Table Mountain began to appear above the horizon.

CHAPTER X.

A WRECK.

Suave, mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra magum alterius spectare laborem.
LUCRETIUS.

HAVING despatches for the governor, and a variety of other business to transact in Cape Town; we stood into Table Bay, previously to proceeding to Simon's Bay; which is the regular naval station of the Cape.

Table Bay is well known to be extremely liable to sudden squalls, which frequently make tremendous havoc among the shipping; tearing them from their moorings, and drifting them with awful violence upon the shore. It is, however, generally admitted, that much of the danger attendant on these storms might be avoided, by using the precaution of mooring the vessels firmly, with strong cables and heavy anchors. Ships so secured have been known to ride out the most tremendous gales; while such as neglect this precaution almost invariably suffer.

Accordingly, although the weather was extremely fine when we arrived, Captain Morley, in order to preclude the possibility of accident, directed the best and the small bowers to be dropped, with nearly a hundred fathom of cable to each.

It was evening when we came to our moorings; and next morning the captain proceeded on shore; taking Strangways and myself along with him.

We landed opposite the custom-house; and proceeded immediately to the residence of the governor. Our way lay through the Heergraft; and, certainly, the appearance of this elegant street, was well calculated to make on us an agreeable first impression. In length, it extends to nearly half a mile; and its breadth is in proportion. The houses are regularly built; generally two stories in height; with flat roofs, and flights of steps up to the doors. The

carriage-way, on either side, is lined by rows of handsome trees; betwixt which and the houses are trottoirs.

For the first half of its extent, only one side of the street is occupied by buildings; the other being a large open space, lined with trees, and used as a military parade. The shade of the overhanging branches affords a grateful shelter from the heat of the sun; and their full and verdant foliage tends to promote an agreeable circulation of air when the weather is sultry.

Altogether, I have not seen a place where I should be better contented to drop anchor for life, than the Heergraft of Cape Town. The day was remarkably fine; and the bright rays of the sun imparted an agreeable air of cheerfulness to the scene.

The captain having delivered his despatches, and transacted some other slight business in the town; we determined to take a peep at the environs before returning on board.

Accordingly, having repassed the Heergraft, we took the road to Green Point; which is an extensive tract of meadow-land, running between the sea and the foot of the Lion's Rump.

The scenery here was delightful; especially to men just arrived from a voyage. Before us were stretched the placid waters of the expanded bay; bounded on the one hand by a range of azure mountains; and extending, on the other, far away into the horizon-bounded Atlantic. Numerous merchant ships—the jolly old Hesperus peering proudly above them all—were riding at anchor; most of them with their white sails, unfurled to dry, flapping loosely in the breeze. Boats and lighters of all descriptions, were plying to and from the shore, or lying alongside the different ships; on whose decks the mariners were busily engaged in loading or unloading their cargo. An occasional pinnace, with its gaudily painted gunwale and dazzling triangular sails, was seen threading its way through the maze; bound with a party from the town on some pleasure excursion.

Altogether, it was a scene on which a sailor loves to gaze; life, bustle, and activity, on the placid surface of the element of his adoption.

Turning round from this pleasing prospect, the land-view was scarcely less interesting. In the background, the towering mass of Table Mountain, flanked on either side by the smaller but still stupendous heights of Devil's Hill and the Lion's Rump, stretched its stately head nearly four thousand feet into the air; steep, bare, and torrent-furrowed towards the top; but covered towards the base with huge fragments of detached rock, and heaps of mountain debris. Among the latter, a stunted tree, or an occasional patch of brushwood, was here and there observable.

Betwixt these stately mountains, and the green plain on which we stood, lay the town; with its gay white-walled houses glittering in the sunbeams, or thrown into agreeable obscurity by the dark shadows of the overhanging trees. Extensive gardens surrounded by luxuriant myrtle and laurel groves; with here and there clumps of lemon trees, and lofty oaks twined round by the tendrils of the "enlacing vine," adorned the environs towards the land-side; while the fort and batteries presented their sloping glaces towards the sea.

Sometimes turning round to contemplate this prospect, and sometimes reverting to our own proper element, we passed on delighted with both; extending our walk nearly to the extremity of Green Point.

Here, on a wooden bench erected for the use of the town's-people, we sat down to rest. The waters of the bay, unruffled and motionless, seemed literally to be sleeping in the sunshine; and they reflected vividly the shadows of the ships and boats that floated upon their surface.

I do not know how long we might have remained in this situation; but certainly not so much as half an hour; when, turning round to contemplate once more the land-view, we were surprised at the change that had taken place in the appearance of Table Mountain. Its lofty outline was no longer relieved against the clear blue sky. A dense mass of black clouds mustered ominously behind it; and a thin white mist was curling in sweeping eddies round its summit.

"We must return with all speed to the ship," said Captain Morley; rising from the bench. "I know that

signal of old! When the table-cloth is spread upon the mountain; we may look for heavy squalls."

We rose, accordingly; and walked rapidly in the direction of the town.

The fog round the summit of the mountain increased meanwhile in density; and became more and more agitated by intermitting gusts of wind. The sea-fowl, instinctively prophetic of an approaching storm, left the water in flocks; the Cape pigeon winging its way rapidly landward; and the mighty albatros towering high into the welkin, to make its bed among the clouds of some more tranquil region.*

The lurid clouds in the background now began, gradually but rapidly, to advance upon the confines of the clear blue sky; and their dense mass had already reached the zenith. Still, the sun, which they had not yet obscured, shone brilliantly; casting our shadows before us.

We had not, however, proceeded many yards, when the sun too disappeared. All was black and ominous. We increased our pace to a run; and we were hurrying rapidly forward; when, in an instant, and without the slightest warning, we were met by a gale so furious as completely to retard our course; and even to carry us a pace or two backwards. A torrent of the heaviest rain I ever witnessed, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning and deafening peals of thunder, succeeded. We buttoned our coats; bent our heads downwards; and contended with the tempest as we best could.

Our progress, however, was extremely slow; for the wind, if anything, continued to increase in violence. The blackness of the atmosphere, too, became more and more appalling; and we could hear by the dashing of the waves, for it was dangerous to look up, that the sea was already agitated.

After a tedious and fatiguing walk we at length reached the town. Not an individual was to be seen; the wind howled desolately among the houses, and the rain-water

* The albatros is said to sleep when on the wing;

"—loin des bruits de la terre.
Berce par son vol solitaire,
Il va s'endormir dans les cieux!"

ran in torrents through the streets. With great difficulty we rounded the corner of Somerset-road, where the gale swept past with a furious eddy; and, getting into the comparatively more sheltered Waterkant street, we at a length reached the quay.

Here, neither our own nor any other boat was to be seen. The quay was totally deserted; and the waves lashed furiously over the parapet. Elkins, who had been anxiously waiting our arrival, presently joined us.

"No craft can live in the water, at present, sir," he said; addressing Captain Morley. "Every boat in the harbour has gone somewhere for shelter; and we have taken our gig into the dock of Rogge battery."

We now looked towards the sea; and we were immediately convinced that to return to the ship at that time was impossible. The waves were running mountain-high; and the seething foam lashed far up the beach and adjacent rocks.

"I would give all I am possessed of," said Morley; "to be, at this moment, on the deck of the Hesperus!"

"It is impossible, sir," said Strangways; "no boat could live for an instant in such a sea." And, as he spoke, an enormous billow, as if in confirmation of what he said, rolled far up the beach beneath us, and deposited its snowy plumage at our feet.

Meanwhile, the gale continued to blow so furiously, that we were obliged to hold on by each other in order to keep our places. The rain-water streamed in torrents from our clothes; and every moment seemed to add fresh violence to the hurricane.

While we were standing in this uncomfortable situation, uncertain what course to pursue; we were unexpectedly hailed by a voice from behind; and, turning round, we observed a gentleman at an upper window of the custom-house beckoning us to come in. We were not tardy in taking advantage of this considerate invitation; and we soon found ourselves in a comfortable room; where several clerks were busily engaged with their ledgers, in the midst of all the turmoil.

From the window we commanded a complete view of the bay; and the prospect it presented was truly appalling.

The billows were of enormous magnitude; and they rolled onwards with a violence which no power seemed capable of resisting. Their wide and agitated tops were covered with fields of foam; flakes of which the drifting gale caught up as it passed, and wafted impetuously away, far over the tops of the houses. Towards the shore, the yawning gulfs between the waves were so black and deep, that the eye almost shrunk from contemplating them; while, farther out, where the perspective shut those fearful chasms from the view, nothing was to be seen but one immense, unbroken, sea of foam.

Beyond the bay, the waters of the ocean were black and desolate. No horizon was distinguishable. The gloomy colours of the clouds and of the distant water, were so completely assimilated, that they appeared to pass into each other; nor could the eye fix upon any point, where the one could be said to terminate, or the other to commence.

In the lower strata of the air, detached masses of cloud, fringed with a stormy copper-coloured light, were racking furiously before the tempest; while above, all was blackness and obscurity, dense, gloomy, and impenetrable.

The whole scene, indeed, forcibly reminded me of the appellation which its first discoverers gave to the place; the fitting epithet of CABO TORMENTESO.

"What are become of all the vessels that were moored in the bay this morning?" said I; observing only the Hesperus and a single merchantman.

"They all cut their cables," replied the gentleman who invited us in, and who now stood beside us at the window; "and stood out to sea as soon as the mist began to gather round the top of the mountain. This is, in general, their only chance of escape in such a squall; for notwithstanding so many warnings, they are seldom provident enough to furnish themselves with moorings sufficiently strong to ride it out. I presume, sir," he continued, addressing himself to Morley; "I presume, sir, you are the captain of the Hesperus?"

"I am," replied Captain Morley; "and I shall never forgive myself for being absent from her at such a crisis."

"You need not be in the least alarmed for her safety,

sir," said the gentleman. "I have witnessed many of these squalls from the spot where we now stand; and I can judge pretty accurately of the chance a ship has of weathering one of them. The Hesperus, I perceive, is moored by her two bowers, in addition to which she has since dropped a sheet-anchor; and her cables are sufficiently long to allow her to humour the waves. I have watched her narrowly for some time, and I assure you she is not in the slightest danger."

Our own observations confirmed the gentleman's remark. The Hesperus was riding out the tempest in most gallant style. From time to time she appeared on the summit of a wave, by which she was borne forward to a considerable distance, till the water gradually glided out from beneath her; and, without the slightest shock, she sunk back into the abyss behind. Here, her hull, and all the under part of her rigging, were hid from the view, and nothing was to be seen but her top spars; till, gradually, she again emerged, and stood out high upon the top of the succeeding billow.

After observing her carefully for some time, the captain himself seemed satisfied of her safety; and we were, at length, so much relieved as to be able to turn our attention to the merchantman.

The state of this unfortunate vessel was very different. She was riding at single anchor; and it was evident that she was not provided with a sufficient length of cable. When she appeared on the summit of a wave, she was hurled impetuously forward; and, when at the very top of her precipitate career, she was checked with a sudden jerk; and fell back, amid clouds of spray, into the yawning trough of the sea.

"She can never ride it out," said Captain Morley. "Those repeated shocks must, eventually, snap her cable."

Nor was it long till the captain's prediction was verified. An enormous billow caught her up; raised her on its heaving side; and hurled her forward with irresistible violence. For an instant, her strained cable seemed to check her in her course; but it was only for an instant. Again she was precipitated forward; her prow took a downward direction; bowsprit and bows were immersed

in the water; the billow passed onwards and hid her from our view.

It was evident that her cable had snapped; and we considered her destiny as sealed. Again, however, she appeared on the top of the succeeding wave; and we could see with the assistance of a glass, that she had ported her helm, and succeeded in turning her head from the wind.

The manœuvre was dexterously managed. She glided down the farther side of the wave, and surmounted the next.

Some hope seemed still to be left; as she was certainly making though slowly from the shore. We watched her with intense anxiety. The gale drifted furiously against her; and her spars were snapping like reeds, before it; but still she bore gallantly on; till at last, an enormous sea caught her on the weather beam, and threw her obliquely into the trough of the water.

When she next appeared her rudder was gone. No power on earth could now save her. She was dashed, unresistingly, forward, and precipitated, with a furious shock, upon the beach; where the sea broke over her, mountain-high.

"For God's sake," cried Captain Morley; "let us descend, and render what assistance we can to the unfortunate crew!"

"Any assistance of ours, sir," said the stranger gentleman; "will, I fear, be unavailing. The government guard will be already on the beach, to protect the property that may be washed ashore; and we would only be exposing ourselves to the gale for no purpose."

"D——n the gale!" cried Morley, impatiently; and he rushed out of the room, followed by Strangways and myself.

When we reached the street, we found that the wind and rain had somewhat moderated, and that the clouds were beginning to rack away; though the sea still raged with all its former violence. We hastened forward to the spot where we had observed the ship to strike; and we soon arrived at the scene of devastation.

Here, we found a large concourse of people already assembled: among whom were a non-commissioned mili-

tary officer and a few soldiers. The vessel was lying within half a cable's length of the beach, and evidently in very shoal water; for the waves that washed furiously over her in their advance left her, in their reflux, so bare that we could even see her keel.

Upon inquiry, we learned from the bystanders, that she was an English merchantman, home-ward-bound with goods and passengers. The crew, and the unlucky passengers, among whom were several females, stood upon the deck, holding on by the remainder of the spars and rigging; for the bulwarks were almost entirely washed away.

It was evident that she could not resist the fury of the tempest for many minutes. Her timbers creaked and crashed with a fearful sound, as she was struck by each successive wave; and at length a huge sea struck her on the quarter; broke her back; and hove the stern-part round alongside the prow.

The cries of the unfortunate passengers for assistance were at this moment truly appalling. But what assistance could we give? We had no boat; and though we had had one, it could have been of little service in such a sea. As for swimming there was not among us a heart stout enough to attempt it.

The crew themselves seemed incapable of any exertion; they stood paralysed and motionless on the deck; looking eagerly towards the land.

At length one of the men appeared with a rope in his hand; the end of which he fastened round the root of the foremast. He then stripped to the shirt; and taking a lead-line, to which he had attached the other end of the rope, between his teeth; he threw himself into the water.

For some time he was totally lost to our view; and we supposed he had fallen a sacrifice to his daring attempt.

Presently, however, he appeared on the top of a wave; by which he was borne rapidly forward, and thrown with awful violence on the beach. The spectators made a simultaneous rush to his assistance; but before they could reach him, the receding water caught him up, and washed him out a considerable distance from the shore.

We now gave him up for lost; but before many minutes had elapsed, he again appeared, swimming strongly, and

struggling manfully with the raging surge; which he endeavoured to oppose, by striking out in an opposite direction to that in which it was running. He at length once more neared the beach; and, giving himself up to an advancing wave, he was again borne rapidly forward; till suddenly diving beneath the water, he disappeared, and the billow rolled on without him, dashing its foaming crest high up upon the shore.

Back again it rushed, hurling along with it immense masses of stone which it tore up from the beach; and, when it had receded a considerable way, we again descried the sailor, struggling against it, and swimming shorewards.

By dint of sheer strength, he so far overcame the force of its suction, as to attain the beach before it again advanced; when, starting nimbly to his feet he ran hastily up to the spot where the spectators were collected.

I shall never forget his appearance when he first presented himself before us. On leaving the ship, he had taken off all his clothes save his shirt; and this was slipped down from his shoulders, and fastened round his waist by the sleeves, which were firmly knotted in front. In his countenance, which was handsome, though dark and weather-beaten, there was a strange peculiarity of expression, which seemed to indicate a singular mixture of courage and pride, generosity and sullenness. His long black hair hung in dripping ringlets down his temples; and intermixed, in clotted tangles, with his huge, bushy whiskers. His figure was spare, but extremely athletic; and the elegant moulding of his limbs, elastic with the vigorous energy of youth, seemed to indicate an origin superior to his present humble station. Round his neck he wore a black ribbon, to which was attached a large metal locket. His chest and shoulders were streaming with blood; and in his hand he bore the lead-line, from which he had never parted in all his danger.

He gave us no salutation as he approached, and waited for none; but immediately commenced to haul the rope, to which the line was attached, ashore. When he had secured this, he instantly thrust it into the hands of the nearest bystanders.

"Hold tight on there, messmates," he cried, in a hoarse voice; and, without waiting for a reply, he rushed down to the beach, and again plunged into the water.

With the assistance of the rope, which now extended from the ship to the shore, it was not long till he stood once more on the deck; where he was received with a loud cheer by his messmates. Encouraged by his example, and by the prospect of safety which the rope afforded, the rest of the crew now began to bestir themselves. Quantities of luggage and stores of different kinds were tossed overboard; and, being gathered up by the bystanders as soon as they had drifted ashore, they were placed together in a heap; round which the soldiers formed a ring.

The sea, however, still continued to rage as furiously as ever; and the eventual rescue of the passengers and crew seemed matter of great uncertainty.

At length, we observed the same intrepid seaman advance towards the side of the vessel; and, grasping a female in one arm, while with the other he held on by the rope, he plunged overboard.

For a short space they both disappeared; but when the water receded, it left them on the firm land, the sailor still holding fast by the rope.

By an almost superhuman exertion of strength and agility, he now succeeded in bearing his charge safe, though exhausted, to the beach, before the wave again advanced. As formerly, he did not exchange a word with the bystanders; but, laying his burden gently on the grass, he returned again to the ship.

The rest of the crew now emulated the example of their intrepid comrade; and the female part of the passengers were all rescued, with the exception of two, who were washed out to sea and drowned. The crew and male passengers succeeded in saving themselves, with the loss of only one life.

The sailor who first brought the rope ashore, had made no fewer than seven different trips to the vessel; and the excitement seemed each time to inspire him with fresh strength and courage. But now, when the work was done, he stood before us shivering with cold; exhausted, bruised,

and bleeding. Still he exchanged words with no one; nor did he join in the congratulations which the rest were giving and receiving, among each other and from the by-standers. Without taking notice of any one, he passed on to the place where the boxes that had been saved from the wreck were piled up.

"You can't come in here, my lad," said the officer who was guarding them, observing that the man wished to pass. "No one can be allowed to touch these packages till the magistrate has examined them."

"I see my own chest there," growled the sailor. "I want a coat!"

"Well; I can't allow you to touch anything here," said the officer; "so you had better take yourself off."

"I am wet!"

"I can't help it, my orders are peremptory."

"I am shivering with cold!"

"There's no use speaking to me; I tell you once for all, you shan't touch one of these packages, at present."

The sailor made no reply; but a dark scowl passed over his face, and he turned away.

Captain Morley interceded with the officer, but in vain; he was quite inexorable. I turned away in disgust from the unfeeling monster; whose conduct no observance of duty, however strict, could palliate; and the first object that met my sight was Strangways, busily engaged in stripping to the buff.

I was well aware of the temperament of the worthy lieutenant; whose choler nothing so easily roused as cruelty or oppression; and I never doubted that he was preparing to beat humanity into the unfeeling officer, in the genuine old English fashion. In this, however, I was mistaken.

"Here, my good fellow," he said, addressing the sailor: "here are a coat and waistcoat for you. You will find money enough in the pocket to procure you a proper rig-out when you reach the town."

The man gave him a look which seemed to say, "Are you serious?" as, with a simple "thank you, heartily, sir," he took the proffered garments; and leisurely put them on.

"Give me your hand, Strangways," said Captain Morley; who had stood a passive observer of the scene.—"You've taught me a lesson to-day, which I shall not soon forget!"

The worthy commander shook the hand of his lieutenant, with a cordiality which evinced how much his conduct had pleased him. I thought I observed something like a rising tear glisten in his eye.

The wind now lulled almost as suddenly as it had sprung up; the clouds racked rapidly away, and the sun once more shone out with all its former splendour. Towards evening, the agitation of the water subsided; and Captain Morley desired Elkins to bring our gig to the quay stairs.

"Elkins!" said the captain; observing that there were only three men at the oars; "what is become of Stubbs?"

"He left us this morning, sir," replied Elkins, "soon after our arrival; and went into the town to purchase tobacco. We have not since seen him, sir."

"Did you not go in quest of him, when you found he did not return?"

"We did, sir; but we have not been able to find any trace of him."

"Well; we can't wait for him now," said the captain. "Mr. Lascelles, will you take the fourth oar?"

Without farther interruption we returned to the ship; and we were gratified, on our arrival, by learning, that she had not sustained the slightest damage during the gale.

CHAPTER XI.

A DESERTER.

To the yard-arm! away with him! away!

RED ROVER.

ON the forenoon of the day following that on which the preceding incidents occurred, I was summoned to attend the captain in his cabin.

"Mr. Lascelles," he said; "I have sent for you to say, that Thomas Stubbs, the former captain of the mizen-top, who disappeared from among our boat's crew yesterday, is not yet returned on board; and from what I can learn from his messmates, I have every reason to believe that he has deserted. You shall, therefore, take a sergeant of marines, and proceed in search of him; and, as he is probably still lurking somewhere about the town I trust you will have no difficulty in tracing him out."

Nothing could be in more entire accordance with my taste, than such an expedition as this. From my youth up, "the chase," in all its branches, has been my delight. Short time sufficed to make the necessary preparations; and, before half an hour had elapsed, the sergeant and I were hunting in couples through the streets of Cape Town, in pursuit of the ill-fated deserter.

All our inquiries, however, were vain. No one knew anything of such a man; no one had seen anything of him; and, what was still more extraordinary, no one had even *heard* anything of him. We traversed every street in the town; drank beer in every tavern, from the highest to the lowest; entered every place of public resort; but still no tidings of Tom Stubbs. We were fairly at fault.

At last, finding all other means fruitless, I thought it would be necessary to have recourse to the governor; and, having informed my companion of my intention, we proceeded together towards his residence.

We were, at this time, in the suburb of the town ; and, wishing to take the nearest road, we turned up a narrow lane, fenced on each side by high walls ; the heavily laden branches of fruit trees hanging over one of which indicated a garden ; while some tall beams and planks of timber, peering over the top of the other, gave symptoms of a carpenter's wood-yard.

The day was bright and intensely hot ; and everything around was still and motionless. Save the humming of the insects among the trees, and the monotonous sound of the mallets of the workmen, who were engaged at their craft on the other side of the wall ; not a sound disturbed the sleepy stillness. We plodded on our way as leisurely as the nature of our duty warranted ; nor had we proceeded many paces. when our attention was arrested by a voice in the wood-yard, calling out in a loud jocular tone :

" Come along, Blackie ; won't sing us a song, man, to help away this hot afternoon ?"

" No blackie me, massa Jem ! me call Tom ! Him no forget dat."

" Well, Tom, sing us a song, my lad ; and you shall drink a pot of beer with me at the Stag, this evening."

" Hey, ya ! beer bery good ting, massa Jem !—bery good ting !—bery !"

" Well, strike us up a stave, my lad ; and see that your voice run as mellowly as the beer from old Han's cask !"

Thus urged, the party addressed lifted up his voice ; which, if it *did* flow as mellowly as old Han's beer, certainly said very little for the entertainment to be met with at the Stag.

The words of the first part of the song have escaped my memory ; but it was chanted to a very lugubrious air, and contained a " melting account" of the miseries endured by poor slaves. The latter part was sung in a more lively strain ; and it described the joys that were expected to result from the longed-for measure of Emancipation. The singer gave out the words with a most emphatic enunciation ; and every hammer in the yard " beat the measure as he sung."

As far as my memory serves me, the verses, which are

unique in their way, ran nearly as follows ; the lively air to which they were chanted, forming a strong contrast to the piteous whining tone, in which the lines immediately preceding were sung.

But emancipation come, ha ha !
Den massa look ber glum, ha ha !
Me drink him grog, me eat him prog,
And steal him cask of rum,
Ha ha !
And steal him cask of rum !

Den me kill massa goat, ha ha !
Den me wear massa coat, ha ha !
Me kiss him wife, me steal him knife,
And cut him ugly throat,
Ha ha !
And cut him ugly throat !

Den me shall lib on rum, ha ha !
And sleep all day in de sun, ha ha !
No work no flog, but beer and grog,
As soon as the day's begun,
Ha ha !
As soon as the day's begun !

During the cantation of this animated description of the refined pleasures that were anticipated from the philanthropic measure of Emancipation ; I had managed, with the assistance of the sergeant, to clamber up the wall, high enough to obtain a view of the group within, without being myself subject to observation.

In the scene that presented itself there was, to a common observer, nothing very remarkable. About half-a-dozen workmen were engaged in vamping up old casks, or in making new ones ; their mallets and chisels keeping time to blackie's music. Kegs and barrels of all sorts and dimensions were piled up round the court-yard ; or lying in seeming confusion in the open area where the workmen were employed. Wood in large beams, or cut into staves of various sizes ready for use, was also lying about in abundance ; but without being arranged with any particular regard to the order of its disposition. Every thing seemed to announce a cooperage of considerable extent and importance ; and, though the several workmen

seemed extremely intent on their employment, they did not fail to join cheerily in the chorus of the song; and the enlivening effect of the jolly *Ha ha!* was wonderfully increased, by the powerfully accented music produced by their accompaniment of mallets.

As for the principal performer himself, his action was so energetically suited to the word, that he seemed to have taken the hammer more for the purpose of breaking than of mending, his master's hogsheads.

He was ensconsed in the interior of an enormous puncheon; which so effectually concealed his person, that I could discover no part of it save his head. This head was invested in a broad-brimmed, brightly glazed, black tarpaulin hat; round the under edge of which—fancy my astonishment!—were written in white paint, with a variety of dashes and other ornaments appropriate to elegant caligraphy; the very unlooked for words, "*T. Stubbs, H. M. S. Hesperus!*"

It was not without considerable difficulty that I was able to decipher this scroll, elegant though it was; and, had it not been that the occupation of the wearer caused him to turn round and round in the cask, so as to present from time to time the whole circuit of his head-piece, I should probably never have made the discovery. Having satisfied myself, however, that I had "read aright;" at least as far as concerned the word "Stubbs," which *par excellence* was written in a larger character than the rest; I descended from my exalted position, and communicated the result of my discovery to my companion.

It was speedily resolved that we should not allow so important a clue to the detection of our deserter to escape without prosecuting it to the utmost. It was possible that the *soi-disant* blackie might be Stubbs himself in disguise; at all events, the identity of the hat was certain.

We, accordingly, proceeded forwards; and, walking into the cooperage, we inquired at a person who appeared to be the overseer, if there was a black man named Tom employed in the work. He very civilly told us there was: and said that, as it was near the resting hour, if we would wait a minute he would fetch him to us.

He, accordingly, left us, and very soon returned, ac-

companied by Tom; whose hat and face seemed to hold an honoured rivalry for the palm of Japanese brilliancy.—The hope, however, that he might be Stubbs in disguise, I was unwillingly obliged to relinquish. Stubbs was a middle-sized man; Tom an extremely athletic powerful fellow of at least six feet. Besides, there was no mistaking the polished shining complexion, flat nose, and thick blubbery lips that bespoke the uncounterfeited negro. The rest of the workmen followed in the group behind; apparently curious to ascertain what the Englishmen could have to say to their African comrade.

Having first formally presented Tom to our notice, the overseer was called away to another part of the work; and we were left to pursue our investigations as we best could.

I have often cordially thanked my kind stars that I was not bred a lawyer; and yet I have frequently been placed in situations where a little of the proverbial cunning of that amiable fraternity might have been of considerable avail; and such was the present.

"Pray, Tom," said I floundering at once *in medias res*, without the precaution of employing previously a few appropriate "leaders." "Pray, Tom, are you acquainted with one Thomas Stubbs, of his Majesty's ship Hesperus?"

Tom, who stood, while I was propounding this sapient question, with his huge glaring eyes fixed in the middle of their sockets, and the door through which eloquence flows expanded wide enough to have allowed a long harangue to issue forth; compressed his lips as I finished; and, turning round to his companions, as if he wished their attestation of the truth of what he was going to say; he shrugged his shoulders, looked wise, and replied with a grin:

"No massa!—my no sabe he!"

"Nay, Tom," I continued, "I don't mean the poor fellow any harm, nor you either; but I wish you would tell me where Stubbs is at present."

"Tubbs! Tubbs!" repeated Tom, looking down at his black splay feet, as if he thought they might help him at a pinch; "Tubbs! Tubbs! massa, me tell him true; my no sabe dat pigeon!"

"But you've seen him somewhere, haven't you, Tom?" I continued, pressing the point.

"No! massa," replied the incorrigible negro, with the most imperturbable gravity of countenance; "no! massa; my no see him nibber!"

Finding that nothing was to be made of this mode of interrogation, I shifted my tack, and determined to proceed more cautiously.

"Very well," I said; "no matter Tom, I only thought somehow that you had known him. By the way, that's a very handsome hat you've got, Tom!" and I looked keenly at him to observe if the remark produced any effect.—But Tom maintained unaltered the calm serenity of his countenance; and if he *did* blush, I confess that the soft tint of conscience escaped my observation.

"Hey ya!" he replied, taking off his hat, and twirling it between his fingers with a most pleased and complacent smile. "Hey ya! him hat bery good hat!"

"Will you let me see it, Tom?"

"Hey ya, massa!" and he put the hat into my hand, apparently highly pleased with the admiration it excited.

"By heaven!" I exclaimed, after a short examination; and purposely raising my voice to a tone of extreme displeasure; "how is this, sir! This is Stubbs' hat! Here is his name written on it!"

Tom seemed highly nettled at this insinuation; the smile upon his countenance gave place to a look of wrath; and his voice and gestures became somewhat fierce; as, extending his hand to recover his property he exclaimed:

"Tubbs' hat! my no sabe dat dam Tubbs! me buy him hat for one pot of beer! Gib him! gib him! goddam!" And at every word he advanced a step nearer, attempting to clutch the disputed hat from my hand.

"I say, Tom!" cried one of his comrades; a tall broad shouldered Englishman in a blue apron. "Where did you get the beer you bought the hat with, my lad?"

"Wer me get him?" replied Tom, a little posed by the question. "What de dibble matter wer me get him, massa Jem!"

"Ay, ay! you stole it, I'll warrant, from the master's store."

"But me no steal him hat, goddam! me buy him hat! Gib him! gib him, goddam!" And he laid hold of my arm to effect a forcible recovery of his property.

"That's it, Tom," cried Jem; stirring him on to the attack. "Go it, my lad; the fellow wants to steal your hat, by G——d, as you stole the master's beer. At him my hearty!"

Tom, by this time highly incensed, needed no such incentive to urge him to open hostilities. He laid hold of me with both his hands; and it was only by the exertion of my utmost strength that I succeeded in throwing him off; when, drawing my dirk, I swore I would stab him if he attempted to lay a finger on me.

At the sight of the glittering steel, Tom cautiously retreated a few paces backwards; but it was only to snatch up a huge block of wood, with which he again returned to the attack; brandishing it over his head; his black eyes sparkling with fury.

I was completely at his mercy; one blow would have shivered my skull like a nutshell; and it was just on the point of descending, when the arm of the negro was suddenly arrested by the voice of the overseer.

"What's this you're after, you black devil?" he exclaimed in a thundering voice; and Tom stood, petrified as it were by the sound, in the posture he had assumed to give good effect to his intended blow; one leg a little advanced, his head somewhat depressed, and both hands grasping firmly the uplifted weapon; no bad representation of an African Hercules, in the attitude of inflicting the lethal blow on some couching Nemean lion.

"What's all this about, you black beast?" said the overseer; as he approached and struck the uplifted club from the hands of the astonished Tom. "I'll have you flogged every day for a fortnight, you savage, to beat a little discretion into you. Off with you to your booth; or I'll send you there with a chain round your ankles!"

I now thought it right to intercede in Tom's behalf, and deprecate the resentment of the overseer; to whom I explained the whole particulars of the quarrel.

"You see, sir," I continued, presenting the hat; "here is the name of the man, Stubbs; of whom I am at pres-

ent in pursuit, as a deserter from his Majesty's ship Hesperus."

The overseer examined the hat; and, turning angrily round to Tom, he asked him where he got it.

"Me buy him," replied Tom; quite subdued by the presence of his superior.

"Where?"

"From Massa Moses Mosheim."

It appeared from the farther interrogatories of the overseer; that poor Tom, chancing that morning to pass the shop of Moses Mosheim, where the hat in question was hung out at the door to lure purchasers, had been mightily taken with its appearance; especially with the writing with which it was adorned, and which the cunning Jew had represented as a new-fashioned sort of ornament; and that, after half an hour's bargaining, he had become the purchaser on the terms above alluded to.

"Well, sir," said the overseer; "you have allowed yourself to be cheated; and you must suffer this gentleman to take away the hat, as it belongs to one of his men."

Poor Tom sobbed with very vexation, when he saw his newly-acquired adornment thus unceremoniously disposed of; but he did not offer a syllable of objection. I positively felt sorry for him.

"I have no wish, sir," I said, "that this poor fellow should be a loser by the business; and, if you will allow him to conduct me to the shop of this Moses, in order that I may make a few inquiries there, I have not the slightest objection to his retaining the hat."

Tom's face brightened up at this proposal; and, the overseer having given his consent, I restored the contested castor to its owner, and we proceeded in company towards the residence of the Jew.

After a short walk, we arrived in a low, narrow street; and Tom, pointing to a shop completely hung round with coats, hats, trousers, and other parts of male wearing apparel; informed me that this was the place of our destination.

The interior of this wretched-looking booth corresponded exactly with its external façade. It was a perfect

forest of pendent habiliments; which were hung on the walls by means of nails and cloak-pins, and across the confined area by means of strings; which were stretched in all directions, transverse and diagonal. So great was the obscurity caused by this incongruous assemblage of human vestures, that it was some time before we discovered the object of our visit; who was standing like a shrivelled mummy behind his little counter.

He was a puny, diminutive-looking fellow, with a countenance truly Jewish; sallow chocolate complexion, and genuine patriarchal longitude of beard. He was habited in a loose grey gown, which was fastened round the waist by a broad leathern belt; and his head was covered by a low, round-crowned hat, whose brim was of the right Bohemian breadth. Indeed, the longitude of the beard, and the latitude of the brim, appeared to bear a sort of geographical reference to each other.

We had scarcely well entered the shop, when Tom lugged off his ill-fated hat; and, floundering it down upon the counter, roared out in a furious voice to the astonished vender:

"Vat for you sell me dam Tubbs hat, eh? vat for, eh? dam Tubbs hat, goddam!"

The merchant, who was probably accustomed to such sallies from his customers, took not the slightest notice of the hat; but looked coolly and steadily in the face of the enraged negro.

"You are von leetle beet angré, ma frien';" was his only reply.

"Me leatle! goddam!" cried the incensed Tom; "me leatle! Me great dam deal angry, goddam! Him gib me back him beer, goddam!"

"Dat I cannot do, ma frien'," replied Moses; "becausb it ish all dronk up."

"Goddam! cried Tom; brandishing his fist in Moses' face. "Vat him say! drinky he! drinky massa beer, goddam! But me make him beer come out of him inside again, goddam!" And he was about to vault over the counter, in order to apply an external stomach-pump to the unlucky Moses, when I laid hold of him and kept him back.

"Avast there, Tom," said I; "no more of your blar-

ney, my lad. See, there's a shilling for you; take up your hat, and be off!"

Tom attempted to twist his face into an expression of something like thankfulness; as, pocketing the money, he clapped on his hat, and made a most rapid retreat; apparently alarmed lest I should repent of my bounty before he was beyond hearing.

At the expense of half-a-crown and a little civility, we now succeeded in learning from the Jew that he had received the hat on the previous evening from an English sailor; to whom he had given another in exchange. He farther showed us other parts of the same sailor's dress; consisting of jacket, trousers, and check shirt; and told us that he had furnished him instead with the worn-out dress of a Dutch skipper. He did not know, however, he said, where the man was at present to be found; but he thought we were likely to hear something of him by going to the house of one Karl Krause, who kept a beer-shop in a certain street in the suburbs, to which he directed us.

"But you mosh take care, young shentlemans," added Moses; "for, if Karl tink you come after any of his peoples, he vill shoot you vid his pistol, or stab you vid his knife—O yais!"

"The devil he will!" said I. "Pray who is this Karl?"

"Hist!" said Moses; putting his finger on his lip, and speaking in a whisper; "hist! he may hear us!"

"Hear us! Is he in the house then?"

"O yais! O no! he is here, dere, everywhere. No one know where Karl may not be found! Hist, young shentleman; I mosh not speak more of him—O no!"

It was in vain that we attempted to elicit any farther information on the subject of this mysterious personage; but, thinking it prudent to act upon the cautious hint of the old Jew, we availed ourselves of the variety of costumes his shop afforded; and we soon sallied forth in quest of Karl, arrayed as an English merchant of the lower class, and his son. The Jew informed us that Karl was a German; and, as my companion had served in his youth in the Memel and Riga trade, where he had picked up a smattering of the German language; we hoped that this

accidental circumstance might be of use to us in our researches.

It was with some difficulty that we found our way to the place to which Moses directed us; but, after a variety of wanderings, we at length entered a narrow lane; the houses in which were of the very meanest description. This lane was what is usually termed a blind alley; being shut up, at the farther end, by a high wall; and it was one of the very filthiest of those proverbially filthy places. It seemed, indeed, to be the general receptacle of all the abominations of Cape Town.

Over the door of a wretched-looking house, about halfway up this delectable spot, dangled a wooden sign-board; which appeared to indicate a place of public entertainment. It exhibited a rude representation of a tankard of ale; beneath which was painted the name of the host. The latter, on a nearer approach, we were able, with some difficulty, to decipher; and we found it to be the name of which we were in search—"*Karl Krause.*"

Without any unnecessary observance of ceremony, we entered the house, and proceeded towards the interior; guided more by the sound of voices from within, than by the uncertain light; which, being admitted only by the doorway, was nearly obscured by our persons. Presently we found ourselves in a middling-sized room; which, in the absence of windows, was lighted by a solitary iron cruse, that dangled from the ceiling. The earthen floor had recently been sprinkled with clean sand; and several small tables and a few chairs were placed up and down, for the accommodation, apparently, of customers.

The only occupants of the room, when we entered, were two men; who were seated at one of the tables, smoking cigars and drinking beer. One of them was a man apparently about thirty years of age, with a finely-moulded countenance; the expression of which, however, was a good deal marred, by a dark scowling look, restless fiery eyes, and long overhanging black hair. He was dressed in a sailor's or perhaps more strictly, a fisherman's costume. A pair of huge wide boots, into which were stuffed the legs of his loose blue trousers, extended up as far as the bend of the knee. A coarse brown mon-

key-jacket, with large horn buttons, occupied the place of a coat; and, being thrown open for the comfort of the wearer, displayed a broad leathern belt round the waist, in which were stuck a brace of pistols and a clasp-knife. His companion appeared to be a man about forty-five; and one of the most ferocious-looking fellows I had almost ever seen. He was square-built, strong, and broad-chested; with a countenance seamed in all directions with deep gashes and scars. His dress was much the same as that of the younger man, saving that he wore no belt; and the butts of his pistols were seen protruding from the pockets of his capacious double-breasted blue waistcoat.

As we entered, both the strangers were eagerly engaged in conversation; but our appearance suddenly silenced them; and, as we took our places at an adjacent table, I observed that they eyed us attentively, and did not seem to be altogether satisfied with our intrusion.

In a few minutes our host appeared; and there was certainly nothing in his exterior that justified the account given of him by Moses. He was a portly, jolly-looking Boniface; with his person completely enveloped in a large circular apron; which was fastened up close under his chin, and extended almost to his feet. He accosted us with much apparent cordiality; smirking and smiling like a true son of the trade.

"*Und was befehlen Sie, meine Herren?*" he said, in a most respectful tone.

As we had previously determined that we should avail ourselves of such knowledge of German as the sergeant happened to possess, for the laudable purpose of eavesdropping only; we, in our own tongue, informed our bowing host that we were Englishmen, and would thank him to accommodate us with a pot of English beer, pipes, and tobacco.

"Certainly, gentlemen, certainly!" replied mine host, with perfect fluency and propriety of pronunciation; as he bustled away to execute our commands.

A brace of foaming tankards were soon produced; and in a few minutes we were enveloped in a dense cloud of tobacco smoke. The redoubted Karl, meantime, bustled about the room; arranging the tables and chairs, or re-

moving empty glasses and dishes. The elder of the two strangers, both of whom had maintained an inviolable silence since our entrance, continued to eye him all the while with an impatient expression of face; much in the same manner as a cat watches the motions of a mouse, preparatory to making a decisive pounce on her prey.

At length, as the unsuspicious host passed near the chair of his guest, the latter clutched him by the shoulder, and muttered between his half-closed teeth—"*Du alter dummer Teufel Du!*" at the same time giving him a shake so hearty as almost to knock him off his equilibrium.*

"Why, what ails thee, now, André, my lad," replied Karl; with great equanimity. "Dost take me for a sack of bran that thou shak'st me so?"

"I take thee for a sack of arrant stupidity," replied André. "What the devil do you mean by allowing strangers to come into the room when WE are here?"

"Why, for the matter of that, André, dear," replied the host; "my house is a public, and open to all customers; and, trust me, I'm not the man to keep it empty a whole evening for the matter of a couple of cigars and a pot of small ale."

"Thou dolt!" cried André, in a tone of great indignation; "what's thy house to me? Could I not, by a wink of my finger, blow it up about your ears, and send you to dangle your overgrown carcase on the cross-beam at Green Point?"†

"Two of us can play at winking of fingers, André, my lad," replied Karl; "and, if you commence the game, I warrant me I could have you hanging yourself, high and dry, at that same Green Point, before to-morrow's sun go down."

"I defy thee, thou craven!" cried André. "Look here, Karl," he continued, pointing to the butt of his pistol; before thou could'st raise thy finger, *this* would bite it off."

"D—n your gewgaws," replied Karl. "You know,

* The remainder of this dialogue was carried on in German; and I give it as it was afterwards reported to me by the sergeant.

† The place of common execution.

André, I had always the advantage of you when such playthings were in question."

"The devil you had!" cried André. "Let's see then if your luck will attend you now;" and he drew a pistol, cocked it, and was about to present it at our host, when his companion laid hold of his arm.

"Have done with your brawling, you fools," he said; in the haughty confident tone of a man who must not be disobeyed. "Do you come here to quarrel like a couple of idle school-boys? Karl, I thought I knew you better. André, you were wont to have more discretion. Come! shake hands and be friends." The hopeful couple growled an assent, and shook hands with apparent cordiality.

"And now, Karl," continued the younger of the two strangers; "tell me when you expect this new recruit."

"It is now very near the time he appointed, sir," replied Karl. "I expect him here at six o'clock."

"So! And is he likely to be a useful hand, think you, Karl? We want no half-and-half milksops, you know."

"Why, sir, to say the truth, I think he's a fellow that will improve. He spent last night here; and I think I could make a man of him shortly. He drinks his liquor heartily; swears a good round oath, and is damnably in want of the rhino!"

"Very good qualities, certainly, Karl. Has he served at sea?"

"Ay, ay, sir; six years and more before the mast; and he is completely up to the management of a craft such as ours."

"What service was he in?"

"The English service, sir."

"Better and better. Why did he leave it?"

"Because he tired of it, sir. It was too dull a life for one of his active disposition; and, besides, he wished to see the world a bit, and to finger a little honest-gotten gear. He tells me he has been long looking out for an opportunity to join our jolly boys; and so he e'en gave his messmates the slip yesterday, when they were lying alongside the quay with the captain's gig."

"All very good indeed, Karl; and thou didst well to secure so promising a recruit. But you must clear the

room of those interlopers, my lad, before he come, as I wish to have some conversation with him; and I suppose I must speak to him in English."

"Ay, ay, sir; leave that to me," said Karl; and, with many grimaces and bows, he approached our table, and intimated to us that, if we had finished our liquor, we would favour him very much by making way for some guests whom he expected shortly, and who had engaged the whole room.

Not having understood a word of the previous dialogue, I wished, before going, to have some conversation with Karl on the subject of our deserter; but on a hint from the sergeant, I remained silent; and, having discharged our reckoning, we took our leave.

On reaching the street, my companion gave me a full account of all that had passed; and both of us were of opinion that the expected recruit was no other than Stubbs. We determined, therefore, to wait his arrival at the end of the lane; and, should we be right in our conjecture, to seize upon him as soon as he made his appearance. An open common passage in one of the houses afforded us a favourable place for our ambuscade; and there, accordingly, we took up our station.

Nor had we long to wait. In a few minutes a jolly Dutch skipper hove in sight, in whom we had no difficulty in recognising Stubbs. He, however, was as alert at recognition as we were; for we had no sooner emerged from our place of concealment, than he instantly descried us; and, turning sharply round on his heel, he ran off at the very top of his speed. After him darted the sergeant and myself; overturning one or two passengers in our haste, and astonishing many more, who stood gazing at us in amazement as we dashed along; marvelling doubtless what the Dutch skipper could have done to offend the English merchant.

In cases like this, however, the main stream of popular suspicion generally sets in against the pursued; and several daring attempts were made to intercept the progress of the flying Dutchman. Stubbs, however, was an adept at the practice of "right and left;" and, no sooner was any one hardy enough to lay hands on him, than he was

received at the point of the fist, and speedily prostrated in the street, with a cut eye or a bloody nose.

At length, as such imminent danger was found to attend the enterprise of capturing him, he was permitted to pursue his course uninterrupted; and a pretty chase he led us. He plunged into every lane; darted into every cross street; and, at length, after a variety of doublings and windings, he led us into the public walk in the neighbourhood of the governor's house.

Here, the trees and fences afforded him ample scope for deploying; and out and in he jumped and jinketted; we being sometimes close at his heels, sometimes considerably distanced. By dint of good lungs and active limbs, however, we succeeded at length in beating him out of this fastness; when he darted down the Heergraft, cleared one palisade of the Grand Parade, ran across, cleared the other, and made for the shore.

Here, not far from the beach, stands, or did stand, a range of public store-houses, unconnected with any other building, and divided from the public shambles by a narrow lane. Stubbs took his direction past the open side of this building, apparently shaping his course for the beach. We were close upon him at the moment, but it occurred to me that he intended to elude us by making a complete circuit of the building; and thus, escaping unnoticed on the other side. I accordingly left the sergeant to follow him in the direction he had taken, while I ran round the other side; thus making sure of him, if he attempted to practise the *ruse* I imagined.

Nor was my conjecture erroneous. Scarcely had I turned into the narrow lane which divides the store-houses from the shambles, when I descried him coming down upon me at full speed, followed at no great distance by the sergeant. The lane was so narrow that he could not possibly pass me; so he had no alternative but to surrender or to knock me down. Forward he came, his nostrils expanded; his shirt and waistcoat torn open at the breast; and the flaps of his huge Dutch coat flying loosely behind him.

There was no time to hesitate. With an expression of desperation in his countenance, he doubled his fist

and bent his arm, in such a manner as to bring his hand close to his ear. In this attitude he approached within a yard of me. I stopped, and steadied myself to receive the expected blow; but just at that moment, something like irresolution seemed to come over him. He faltered for an instant; I took advantage of the opportunity; and with a single spring, I was hanging at his collar.

It was now that the blow fell; and hitting me with great violence on the head, almost stunned me. I, however, still kept my hold, notwithstanding the repeated and hard blows he dealt me; and I succeeded in retarding his course sufficiently to allow the sergeant time to come up.

His fury was now turned towards my companion. Mustering all his strength, with a single effort he hurled me from my hold, and put himself in an attitude of defence. A combat ensued that might have done credit to the English ring.

Both men were expert bruisers, and each was bent upon victory. The sergeant, however, had right on his side, and received his adversary with the most collected coolness; while the nerves of poor Stubbs were unsteadied by conscious guilt and desperation. He exhausted himself in fruitless attempts to strike his opponent, who parried his blows with the most exemplary calmness; never wasting a hit that did not tell.

After a few fierce rounds, Stubbs became unsteady, and began to falter; when the sergeant, watching his opportunity, dealt him a decisive blow on the right temple, which laid him sprawling and bloody on the ground.

When he was sufficiently recovered, we fastened a rope's-end round his wrists; carried him to the boat, which was waiting for us at the quay; and rowed off with all despatch to the ship.

"What! Mr. Lascelles," said Captain Morley, as soon as we arrived on deck; "you are covered with blood! Did the fellow offer violent resistance?"

"He certainly did not give in, sir," I replied, "immediately on the first summons."

"The villain," said Morley; "did he dare to lift his hand to his officer?"

"He did, an't please your honour," said the sergeant;

"and I warrant he would have served him out, too, had I not come to his assistance."

"Put the scoundrel in irons!" cried Morley, in a voice of thunder. "He shall hang at the yard-arm for this, if ever I punished a man in my life!"

"But, sir," said I, in a tone of intercession; "I am only slightly hurt, and I hope, sir ——"

"Silence, sir!" cried the captain, in a voice of extreme agitation. "Silence! and let the doctor look to your wounds!"

But I had not a thought to bestow upon my wounds. The whole evening I brooded over the idea that, if this poor fellow should suffer, his death would lie at my door. His desertion might have been pardoned; nay, almost certainly, would have been pardoned; but it was for striking an office—for striking ME—that the last punishment was to be awarded! I felt perfectly miserable.

It chanced that the middle watch was mine. I paced the deck in a most unenviable state of mind; thinking by what means I might succeed in mitigating the captain's intended sentence. But I knew that Morley, though indulgent, was a rigid disciplinarian; and that, though always inclined to overlook trivial offences, he was, nevertheless severe in the punishment of crimes. He had passed the sentence; and he had done so with that peculiar manner which he generally assumed when he meant that what he said should be irrrevocable.

Eight bells of my watch had sounded; and I descended to my berth feverish and disinclined to sleep. On my way down, I had to pass the place were poor Stubbs was lying. As I drew near I heard his irons rattle. I shuddered; my blood froze in my veins. I advanced a few steps, and almost came in contact with the pallet on which he lay. All was still as death. Again the irons rattled; the bed clothes moved; and a voice whispered in my ear—

"Oh! Mr. Lascelles; save me!"

"How?"

"A file!"

It was the work of an instant. I passed on, and tossed him a file from the armourer's bench.

In the morning, when I came on deck, the first thing I learned was that Stubbs was gone; and that his irons were filed. How the file had been procured was matter of wonder and conjecture to all. I, of course, was wise enough to keep my own counsel; quite satisfied that, as the fellow was an excellent swimmer, he was, by that time, safe ashore; and beyond the reach of pursuit.

CHAPTER XII.

A CAPE-TOWN EXECUTION.

The light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world!

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Mais enfin que voulez-vous? C'est une mode de rétribution propre à ce pays là!

LA VIE DE NAPOLEON.

My head ached so severely, in consequence of the rough usage I had received at the hands of Stubbs, that I was fain to retire below for quiet.

On reflecting over the affair of the preceding night, though I felt, upon the whole, satisfied with myself for the part I had taken; I was, at the same time, conscious that, however good my intentions, and however justifiable on the score of humanity, I had certainly, to say the least of it, been guilty of a very great impropriety; and I knew that, if detected, I would be justly liable to severe punishment.

It is true, that from my knowledge of Captain Morley's character, I thought it probable that he himself was not altogether dissatisfied that the unfortunate man should have escaped; yet still the circumstances were such as demanded investigation; and I knew that, if the culprit were discovered, justice would be sternly administered. I did not wish that what I had done were undone; on the contrary, I felt that, under similar circumstances, I would have acted in the same manner again: but still, I could not divest myself of the anxiety that ever attends conscious guilt, or prevent myself from wishing that the affair was safely over.

I was roused from my reverie by the sound of the boatswain's pipe calling all hands on deck. I jumped hastily from my seat; and, with a beating heart, obeyed the summons.

Captain Morley was standing on the quarter-deck, surrounded by his officers; the rest of the crew occupied a place a little forward. I took my station among the former.

"I have called you up, my men," said the captain; stepping a little in advance, and assuming a very serious expression of countenance; "and you also, gentlemen," he continued, turning to the officers; "in consequence of the very unaccountable escape of the deserter; whose atrocious conduct, in adding to the crime of desertion the heinous offence of lifting his hand to an officer, would most probably have drawn down upon him a court-martial's sentence of death. You are all aware that the prisoner was securely ironed yesterday; and that he disappeared during the night; his irons being filed. Now, from the situation in which he was placed, it is impossible that he could have procured the file, which is marked with the King's mark, without assistance; and it is my determination to sift the matter to the bottom, and endeavour to discover the individual who could lend himself in such a manner to defeat the ends of justice. Sorry I am to think, that any man serving under me should have been guilty of so great a crime; indeed, such is my confidence in you all, that I consider it only right to say to you beforehand, that I do not at this moment attach suspicion to any particular individual. Justice and the credit of the service, however, demand that I should not pass over the affair unnoticed; and, depend upon it, if I succeed in discovering the criminal, the very heaviest penalty shall be awarded."

I must have changed colour at least a dozen times during the delivery of this address; every word of which went like a dagger to my heart; and I slunk behind my companions to avoid observation.

The armourer was first called for examination; and he declared that he had deposited all his tools in the bench before retiring to his hammock; and that the file must have been taken from thence, though he was ignorant by whom. He farther declared that he himself had never left his hammock, from the time he went to it till after daylight in the morning; in which statement he was borne out by the evidence of his messmates.

A formal examination of the officers and men connected with the several night-watches was now entered upon; but not the slightest evidence was elicited. No one had seen the prisoner; and all declared, that they had neither themselves been near the armourer's bench, nor did they know of any one who had been.

One of the men only, who had been upon the watch immediately preceding mine, threw some light on the affair; by declaring that the prisoner was safe at the time of his being relieved.

"As I went below, sir," said he; "he called to me; and asked me to fetch him a little water."

"And did you take the water to him, sir?" inquired the captain.

"I did, sir," replied the man; "and I hope no harm. The poor fellow said he was dying for thirst."

"No harm at all, sir," said Morley; "you did right to take the water. But did nothing besides this pass between the prisoner and you?"

"After he had taken the water, sir, he thanked me; and said it was a hard thing for so young a man as he was to lose the number of his mess in that dog fashion."

"And did you make any reply to this, sir?"

"Yes, sir. I said to him, 'Thomas,' says I, 'you know you've deserved it;' and he gave a sort of groan, sir, and I came off and left him."

My watch was the next; and, when my own turn for examination came, I stood forward with a palpitating heart. In consequence of the bruises of the preceding day, my forehead was bound round with a napkin; and one of my cheeks was much swollen and discoloured.

On being asked what information I could give on the subject; I stated that, at the time of my being relieved, the prisoner was still on board.

"How did you ascertain that, sir?" said Captain Morley.

"As I went down below, sir," I replied; "I passed near the place where he lay; and I heard his irons rattle."

"Did it occur to you to look more narrowly at him when you passed so near?"

"The light at the time, sir, was very uncertain; but

I could see him moving slightly beneath the coverlet of his pallet."

"Did he seem to be asleep?"

"He groaned heavily, sir."

"Ay!" said Morley; "as men do when their slumber is disturbed. Poor wretch! well might his be a restless pillow. Mr. Lascelles, you may retire. Edward Graham, stand forward."

Graham belonged to the watch that succeeded mine.

"Did anything unusual occur during your watch, sir?" said the captain, addressing him.

"Nothing, sir; till after five bells."

"What happened then, sir?"

"I was forward on the forecastle at the time, sir; and I heard a heavy plunge in the water."

"Ha!" said Captain Morley; "and what did you do?"

"I looked over the side of the ship, sir; for though the morning was dark, there was sufficient light to show the surface of the water distinctly. But, though I continued to look for a considerable time, sir, I could discover nothing."

"Did it not occur to you to report what you had heard to the officer of the watch?"

"No, sir. The sound was exactly such as I have often heard the fish make when they are playing round the bows of the ship; and I thought no more about it."

The rest of the men and officers were all severally questioned; but nothing farther was elicited that seemed to bear at all upon the subject. When the investigation was concluded, Captain Morley addressed us nearly as follows:—

"Having now made every inquiry in my power into this affair, I am bound to state that, throughout the whole investigation, nothing has transpired that can tend to attach the slightest suspicion to any individual here. If there be any one among you who is conscious of guilt, I regret extremely that the ends of justice should have been defeated. But I am more inclined to adopt another explanation of the affair; and to suppose that the prisoner, foreseeing the probable result of his crime, had the file concealed about his person, at the time he was taken.—

Be this, however, as it may; you must rest assured that I do not harbour the slightest suspicion of any individual among you. You have all answered the questions I put with the unembarrassed candour of honest men. Pipe down, Mr. Parsons!"

This address was received with a loud cheer, and the crew dispersed. I returned to the midshipmen's berth, not a little relieved that the affair had taken so favourable a turn.

It was rather more than a week before I recovered the effects of my bruises, and was allowed to have the bandages removed from my head. During all this time the doctor confined me on board; and heartily did I envy my shipmates who were every day making excursions on shore.

At length I was pronounced convalescent; and eagerly did I avail myself of an invitation which the captain gave to the "young gentlemen," to accompany him on a visit to the company's gardens and menagerie.

It was a delightful day for such an excursion; and, as we pulled ashore, we conversed of all the wonders we should see; especially of the wild beasts, which have been the subject of so many marvellous descriptions; though Pidcock's certainly out-marvels them all.

We had scarcely quitted our boat, when we descried a great concourse of people crowding up Justice-street, and surrounding the door of the prison.

"Pray," said Captain Morley; addressing a respectable-looking man who was hurrying forward with the rest; "do you hold holiday here this morning, my friend, that the streets are so unusually crowded?"

"O no, sir," replied the man.. "It is only some prisoners going out to execution."

"*Only* some prisoners going out to execution!" rejoined the captain. "Is this then so common a matter in Cape Town?"

"Why, as to that, sir, common enough; and there would not have been such a stir made about it, had it not been that the people have taken a sort of interest in one of the prisoners; and they are anxious to see him suffer."

"Very kind and considerate in the people indeed,"

replied the captain. "Pray for what was this interesting culprit condemned?"

"For theft, sir! But see; they are opening the prison gates, and the procession will be out immediately."

The gates were opened accordingly; and the unfortunate culprits issued forth, surrounded by a guard of soldiers.

"These five men, sir," continued our informant, "walking in the centre, are felons; and they are to be hanged for various crimes—two of them for murder. The other men and women, walking behind, have not been guilty of anything deserving death, and they are only to be flogged beneath the gallows. And look, sir, do you see that tall handsome young man with the large black whiskers, walking near that haggard-looking old woman there? That is the man that the people take such an interest in, sir."

Both Captain Morley and myself looked towards the individual whom our informant pointed out; and what was our surprise, when we recognised in him the same intrepid seaman, who had behaved so gallantly at the wreck of the English merchantman.

"Is it possible!" said Captain Morley; "can this man be guilty of theft? Why, he is the same who behaved so well the other day at the wreck!"

"He is, sir; and that is the reason why the people are so interested about him, and have come out to see him punished."

"Strange!" said Morley. "Are you sure, my friend, there may be no mistake about all this?"

"None, sir. He swam out to the wreck at high water, the evening after the vessel struck, and carried off a few little trinkets; some necklaces and ear-rings, I believe, belonging to the passengers. And I dare say there would never have been a word heard about it, sir; for, after all, the things are of no great value; if he had not gone and pawned them at Karl Krause's for drink. There was a search in Karl's house for some other stolen articles, when these were found, and so the affair came out."

"And did he confess having stolen them?"

"He was brought before the magistrate, sir, and confessed at once that he had taken them from the ship. He

said that he had no money; that he had lost much of what he might have saved had he attended merely to his own concerns at the wreck; and he declared he thought there was little harm in taking the things, especially when the owners themselves had given them up for lost; the wreck being at the time abandoned. And indeed, sir, I think there was a great deal of reason in all this."

"And still the magistrate sentenced him to punishment?"

"Why, sir, the magistrate was rather inclined to acquit him; but the persons to whom the trinkets belonged declared that he must have stolen more than he confessed to, and insisted on his being punished; and so the magistrate could not be off having him flogged, sir."

"Good God!" cried Morley, "the very persons who owed their lives and properties to his address and activity!"

"Aye indeed, sir, and the more shame to them for not recollecting his services. An odd sort of way this, sir, of rewarding a man for his good deeds!"

The procession had by this time moved forward to Somerset Road, to the sound of a Cape-Dutch dead-march; not the most harmonious music in the world.

"Mr. Lascelles," said Captain Morley to me, "I find I shall have business with the governor this morning; so we must postpone our visit to the gardens till another day. You and the other young gentlemen may amuse yourselves in the meantime as you think fit; but see you are in the way when I return on board."

I bowed, and Captain Morley went off and left us.

The plans of my messmates and myself were speedily settled; we agreed to go forward with the crowd and witness the execution. The procession soon emerged from the town, and held its way along Green Point; at the further extremity of which the unfortunate malefactors were to suffer.

I had never before been present at a spectacle of the kind; and my heart sickened at the sight of the insignia of death. On an elevated grassy mound near the extremity of Green Point, stood the gallows; which consisted of two upright posts about ten feet in height, joined near the top by a strong cross-beam, from which dangled the fatal ropes. Removed a few paces from this, stood a

strong stake, at which the prisoners sentenced to be flogged were to suffer. A huge fire, over which stood the tall brawny black who had charge of the branding-irons, was blazing between. The soldiers formed a ring round the whole, in the centre of which the prisoners were placed.

Altogether, it was a scene made up of a group of hideous objects, in the midst of a lovely amphitheatre. The stupendous height of Lion's Rump reared itself up in the background; in front lay the silvery bay, its tranquil waters playing round the ruins of the stately ship, at whose wreck the unfortunate sailor had a few days before acted so nobly.

Soon after our arrival, the mournful music ceased; all except a muffled drum, which continued to beat with a harsh monotonous sound.

The five felons now mounted a small table placed under the gallows; the ropes were adjusted round their necks; a dirty, slovenly-looking, clergyman mumbled over a form of prayer; the executioner pushed away the table from beneath their feet; and there the poor wretches hung in middle air, struggling awhile in their brief agony.

"Why, what's the meaning of this, Mr. Greenpig," cried the sergeant in command; observing that the poor men continued to struggle unusually long; "you've surely made a bungled job of it! Are we to be kept here all day looking at these fellows cutting their capers!"

The executioner, who was a tall muscular fellow, respectably habited in a suit of black, hearing himself thus addressed, replaced the table; jumped up on it with great agility; and, casting his arms round the neck of each of his victims successively, threw the weight of his person upon them, and hung there till they ceased to move.

"They'll cut no more capers now, I warrant them!" he cried; jumping down, and grinning a sort of smile.

"Sambo! you black thief; are the irons ready?"

"Hey ya, massa; hot an' hot bery!" replied Sambo; flourishing a branding-iron, glowing red, in the air.

"Well, turn to, my fine fellows; and see you pitch it well into the ladies and gentlemen here!"

Some half dozen gaunt negroes, each furnished with

what appeared to be a bunch of reeds or canes, stood forward as the sergeant spoke, and took their station at the foot of the gallows.

The first of the culprits was now brought out and stripped; a rope was fastened round his wrists, and rove through a hole at the top of the stake. By this rope the unfortunate wretch was hauled up till he touched the ground only with the tips of his toes; and that not in such a manner as to afford him any support. His whole weight depended from his wrists.

When he was fairly fastened up in this position, the negroes commenced the flagellation; each giving him a scourge, and then passing on in a circle round the gallows. At first, they went leisurely; but, before the operation was concluded, they were running at full speed; their blows keeping time to a sort of savage song, which they yelled forth in a most discordant manner. The blood streamed from the poor fellow's back, and the cries he gave were appalling. At length, his voice became so weak as scarcely to be audible; and he was then taken down and removed.

The same disgusting punishment was inflicted on the rest in the same manner; but there was one whose appearance I shall never forget.

The individual to whom I allude was a female, who, it seemed, was an old transgressor, and had before been frequently punished. She was now to be flogged, branded, and banished to Robin's Island. She was a woman apparently about the middle age; tall and robust, with a masculine, almost a ferocious, expression of countenance.

Her back being bared to receive the stripes, she was tied up by the wrists like the rest. The negroes commenced their savage yell, and run round and round; inflicting such blows as made the blood spring at every application. The unfortunate culprit endured it all without a groan; her head hanging over her shoulder, which she appeared to gnaw with her teeth; as if to prevent her from giving utterance to her agony.

At last the red-hot brand was brought. A slight hissing sound was heard; and a thin column of blue smoke curled up into the air as it was applied. The unfeeling

executioner pressed it hard into the very quick. It was more than human fortitude could endure; a shriek of agony, the first she had uttered, burst from the wretched woman's lips; and, when the rope was slackened, she sunk upon the ground, a mass of inanimate, disfigured flesh.

By the civility of the sergeant, who had charge of the soldiers, my comrades and myself had been admitted within the ring, to obtain a closer view of this appalling spectacle. There now remained only three of the prisoners unpunished; and as the rest, one after another, had been led away, I found myself standing close beside the unhappy sailor. The poor fellow was dressed in the identical coat which Strangways had given him; divested, however, of its uniform buttons, which he had probably sold. I observed that he looked hard several times at me; as if he wished to speak, but was restrained either by fear or shame. At length he inclined his head slightly, and whispered in my ear:

"You are a sailor; would you win a sailor's gratitude?"

"What do you mean?" I replied, in the same under tone.

"Lend me your dirk!"

"For what purpose?" said I; "you could never cut your way through so many armed men."

"I would not be foolish enough to attempt it," he rejoined; "but, though I cannot escape from the soldiers, if you will lend me your dirk, I shall, at least, escape from punishment."

"In what way?" I inquired.

"By death!" he replied, grasping my arm. "One plunge of that weapon in my bosom, and the mark of ignominy shall never be attached to my name! Quick!—quick! for the love of God!—the executioner comes!"

The executioner was at our side as he spoke.

"Come along, my friend," said he; as he began to adjust the rope round the poor fellow's wrists; "it's your turn now; and you may think yourself lucky in being so late in the list. My bony blacks are beginning to get a little blown by the business!"

The sailor cast a look of reproach at me; but without any reply he suffered himself to be bound.

"Now use your limbs a bit, my lad," said the executioner; "you're too heavy for me to drag;" and he gave the rope a sharp tug as if to urge him forward. The firm constancy expressed in the poor fellow's countenance did not for a moment forsake him; he listened to the executioner, but did not move a step.

"Come, my friend," said the sergeant, respectfully; "you must advance to the stake. I am sorry for you, but we must do our duty."

"If you are really sorry for me," said the prisoner; "you have an opportunity of showing it."

"If I could do any thing to alleviate your punishment," said the sergeant; whom the peculiar circumstances of the sailor's case seemed a little to have softened.

"You can!" cried the prisoner, eagerly.

"How?"

"The muskets of your soldiers are loaded; let one of them be discharged through my heart!"

At this moment there was a slight movement among the crowd; the ranks opened, and Captain Morley stepped into the circle.

"Before you proceed to punish this man," said he, addressing the civil officer who superintended the execution, "be kind enough to look at this paper."

The officer bowed, took the paper, and read it.

"Unbind the man, Mr. Greenpig," he said, addressing the executioner. "Here is the governor's full pardon!"

A loud cheer burst from the soldiers, and was echoed back by the surrounding multitude when this was proclaimed. The executioner removed the cords from the prisoner's wrists, and told him he was free. No change of counnance in the liberated man followed this unexpected announcement. He turned round to Captain Morley; and, from his steady unaltered look, no one could divine what feelings were at work within his breast.

"Sir," said he; "I thank you for this kindness. I am sorry that I have nothing more than thanks to give; but, should I ever have an opportunity of offering a more substantial requittal, depend upon it you shall not find Richard Wolfe ungrateful!"

"I perceive, my friend," said Morley, "you are not a man of many words; neither am I. Have you been long at sea?"

"Since I was strong enough to handle a marlinspike, sir."

"Will you sail with me?"

"Ay, sir; to the world's end!"

"Then come on board the Hesperus to-morrow morning at ten o'clock."

"Enough said, sir. I shall attend."

At the conclusion of this brief dialogue, we left the appalling scene of punishment and death; and the blessings of the multitude were showered upon us as we passed.

So shines a good deed in a naughty world!

CHAPTER XIII.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half-an-hour of my frail life!

HENRY IV.

OUR business in Cape Town being concluded, we weighed, and proceeded to Simon's Bay.

After encountering a severe gale, in which we sprung our bowsprit and foremast both badly, we entered the outer, or False Bay, as it is termed; among whose deceitful waters so many confiding ships have been lured to their destruction.

The scenery of this beautiful estuary is unique; and peculiarly striking to one who views it, as I did, for the first time. We coasted up the left side of the bay; so close in shore, that the lofty hills, which rise abruptly from the water's edge, seemed almost to overhang us. On our right the prospect was closed by the beautifully outlined hills of Hottentot Holland; which, stretching far away into the distance, were bathed in that lovely tint of ethereal blue, in which the "region of burning suns and balmy breezes" can alone invest its landscapes. Straight in front, the coast was comparatively low and undulated, and bound round, at the water's edge, by a bright ring of glittering white sand; which was here and there hid from the view, as it followed the mazy labyrinth of the deeply-indented bays and creeks adjoining Muisenberg. The placid waters of the bay, hemmed in on all sides by the land, lay round us like some sequestered inland lake.

Altogether, the prospect wore an aspect at once solitary and imposing; and the soft murmuring of the weakened waters, as they glided from the bows of the ship, and the screeching of the seafowl that hovered round the masts,

almost inclined us to imagine that we were the first human beings that had ever intruded on the lonely spot.

> A scene of solitary grandeur;
> Where sights were rough and sounds were wild,
> And everything unreconciled;
> A dim, complaining, lone retreat,
> For fear and melancholy meet.

But, when we had rounded the black rock of Noah's Ark; and when Simon's Bay, with its ships and boats, and busy beach, and white-walled town, burst upon the view, the charm was broken; and we were reminded that we "lingered still among the haunts of men."

Our time in Simon's Bay was chiefly occupied in repairing the damage we had sustained during the gale; and, scarcely was our refit complete, when a brig arrived with despatches for Captain Morley, directing him to proceed to Algoa Bay, to superintend the landing of some emigrants; and from thence to go on to the Mauritius, to relieve a vessel on that station, whose time for foreign service was expired.

Shortly before we started on this cruise, the vessels, containing the emigrants entrusted to our care, arrived in Simon's Bay; and I was sent to board one of them, and to bring the captain a list of the number and names of her passengers.

I was received with great politeness by the agent of transport, who invited me to take a glass of wine in the cabin, while the required information was preparing.

We had scarcely broached a bottle of very tolerable claret, when we were interrupted by the entrance of one of the emigrants; a venerable-looking old man, whose ribbed worsted stockings, cord breeches, and ponderous high-low shoes, indicated a respectable English farmer of the lower class. He wore a loose frock coat of coarse blue camlet; and his thin silvery hair streamed out, in unshorn length, from beneath a broad blue bonnet, with a red cherry top-knot. There was something unobtrusively respectful, but at the same time independent, in his demeanor; and the extremely benignant expression of his fine countenance and mild blue eye, prepossessed me at first sight in his favour.

"I ax pardon," said he, lifting his bonnet from his bald shining forehead as he entered, "but I'se told as how this young gemman belongs to a ship called the Hesperus?"

"He does," replied the master; "he is one of Captain Morley's midshipmen."

"Ay, Moarley," said the man; "that be's the very name of the captain that my Edward sails with. And how is't with Edward, young man?"

"I don't exactly know, sir," said I, "to whom you allude."

"Why, to Edward Settler, sure! But very true, very true, there may be more Edwards nor one on board."

"If it be our first lieutenant you mean," I replied, "I am happy to inform you that he is in perfect health."

"Thank God for that!" said the old man; "I'se glad on't—from my heart I'se glad on't; for, though Edward hasn't been a very good boy to me, yet he's always my son, sir. Yes, I'll never forget that he's my son!" And, as he spoke, the old man brushed a rising tear from his eyelash.

"I am sure, sir," I replied, "when Mr. Settler knows you are here, he will be delighted to see you; and I shall be glad to have the pleasure of conveying you on board the Hesperus."

"Thank you, sir—thank you," said the old man; "I'll e'en take advantage of your offer, and I'll just step in and tell his old mother about it. The poor old woman is ill a-bed, sir; indeed, she has been ailing almost ever since we left England; for it's a hard thing, sir, for the likes of her and me to be obliged to leave our snug farm and our friends, and go down to the sea in ships at the fag end o' our days."

"So you've brought your family with you?" I inquired.

"Why, yes sir, what could I do? Ye know we were all turned out o' house and hold by our landlord; and, as I couldn't see my own flesh and blood starve, I e'en took the king's bounty, and brought them out here; for, though England be's a main good place to live in, sir, as long as a man has summut in his fob, it fares but badly there when the yellow Georges are lacking."

"How many are there of you?" said I.

"Why, sir, there's the old woman, and the three girls, and Edward's wife."

"Edward's wife!" said I; "I did not know that Mr. Settler was married!"

"Ay, troth is he, sir. He married before he sailed last time, and he sent his wife down to live with me in Yorkshire while he was away; and, though she's not a woman much after my mind, sir, the more especially as she has an ill trick of swearing, which it is not seemly for the girls to hearken to; and is, moreover, mayhap, a thought too fond of her can; yet I could not bring my heart to leave her, as she had no money, poor girl; and England, you know, sir, is a sad place."

When I gazed on the rustic, though venerable figure before me, and thought of all that our first lieutenant used to tell us about his father's stud of racers and pack of fox-hounds, and of the good cheer and distinguished company to be met with at "the hall;" there was something so truly ridiculous in the contrast, that nothing but a feeling of compassion for the misfortunes of the old man enabled me to maintain my gravity. At the same time, I anticipated not a little amusement from the process of dismounting Mr. Settler from his high horse; a ceremony which I knew would be performed by my shipmates with very little regard to anything but the excellence of the joke. And then his wife! How often had I heard him maintain that no man but an arrant fool would marry; that women were, at all times, plagues; but that as to wives, they were the very devil.

"If, indeed," he would exclaim, when this topic chanced to be under discussion; "if, indeed, a man could get quit of his wife as soon as he got tired of her, there might be some sense in it; but, blow me, if I'd be tied to any woman for life. No! no! no matrimony for me; unless the good old days of King Solomon come back, and a man may have as many wives as he pleases; and then, d—n me, I'll have one in every port!"

To be able to refute this amiable philosophy, by the production of a living evidence, promised to afford no small entertainment.

As soon as I was furnished with the required documents, and the old man had taken leave of his wife, we left the ship; and, in a few minutes, we stood on the deck of the Hesperus.

"Is Mr. Settler on board at present?" I said to one of the midshipmen who stood at the gangway.

"No," he replied; "he went ashore into the town some half hour since."

"Is Captain Morely in the cabin?"

"He is."

"Pray, take care of this gentleman," I said; laying considerable emphasis on the latter epithet, which the appearance of my companion seemed somewhat to contradict; "take care of this gentleman till I go down and report myself. I shall return immediately."

When I entered the captain's cabin, I found him engaged in reading; as was his usual custom of a morning while in harbour.

"I am on board, sir," I said.

"Well; and have you brought the lists I wanted?"

"I have them here, sir," I replied; laying the documents on the table. Captain Morley took them up and glanced them over.

"All's right, I see, sir; you may retire."

"Do you observe the name of a Mr. Settler, sir, among those of the other emigrants?" I said, before quitting the cabin.

"I do—what of him?"

"The gentleman is the first lieutenant's father, sir."

"The first lieutenant's father! then why did you not bring him on board, sir?"

"He is at present on deck, sir!" I replied.

"Then bring him down instantly—you did wrong not to bring him to the cabin at once!"

I again went on deck; and soon returned, accompanied by my venerable companion.

"As the father of my first lieutenant, sir," said Captain Morley; rising, and shaking the old man cordially by the hand, though evidently a good deal surprised at his rustic appearance; "as the father of my first lieutenant, sir, you are welcome on board the Hesperus."

"Thank your honour—thank you kindly," returned the old man. "I'se coomed aboard, sir, to see my son; but they tell me he be's gone ashore e'en now."

"He'll return presently," said Captain Morley; "and I trust it will not be inconvenient for you to remain. Mr. Lascelles, desire my steward to bring some refreshments. You are old, my friend," he continued, addressing the emigrant; "you are old to have left your home for so distant a land as this."

"Why, as to age, sir, I'se not much ayond threescore. But I've been a hard-working man, Captain Moarley; and hard work, you know, whitens the hair and furrows the cheek, summut betimes."

"Very true, my friend; but he who has worked hard in his strength, deserves to reap the fruit when he's infirm."

"Ay, sir, so I thought once; and I had saved up an honest penny in my own small way, which would still have stood between me and want. But then came the bad times after the war, sir. My bit o' land was over high rented, and the squire refused to let it down on me; and so I lost everything, and, at the long and the last, fell into arrears. Everything I had was sold to pay my landlord; and my family and myself were turned adrift. I wouldn't ha' minded so much for myself, sir; for it matters little where my grey head is laid; but it vexed me sore to think of the old woman and the girls."

"It was cruel of your landlord to use you so harshly," said the captain.

"Oh! bless your heart, sir, it wasn't his fault; it was all the land steward, sir; for the squire lives mostly in Lunnun. He's a hard man the steward, sir; and he took a grudge at me like, ever after I refused him one o' my girls. No, no, sir! God forbid that I should blame my landlord; he's an honest man, Squire Hartree!"

"Squire Hartree!" said Captain Morley.

"Ay, sir, belike you knaw the squire?"

"He's my near relation," replied the captain; "I could not have believed this of him!"

"Believe it on him! no, no, sir; he would ha' scorned to do the likes on't; he's as honest a gentleman, and as

kind, as any in the Riding. I tell you, sir, it was all Mr. Rakeall the steward."

"And did you not think then of applying to the squire personally?"

"Well, sir, I wrote him a bit o' a line, and gave it to Mr. Rakeall to take to him; but belike it never reached him, sir; for I never got any answer."

"I ought to have known of all this sooner," said Captain Morley. "Your son never told me a word of it."

"Edward, sir! Lord bless your honour, how should he? he did'nt know on't himself. Belike he has enough to do with his own matters, sir. I haven't seen him those six years; and, all that time, he has only written me once; and that was when he sent down his wife to live with me, before cooming out on this voyage, sir."

"His wife!" said Captain Morley, apparently as much struck by this announcement as I had been.

"Ay, sir, belike you didn't know he was married, sir?"

"I certainly did not," replied the captain. "But you've been ill used, my friend, and I would fain see you righted. I shall send a letter to my friend Hartree, by the very first ship that goes home."

"I fear, sir," said the old man, "there will be but little use in that; I have left my home, and I shall never live to see it again!"

A tear stood trembling in the eye of the emigrant; and I thought that one started unbidden into Morley's too, as he gazed upon the old man, and thought of the hopelessness of his exile.

There was something very touching in the sight. A man, far advanced towards the verge of life; most likely the victim of oppression and revenge; exiled from his native country, and travelling thousands of miles to lay his bones in a foreign land! Young and thoughtless as I was, I was moved by the scene; and I was gazing earnestly on the old man's silver locks, and placid, though mournful, countenance, when I was roused by a sudden sound of altercation from above.

"Go, Mr. Lascelles," said the captain, "go and ascertain what is the cause of that noise on deck."

I did as I was desired; and, on turning into the waist,

I found a strange woman, talking very loudly to the sailors, and pompously announcing herself as Mrs. Settler. The rotundity of her person, and the rubicundity of her bloated visage appeared to denote that she nourished herself with the brandy bottle; and the volubility and loudness of her discourse, together with a slight stagger in her gait, showed that no very long period had elapsed since last she had solaced herself with its inspiring contents.

"Who is this woman?" I asked of one of the sailors who were standing round; some of whom appeared to recognise her as an old acquaintance.

"She says, sir," he answered, "that she is Mrs. Settler; but, blow me, if I think she's any other than Moll Heggety, she who kept the Blue Boar at Chatham."

I now thought I had an indistinct recollection of her features. I remembered that an Irish woman of that name had been mistress of a public-house in Chatham; one of the most disorderly places in the town, and the common resort of idlers and low characters of every description. In this house one of the men belonging to the Hesperus had nearly lost his life in a riot; and Captain Morley had, in consequence, issued strict orders that in future the men should upon no account visit the Blue Boar. This regulation had not, of course, raised our commander much in the esteem of Moll; and I now recollected having seen her abuse him in the streets, for having, as she said, taken away her custom, and prevented her from turning an honest penny. A short time before we left Chatham, she had disappeared, and we had since heard nothing of her.

"No Moll Heggety me, if you please, you unmannerly spalpeen," she cried to my informant, "I am Mistress Settler, yes, Mistress Lieutenant of his Majesty's ship Hesperus; and as good a gentlewoman as any of yez."

"What's the meaning of all this?" said Morley, who at this moment stepped upon deck. He started as his glance fell upon the woman; and he seemed excessively displeased.

"Your sarvant, sir!" said she, with a low curtsy, nearly losing her equilibrium, and almost tumbling head foremost in the attempt.

"Get below, men!" cried the captain, in an angry

voice, addressing the sailors, "down, every one of you!" Then, turning to the virago before him, whose real title seemed wavering at the time between the epithets of "Mistress Settler" and "Moll Heggety;" he said, in a calm, but severe tone, "Woman! leave the ship instantly!"

"Not till I have a word with Ned," she answered; in a tone in which her natural impudence seemed strangely softened by the awe which the presence of the captain inspired.

"Leave the ship, I say!" he repeated, in a commanding tone.

"Bless your honour," said she; "let me stay to have one word with Mr. Settler."

"Go *instantly!*" said the captain. "Or must I have recourse to harsher means? Down below there!—pass the word for the master-at-arms!"

The old emigrant, whom the captain had left in the cabin, attracted, probably, by the noise of the altercation, at this moment made his appearance upon deck. No sooner did our female guest recognise him in the distance, than she hailed him at the top of her lungs, "Old Settler, ahoy!"

"Speak a word to the captain, will ye now," she continued; stepping up to him, and addressing him in her most winning tone; "speak a word to the captain, and see if he will let me bide a blink, to get a word with Ned."

"Do you know this person, sir?" said Captain Morley, somewhat sternly, to the old man.

"Know her, your honour! Lord bless you, why shouldn't I know her! Why, she's Edward's wife!"

"Impossible!" said Captain Morley; "I know her to be a woman of the most abandoned character!"

The old man's cheek grew pale as ashes; and his mild eye flashed with indignation.

"Captain Moarley," he said—and there was a native dignity in his air and expression—"you are master here, and I am old and feeble; but there *was* a time when you would not have *dared* to say this—ay, not even on the boards of your own ship! Come, Mary," he continued, laying hold of Moll's brawny arm; "let us go; this is no place for us."

"Where are the side boys?" cried a voice from a boat that, at this juncture, pulled up to the side of the ship; and, the next moment, the first lieutenant jumped on to the deck.

I shall never forget the look of bewilderment with which he contemplated the group before him. His face first became deadly pale, and then burning red. But not a syllable escaped his lips; his utterance seemed choked by astonishment.

His sudden appearance, indeed, equally surprised us all; and some seconds elapsed, before his aged father, dropping the woman's arm, advanced and extended his hand towards him.

"Have years changed me so much, Edward," he said, as his eyes filled with tears; "have years changed me so much that you have forgotten your old father?"

The voice of the venerable man seemed to recal his son to consciousness. His embarrassed look disappeared, and gave place to his usual harsh expression; unsoftened by a single touch of joy, at thus, unexpectedly, meeting his parent.

"Forgotten you, old man!" he said, in a tone which he wished to appear careless; "no! not forgotten you; but I certainly am mightily puzzled to think what contrary breeze has drifted you to this quarter!"

"You are not, then, glad to see me!" said the old man; in a voice in which sorrow and disappointment were blended.

"Why, as to that, glad enough. But what the devil is it that has brought you just *here*, of all places in the world?"

"Misfortune, my son, has brought me here," said the old man with a sigh. "God grant that you may never have occasion to obey so stern a task-mistress!"

"What! spent all your money! lost your land! Well! you know I always told you, you lived too extravagantly?"

The tears which filled the old man's eyes, streamed down his cheeks at these unfeeling words; and he trembled violently, as he said, "Edward! have I deserved this at your hands?"

"Well, well," said the lieutenant; "to be sure every

man has a right to do with his own as he thinks proper; but, if you look to me for assistance, I am sorry that it is not, at present, in my power to ——"

"I look for assistance from no man!" replied the father, stretching himself up to his full height, while a glance of independence and conscious uprightness gleamed across his features; "and, depend upon it, I shall never seek it from *you!*"

"Mr. Settler," said Captain Morley, advancing and addressing his lieutenant; "perhaps another, and more private opportunity, will be better fitted for talking with your father over his affairs. In the meantime, a slight misunderstanding has arisen between us with regard to this woman; a misunderstanding which perhaps *you* will be kind enough to explain?"

"Ay!" said the old man; "let us see if you will receive your wife more cordially than you have received your father!"

"My wife!" cried Settler; forcing a horselaugh, which he wished to pass as the expression of merriment; "is it Moll Heggety you call my wife? Ridiculous!"

"I call this woman your wife, sir," replied the old man with energy. "As such you sent her to me? and, as such, she has been these six months an inmate of my family, and the companion of your mother and sisters!"

"Do you know the character of this woman, sir?" said Captain Morley to his lieutenant; while he struggled in vain to conceal the ineffable scorn which he felt.

"Yes, sir, I do!" replied Settler; with a look of forced composure.

"Is she your wife?"

"No, indeed! thank Heaven I never had a wife; and, with a blessing, I never will," replied the imperturbable lieutenant.

"I have it under his hand," cried Moll; "in the letter I took to his father."

"Now, tell me, sir," said Morley; "were you base enough to impose this woman, upon your confiding father, as your wife; were you base enough to send her to be an inmate of his family?"

"You really take the matter too seriously, sir," said

Settler; endeavouring to deprecate the wrath of his superior. "I assure you it was only meant as a joke. The truth, if it must be told, is this: I owed an account at the Blue Boar, and I had nothing to pay it; so, as she was breaking up her establishment, I offered her a year's lodging to clear off old scores, and thus it was I gave her a letter to my father. But I merely meant it as a joke; I never thought he would have been fool enough to believe her."

"I only ask, sir, did you introduce her to your father's family as your wife? Answer me immediately!"

"Why then, if you're so very peremptory," said Settler; endeavouring to appear calm; "suppose I answer that I DID!"

The old man had listened to the latter part of this dialogue with the most engrossing attention. He hung upon his son's replies with an eager earnestness which showed the interest he felt; and as the true nature of the woman's character began to dawn on him, his face grew ghastly pale, and his whole frame shook with emotion. Still, he uttered not a word, but kept his gaze rivetted on his son's countenance. But, when the last fearful admission was made, he could no longer restrain himself. Clasping his hands before his breast, in an attitude of supplication; while the tears flowed down his furrowed cheeks, and his long white hair hung loosely over his shoulders, he exclaimed in a voice of agony, so truly heart-rending as well-nigh to move the bystanders to tears:

"EDWARD THOU LIEST! I TRUST IN GOD THOU LIEST!"

A broad brutal laugh from the son, at which every one present shuddered, was all the reply he received. But it was enough. His hands fell upon his bosom; his eyes became fixed; he tottered, reeled, and fell upon the deck in a state of insensibility.

Captain Morley was at his side in an instant, and raised him in his arms. With one knee resting on the deck; while his right hand supported the head of the fainting old man; he bent over him, gazing with a look of unfeigned commiseration upon his ashy features.

"Out of my sight, sir!" he cried, at last in a voice of thunder, stretching out his left hand, with an impatient

gesture towards the lieutenant; "out of my sight! I dare not trust myself to look upon you NOW!" Then, turning round to the master-at-arms, he continued; "Dismiss that woman instantly from the ship; do you hear—*instantly!* Mr. Lascelles, send for the doctor—bid him make haste. God of heaven, what a sight is this!"

The conscience-stricken lieutenant shrunk before the fiery eye of his indignant commander, and withdrew below. The old man was removed and laid in a hammock, where, by the assistance of the doctor, he was soon restored to his senses.

Captain Morley hung over his sick-bed with the anxiety of a son, and saw the remedies applied under his own inspection. I was sent on deck to see if the woman was gone; and I just arrived in time to catch a glimpse of the boat that contained her, as it pulled off from the side of the ship.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALGOA BAY.

A moody man he joined our crew;
Dismal and dark whom no one knew!

ROKEBY.

THE extreme agitation into which the atrocious conduct of his son had thrown the venerable emigrant, subsided, after a few days, into a slow fever; and Captain Morley insisted that he should remain on board the Hesperus during the voyage to Algoa Bay.

When he was sufficiently recovered to leave his berth, he won the esteem of every one, by the unsophisticated gentleness of his demeanour, and the straightforward honesty of his remarks. Still, a gloomy depression hung over his spirits; he was often observed to sigh, and a silent tear was occasionally seen, trickling down his furrowed cheek.

One day, he was reclining on a sofa in the after-cabin, for he was still extremely feeble; when Captain Morley entered, accompanied by the first lieutenant.

"My good friend," said the captain, going up and taking the old man's hand; "I have brought your son to see you. He is sincerely sorry for what has happened; and he humbly craves your forgiveness.—Mr. Settler," he continued, in a lower tone, turning round to the lieutenant; "kneel, sir!"

The lieutenant dropped upon his knee at the word of command; and, as the father gazed on him in that suppliant attitude, his eye lighted up, and a slight flush suffused his pallid cheek. But still he spoke not.

"*Can* you forgive him, sir?" said Captain Morley.

"*Can* I forgive him!" repeated the old man; raising his emaciated frame from the sofa. "Oh! Captain Moarley; if you but knew the happiness I at this moment feel! Rise, Edward," he continued, his voice half choaked by

emotion; "rise, my son; and give me your hand. Let all be forgotten, as it is forgiven!"

And forgiven it was from the old man's inmost heart; but there was a never-slumbering monitor in the breast of the son, which denied him the bliss of oblivion! He who honours not his parents is "cursed with a curse;" but doubly cursed is he who injures or insults them! Contrition itself cannot expiate the crime of the guilty wretch. It were, truly, "better for him, that he had never been born!"

Our passage to Algoa Bay was propitious, though protracted; and, during it, I had frequent opportunities of observing the character of our new shipmate, Richard Wolfe.

I have already spoken of the personal appearance of this man. He was certainly remarkably handsome. His hair was raven-black, glossy and clustering; his forehead high and commanding; his eye quick and penetrating. Owing, indeed, to an habitual gloominess of disposition, there was usually a dark scowl about the eye, and a frowning contraction about the forehead, which marred the general expression of his countenance; but, when these passed away, as they would sometimes do, like clouds from a summer sky, all was left bright and sunny. It was on these occasions, when cheerfulness for a time held the ascendant, that I thought I could discover an expression of intelligence in his fine features; as there was at all times an ease, I had almost said a grace, in his motions, which seemed to indicate an origin superior to the humble place he now occupied.

But, for the most part, his look was saturnine and morose; and he would often pace about, apart from his comrades; his arms folded on his breast; his gaze rivetted on the deck; his brows knit, and his lips compressed. When he was in this moody humour, he seldom spoke; and, when he did, his voice was of that peculiarly gruff and dissonant description, which sounds, according to the sea phrase, as if the speaker had swallowed a top-chain.

Something there seemed to be that preyed upon his spirits, and spread the "pale cast of thought" over his features; and I frequently amused myself, by fancying

some mysterious connection between the subject of his melancholy and the metal locket, which, as I have already mentioned, he wore round his neck ; and which, drunk or sober, he preserved most religiously from the vulgar gaze.

His chief besetting sin was an inordinate addiction to liquor; and, for the purpose perhaps of drowning thought and getting rid of unpleasant reflections, he took every opportunity of flying to the use of ardent spirits, which he frequently drank to excess.

Notwithstanding this failing, however, he was an excellent seaman, and a trust-worthy man; and, when on duty, nothing could induce him to touch a drop of his favourite beverage. His mere word, in this respect, was as good as most men's oaths; and, if he *promised* not to get drunk, he might be implicitly relied on.

At Cape Town, about a week after he joined, we had rather an amusing instance of this latter peculiarity.

One morning, he came to Strangways, who happened to be in command during the absence of the first lieutenant, and asked for leave to go on shore.

"No, Wolfe," said Strangways; "I cannot allow you to go on shore. You know, the last time you got leave, you came on board drunk; and such conduct cannot be permitted."

"*I promise you sir,*" said Wolfe, "I won't get drunk!"

"What do you want to do ashore?" inquired Strangways.

"I want to fight, sir?"

"To fight!" repeated Strangways; "a pretty errand truly. And with whom, pray, do you mean to fight?"

"With black Sambo, the prize-fighter, sir. He challenged me to a match before I joined the ship; and he has been taunting me ever since, insinuating that I am afraid to stand to my bargain. This is the morning on which we were to meet, sir; and, if I do not attend, they will call me coward."

"It was extremely foolish in you to enter into any such engagement, sir," replied Strangways. "But, what you say is true; if you do not attend those Cape Town bullies

may impute it to cowardice. You promise me you won't get drunk?"

"I promise, sir!"

"Then you may go."

Wolfe, accordingly, went on shore; and, after an absence of about an hour and half, he returned, without having tasted a drop of liquor.

As soon as he got on deck, he went to Strangways, and reported himself.

"I am come on board, sir; sober!"

"Well," replied Strangways; "I am glad you have kept your word. Did you fight the match?"

"I did, sir."

"Was it a long one?"

"Fifty minutes, sir; by the watch."

"Who conquered?"

"I did, sir!"

"Did you punish your opponent severely?"

"Why, sir, I beat him; and that's just saying enough."

"Right! You may retire, sir."

"I hope, sir, you will have no objections to let me go ashore again," said Wolfe; still lingering in the neighbourhood of the lieutenant.

"What! at present?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, what do you want to do ashore now?"

"Get drunk, sir!" replied Wolfe, with the gravest possible expression of countenance; while Strangways burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"May I go, sir?" continued Wolfe; when he thought the lieutenant had had sufficient time to indulge his merriment.

"It is contrary to all rule, sir," said Strangways, scarcely able to articulate for laughter; "but, since you have kept your promise so faithfully, I will permit you for this once to go."

"Thank you, sir," said Wolfe; with the same immoveable gravity of countenance; and, in a few minutes, he was seen pulling off, in one of the Malay boats that attended the ship with fruit.

He kept his word as faithfully on this as on the former

occasion; and, towards evening, he was carried on board, in a state of the "most blissful oblivion."

Among his messmates, he was at first considered unsocial and peevish; but they soon began to get acquainted with his ways, and he became a general favourite.—Sometimes, he would forget his melancholy; and, mixing in their society, he would amuse them with an infinitude of "yarns," illustrative of his various adventures. On these occasions, his countenance was usually lighted up by a bland expressive smile; and it was then that he looked so peculiarly engaging. His graceful figure, leaning on a gun in the forecastle; his arms folded across his breast; his look all openness and good-humour; his voice soft, and even musical;—he would thus often entrance his wondering audience. But if, in the course of his narrative, he chanced to be called by an officer, the spell was in an instant broken; the soft smile disappeared; his brows became knit; the dark scowl returned; and, instantly breaking off his story, he growled gruffly forth from the very bottom of his chest, the responsive monosyllable, "*Sir!*"

After such an interruption, it was in vain that his comrades endeavoured to prevail upon him to resume his discourse; his communicative disposition for that day was at an end.

Altogether, there was something so unusual about the demeanour of this man, that I often wished to learn something of his history; but all my endeavours to probe him on this point were unavailing.

One morning, when we were rapidly approaching our destination, before a fine steady breeze, I observed him in the waist, leaning over the bulwark, and gazing upon the water beneath. In this position he remained for a considerable time, perfectly motionless; and apparently wrapt in meditation. At last, I went up to him, and addressed him.

"What do you see in the water, Wolfe," said I, "that you gaze so intently upon it?"

"Nothing, sir!" he replied, starting suddenly from his stooping posture, at the sound of my voice.

"There's a fine rattling breeze," I observed, "for

carrying us forward. Did you ever see a vessel slip thro' the water like the Hesperus?"

"She's a good sailing craft, sir; and I have seen few that could eat the wind out of her."

"Few!" said I; "I never heard of one. She's quite famous for her sailing."

"May be, sir; but I once knew a vessel that would have walked away from her, hand over hand."

"And what ship was that pray?" I inquired; glad to find him in so communicative a disposition.

"The Apollyon, sir."

"The Apollyon!" said I; "why you might as well have called her the Devil at once! I never before heard of such a ship. She's surely not in our service?"

"Very like, sir—very like!" he replied, with rather a sly look.

"Is she an honest craft?"

"Honest, sir! I don't exactly know what you may please to call honest; but, I recollect a saying, that an old messmate of mine, on board the L'Ourse, used to apply jokingly to his mistress—

"Une aussi belle taille que la sienne,
N'était pas faite
Pour être honnête!"

"The L'Ourse!" said I. "Have you then served on board a Frenchman?"

"May be I have, sir, and may be I have not," he replied with his usual gruff tone. "At present, I serve on board the Hesperus, and must attend to my duty;" saying which he turned abruptly away, and left me.

And so it was with all my attempts to discover anything of this man's history. Whenever I put a question that might have led to a disclosure of any passage in his previous life, he abruptly broke off the conversation.

But, to proceed with my narrative.

Arrived at Algoa, our chief care was the safe landing of the emigrants; whose ultimate destination was Graham's Town. As considerable delay was likely to occur in procuring, or preparing, wagons and other conveyances, to forward them and their baggage into the interior, it was necessary to provide for their accommodation, in the

mean time, on shore. Captain Morley having selected, for this purpose, a beautiful green plain not far from the beach, all the tents* and spare canvass we could muster were put in requisition; and, under the active management of the crew, a little canvass village speedily reared itself on the lone coast. Here the emigrants were comfortably lodged, each according to his rank and pretensions; and everything that could in any way contribute to the convenience of our temporary establishment, was readily supplied by the governor, Sir R——n D——n; to whose kindness and attention, on this occasion, we were much indebted.

With fresh provisions of every description, and with fruit, wine, spirits, and so forth, we were abundantly supplied. The Dutch boors, located in the neigbourhood, no sooner heard of our arrival, than they came down in numbers, and pitched their tents beside our own; bringing with them ample stores of all sorts of necessaries, which they disposed of at very moderate rates. The habitations of these people added considerably to the extent and appearance of our temporary settlement; and before many weeks had elapsed, Canvass Town—for so we designated this assemblage of tents—presented a scene of considerable bustle and activity.

The tents appropriated to the use of the higher class of emigrants, stood a little detached from the rest; and among them, a large marque, occupied by the captain and such of the officers as formed the shore party, was conspicuous. Sands, who was the acknowledged manager of this establishment, and who kept the stores, had exerted his art in producing a most grotesque resemblance of a wild boar, painted in blue, which he caused to be suspended over the doorway; and from this elegant specimen of the limner's art, the tent derived the distinctive appellation of the Blue Boar.

It was a spacious, roomy erection, and contained, among other accommodations, a very handsome saloon. Here, Captain Morley daily entertained at dinner, a party

* A number of tents had been forwarded in a colonial vessel from Cape Town on purpose.

of the better class of emigrants; among whom were several half-pay British officers, with their wives and families. These little festivities our guests enjoyed with the highest relish; and they appeared to forget, in the company of the kind-hearted commander and his merry officers, that they were bound on the melancholy errand of voluntary expatriation.

Every one seemed determined to be pleased and happy; and, when such is the case, little exertion is necessary to produce good-humour and harmony. According to the good old English custom, when dinner was concluded, the wine-flask circulated freely; the veteran officers, "fought all their battles o'er again;" the farmers talked of stock and crops, and the capabilities of the country; and we mariners performed the part of listeners or narrators, as circumstances required.

Nor were our parties unenlivened by female society. The festive board at the Blue Boar was graced by some of the loveliest and most accomplished of the sex; and the sweet sound of the guitar, touched by their delicate fingers, and accompanied by the still sweeter melody of their own soft voices, was not the least attractive part of our entertainment. Whenever the conversation happened to flag, Captain Morley was in the habit of calling on one or other of his fair guests for a display of her musical attainments; a request which was always cheerfully complied with; and, in return for the favour, the captain himself, or some one of his officers or guests, was always ready with a song.

Thus the song went round, occupying the intervals of cheerful conversation; joy and satisfaction beamed on every countenance; and no costly apartments, supplied with every elegance and luxury, could ever boast of containing guests more truly happy, than were the humble party assembled in the Blue Boar of Canvass Town, on the desolate shores of inhospitable Africa.

On our vinous libations, the presence of the ladies operated as a wholesome check; and, accordingly, when just as much wine had been consumed, as served to propitiate the smiles of Bacchus, the band was ordered to attend; and we sallied forth, each accompanied by the

partner of his choice, to the bright green sward, that ornamented the beach on the outskirts of our encampment. There, on that lone coast, which had never before been enlivened by any sound more melodious than the monotonous tootting of the Hottentot's tom-tom; the hills re-echoed to the swelling notes of the horn, the timbrel, and the flute; and we sailed round in the giddy waltz, to the soft sound of Rossini's voluptuous music, or beat the turf in the lively reel, to the spirit-stirring measure of the inimitable Gow; while the gorgeous tropic moon rode high in the heavens, and flooded, with her mellow light, the wild Salvator-landscape around us. And when, at last, by Captain Morley's order, the music ceased, and our sports for the evening were concluded, each merry dancer sought his humble tent, as happy as a potentate. So true is the remark of the poet; that,

> Fixed to no place is happiness sincere—
> 'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere!

In this manner we spent the evenings at Canvass Town. Nor were our forenoons without their appropriate amusements. Pic-nic parties; pleasure excursions into the surrounding country; boating expeditions; fishing and shooting matches, afforded ample scope for the varied tastes of each individual.

For my own part, being from my youth an admirer of the fair sex, I generally joined in those amusements of which the ladies were partakers; and I shall never forget, as I am sure few of my companions can have forgotten, the merry days we often spent in our pleasure excursions; the boisterous peals of laughter that succeeded every attempt at a joke, and the good-humoured tricks that we mutually played off on each other; all enlivened, it may be, among the junior members of the company, by a little innocent flirtation.

Captain Morley usually accompanied us on these delightful trips; and instead, as might be supposed, of enacting the dignified commander, he entered with full spirit into all our absurdities, and was himself the chief promoter of our sport. Indeed, so much was his society coveted on these occasions, that there was usually a com-

petition every morning among the various parties, as to which was to "have the captain;" and many a race was run to the Blue Boar, by the different emissaries commissioned to secure him.

Wherever Captain Morley was, there old Mr. Settler was sure to be; he seemed to hang on the gallant commander, as on a being of some superior world. The good old man was now completely recovered from his illness; and, being reconciled to his son, and freed, besides, from the presence of the obnoxious Moll; who, when dismissed from on board the Hesperus, had prudently taken up her residence in Simon's Town; his natural cheerfulness returned, and he looked quite hale and hearty. He, too, was considered, in his way, an acquisition to our parties; he was so good-humoured, obliging, and inoffensive. The part he usually performed was that of a Nestor to the juniors; warning them not to go too near the edge of the river, in case the ladies should slip in; or too far into the wood, in case they should not be able to find their way out again.

The only drawback he had, was his huge double-cased silver hunting-watch, with which he marked most accurately the lapse of time; and often, when we thought our day was not half done, he would draw out the odious machine, and, going up to Captain Morley, he would say, with his peculiarly grave expression of countenance—

"Captain Moarley, I'se a-thinking that it be's now getting summut near the dinner-hour!"

"Very well, Mr. Settler," the captain would reply with a smile; "I suppose we must beat a retreat; though, to own the truth, time has passed so pleasantly, that I fancied we had still a couple of hours before us."

But where is the society, however peaceful and harmonious, into which a little discord will not at times intrude!

Among the other emigrants, was a Major ——, whose daughter, Emily, was certainly the prettiest girl in Canvass Town. Just at the age, when the undefined form of the girl passes into the graceful proportions of the woman; while yet the innocent simplicity, and enchanting *naïveté* of girlhood beams in the countenance, and while the lively manners are still free from that conscious re-

straint, with which they are often embarrassed at a more advanced period of life; marble must have been the heart of the man, who could gaze upon Emily with indifference.

To say that her features were regularly handsome, would, perhaps, be to say too much; but there was a soft pensive expression about her large blue eye, and a healthful bloom upon her slightly dimpled cheek, which fully entitled her to the epithet beautiful. Indeed, I have often thought, that nothing earthly could come nearer to perfection, when, in the high flow of youthful spirits, her countenance flushed with exercise, she would sometimes drop my arm, and, challenging me to a race, bound off with an elasticity of step, and a gracefulness of motion, that might have excited the envy of Camilla herself. And then, the peals of laughter with which she yielded up the victory, when I overtook her in her career; or the forced gravity she would assume, as, suddenly stopping, she would endeavour to excuse her levity, by owning "that it was very thoughtless, and that she had forgotten she was no longer a child;" imparted to her features an expression of peculiar interest.

Nearly of the same age, with tempers and tastes very much allied, was it strange that we frequently sought each other's society; or even that, after the lapse of a few weeks, our intimacy grew up into something like a mutual attachment! Not that we were sensible of any feeling that could be strictly termed love; for I believe neither of us had a very defined notion of the nature of the bond that connected us; but certain it is, that I preferred Emily's society to that of the other ladies, and that Emily invariably accepted my arm in preference to that of any other youth in Canvass Town.

But, though I thus showed that I had an eye for beauty, the rest of my comrades were not altogether blind; and I had my rivals who coveted the sweet looks of Emily.

Mr. Granger, our marine officer, in particular, whom I have already described as a remarkably spruce, gentlemanly little fellow, was deeply smitten with the young lady's charms, from the moment he saw her; and he used to display all his accomplishments to ingratiate himself in

her favour. But his blandishments were entirely thrown away; he was only listened to when I was not present; his assistance, in our pleasure excursions, was only accepted, when mine was not at hand.

This naturally gave rise to a feeling of jealousy on his part; and, although there was nothing in my conduct, of which he could justly complain, it was evident that he bore me no good will, for thus stepping between him and the object of his affections.

Another circumstance added not a little to his annoyance. The major, Emily's father, evidently preferred my society to that of Granger. He had frequently asked me to breakfast, and spend the morning in his tent; an invitation which had never been extended to my rival; and, although this mark of attention was bestowed on me, merely because I was a patient listener to the details of the veteran's military campaigns, and on account too, perhaps, of my aristocratic connection with the army; Granger at once attributed it to the circumstance of his favouring my advances to his daughter.

One day, at a pic-nic, Emily, Granger, myself, and one or two more of the party, had seated ourselves on a beautiful green bank that overhung the small river. Nature, every where luxuriant in that climate, spread the bounties of vegetation in all directions around us. Tall umbrageous trees, richly-tinted heaths, long waving grass, and moss-grown rocks, adorned the banks on either side; while the surface of the sluggish-running stream, at our feet, was teeming with a variety of beautiful aquatic plants. Amongst these, in the very centre of a deep black pool, a group of magnificent water-lilies reared their stately heads; their large white flowers thrown into beautiful relief against the dark background of the water.

"How splendid these lilies are!" said Emily; "it is quite tantalizing to see them growing so far beyond our reach!"

"There are some farther down the river," said Granger; "where they are more easily got at. If you would like it, I dare say I could procure you some."

"Oh, no! Mr. Granger; pray don't trouble yourself. Those down the river are not worth having; they are not nearly so beautiful."

"These are, certainly, very fine," said I.

"What a lovely wreath they would make, entwined with heaths and evergreens!" said Emily.

To me, this observation was quite intelligible. Emily desired to have the lilies; and her wish must, at all hazards, be gratified.

Accordingly, as soon as the company had commenced their homeward route, I stole away from the rest; returned to the spot; stripped; plunged into the water, and secured the prize. Exerting all my speed, I reached Canvass Town not much later than my companions; and, going straight to the major's tent, I presented my bouquet to Emily. At dinner, she appeared with the flowers, woven in a wreath, among her hair.

This exploit of gallantry threw poor Granger completely into the shade; and, after holding a council with Sands, who was his confidant in this love affair, it was gravely determined between them that I was *un de trop;* and that the sooner I was removed from the shore party, and sent to do duty on board, the better. The only question was, how to get rid of me; and the management of this Sands took upon himself.

Having occasion to go on board for a short time, a few days afterwards, the jolly purser came up to me; and, putting a sealed note into my hand, requested me to deliver it to Wetherall. It was formally addressed, "*To the commanding officer of H. M. ship Hesperus;*" and I promised to take all due care of it.

Accordingly, as soon as I got on board, I delivered it to Wetherall, who opened it in my presence; and, having read it, burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"What's the matter, sir?" said I.

"Some joke between Sands and you, I suppose," said Wetherall; "but I'll be d—d if I understand it!"

He then put the note into my hand; and, to my great astonishment, I read as follows:

"Dear Dick,

"Do not let Lascelles come on shore till you hear further from me; and oblige yours,

"Sands."

"I don't understand the meaning of it any more than yourself, sir," said I. "I hope you do not mean to act upon it, sir?"

"Act upon it!" said Wetherall. "No, no! I hope, youngster, I know my duty better. I haven't been four and thirty years in the service, without understanding that such an order is rather out of the purser's line. But I suppose, of course, it's only meant as a joke; so you had better say nothing about it to the captain."

Great was the surprise of the worthy purser, when I made my appearance in the afternoon at the Blue Boar, and, taking him aside, told him all that had passed.

"I am willing to look upon it as a joke, Mr. Sands," said I; but it certainly was not a very fair one."

"Well, well," said Sands; "I know you're not the lad to take a bit of a trick amiss. Is it forgiven?"

"To be sure it is," said I; "only let all be above board next time."

"Take my word for that!" said Sands; and, henceforth, the honest purser declined all co-operation with my rival; complying with the old sea maxim of "*Every man to his station, and the cook to the fore-sheet!*"

CHAPTER XV.

BLACK TOM.

If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse, so; if not thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worthy the name of a Christian.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

WHILE we were thus enjoying ourselves ashore, the affairs of the Hesperus were not altogether neglected. Every morning, Captain Morley went on board, to see that things were in good order, and that the men were conducting themselves properly.

Among the rest of the crew, who were left for ship duty, was a topman, named Black Tom. He was a tall athletic negro; who, at a very early period of life, had been taken from the Gold Coast of Africa, stowed, with a number of others, into the hold of a slaver, carried to the West Indies, and sold to a sugar planter of St. Domingo. He had not, however, been long in the service of his new master, when an English navy captain who happened to be on a visit at the plantation, took a fancy for him, purchased him, gave him his freedom, and carried him on board his ship, as a cabin boy.

From this period, Tom's life had been devoted to the sea. He had served on board a great variety of ships, and was, at last, entered on the books of the Hesperus. He was an excellent seaman, completely up to his duty, clever, active, and a very dare-devil for courage. There was a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity in his disposition, which formed an inexhaustible fund of amusement to his comrades; and, though his temper was fiery and passionate when roused, such was his extreme good-nature, that, of all the jokes that were passed off on him, he seldom took any amiss; nor did he seem, indeed, to have the slightest notion, that he himself was the butt at whom they were directed.

Among his messmates, Tom was a great favourite; and, although they all considered him as legitimate game among themselves, they would not have seen him injured by any third party. His chief failing was his great addiction to grog; but liquor, instead of exciting, seemed rather to lull his fiery passions. When fairly intoxicated, he would fall from his seat like a lump of inanimate flesh; his senses so completely drowned, that one might almost have stretched him on the rack, or fired a cannon at his ear, without producing any signs of consciousness. When he awoke from his death-like sleep, he was generally perfectly recovered; but of all that had occurred to him during his debauch, not a trace remained upon his memory.

One morning, soon after Captain Morley had gone on board on his daily visit, Black Tom and Richard Wolfe, the latter of whom had recently been promoted to the dignity of boatswain's-mate, came to Wetherall, and asked for leave to go on shore; for the purpose, they said, of witnessing a wrestling match, and other gymnastic games, that were to take place that forenoon among the new colonists. As Captain Morley never refused his men any reasonable indulgence, their request was at once granted; and they set off together in high glee.

The day was bright and breezy; the wrestling ground well selected; and the players good. Almost all Canvass Town had turned out to see the sport; and Tom and Wolfe took their places among the multitude.

Six wrestlers entered the ring, and they were pitted against each other, three to three; the one party distinguished by a black ribbon tied round the wrist, the other by a red. When stripped, the proportions which these men exhibited, gave promise of excellent sport; they were all remarkably strong and muscular, Two of the red ribbons in particular, were perfectly colossal; and, the great breadth of chest, the Herculean fulness of neck, the solidity of limb, and massiveness of arm which they displayed, were palpable evidences of their prodigious strength.

As was anticipated, these two men speedily threw their antagonists; and, the game of the third couple being declared drawn, they remained accordingly the victors of

the field. The air resounded with the plaudits of the multitude; and the two conquerors bore their honours vauntingly enough.

One of them, in particular, when the stakes he had won were put into his hand, tossed up into the air the bag which contained the money, and declared he would give it to any one present, who would stake half the sum, and give him one fall for two. Nobody, however, was daring enough to answer the challenge; and the wrestler kept chucking up his purse, as if to tempt some one to the match.

"I say, Tom," said Wolfe to his neighbour, "I've a great mind to try him."

"Him dam strong," replied Tom, with a monitory shake of the head.

"Devil take his strength! I've given a fall to a bigger man than he."

"Him purse dam heavy," continued Tom.

"Ay, that's just the difficulty; but I'll stake all the money I have about me, and let him stake equal."

"Dare no one come to the scratch?" cried the tall wrestler, once more chucking up his purse.

"I accept the challenge!" cried Wolfe; jumping into the ring.

His antagonist eyed him attentively for a moment, then, throwing his purse upon the ground, "stake your money," he said, "there are twenty dollars!"

"I have only five dollars," said Wolfe; "but I'll stake them against five of yours, and play you fall for fall."

"A done bargain!" cried the wrestler, taking up his money from the ground, and counting five dollars into the hands of the stake-holder. Wolfe followed his example, and paid over the stipulated sum.

The match was long and well-contested; but fortune at last declared in favour of our boatswain's-mate. He gave his opponent five falls for four, and carried off the stakes amid the applauding shouts of the spectators.

The ground was now cleared for a race, which was to be run for an open sweepstakes of three dollars. Wolfe entered himself amongst the rest; and he showed that his agility was equal to his strength, by distancing all his

competitors, and bearing off the prize; which amounted to thirty dollars.

Elated with success, and with the prospect of growing rich in so pleasant a way, the doughty boatswain's-mate now entered himself for the next sweepstakes; which were for the high leap. This game was inimitably contested; but one by one, the competitors gave in; and the prize at last lay between Wolfe, and one of the new colonists; a limber-looking young Englishman.

The bar stood at five feet two; and both the competitors cleared it cleverly.

"Put it up to five feet four!" cried Wolfe. The bar was accordingly raised; and again they both topped it in beautiful style.

"Make it five, six!" cried the young Englishman; and, when the bar had been moved to the required notch, he threw himself over it, apparently with very little effort.

Wolfe, however, in making his spring, slipped upon the turf; struck the bar with his foot; and sent it spinning before him into the air. His antagonist was declared conqueror, and carried off the prize.

"You leap well, friend," said Wolfe; when he saw the money which he had reckoned upon as his own, paid over to the other; "but, had I not slipped, you would not have won so easily. Have you any objection to try again?"

"None!" replied his antagonist. "What do you stake?"

"Thirty dollars!" said Wolfe.

"Done!" replied the other; and they each deposited the stipulated sum with the stake-holder.

This second match naturally excited great interest. Both competitors were evidently first-rate leapers; and for men in their rank, the stake was an important one.

The bar was placed at five feet two; and it was raised inch by inch, both clearing it each time; till it stood at five feet nine. The previous height was evidently just about as much as either could accomplish; and it was thought that this last move would prove decisive.

The young Englishman came first; and, having attentively surveyed his ground and measured his distance, he took his start warily, left the turf with a clean spring, and cleared the bar within a hair's breadth.

Wolfe, conscious that he had no common antagonist to deal with, felt that it would now be necessary to exert himself to the utmost. He considered his ground carefully; took in his distance with a practised eye; advanced, with a light springy step, and left the turf cleverly. But the height was more than he was equal to; he struck the bar with the heel of his right foot; and it fell broken to the ground.

"Devil take my awkwardness!" he growled, as he leisurely resumed his jacket; and without taking farther notice of ony one, he left the ground, accompanied by Black Tom.

"Him leap dam well!" said Tom; after they were clear of the crowd.

"All chance!" growled Wolfe. "But he might have leaped as high as the steeple of Strasburg for me, if he had not carried off my thirty dollars!"

"Ah! him nebber care," replied Tom. "Easy come, easy go!"

"Very well for you to speak, you black-faced nigger! How would you like to lose thirty dollars yourself?"

"Him nebber hab thirty dollar to lose!" replied Tom, in a most pitiable tone of voice.

"Poor devil!" said Wolfe, "I believe you. But never mind, Tom," he continued, "never mind my lad! I've still four shiners left, and we'll drink them, Tom; d—n me, we'll drink them, my boy!"

To this grateful proposition, Tom cordially assented; and they adjourned together to a small tent in the outskirts of the encampment, where a Dutchman, named, according to his sign board, Adrien Hendrick Van Struyk, entertained all comers for their money, at the sign of the Angel.

Liquor was soon produced, and the two messmates commenced their potations in earnest, without troubling themselves much with conversation; Wolfe being chagrined and gloomy at having lost his money; and Tom being no great talker, when the presence of the spirit-flask afforded him a more agreeable occupation for his colloquial organs.

With a little round table between them, they sat opposite to each other, in the most friendly and harmonious attitude; emptying glass after glass, with exemplary dili-

gence; till, towards evening, the liqour, which was that horrible compound denominated Cape brandy, began sensibly to operate upon them.

Tom, in particular, was evidently going very fast. His eyes began to roll ominously in their sockets; the muscles of the under part of his face became relaxed; the corners of his huge mouth hung downwards; and, at last, he fairly fell from the bench on which he was sitting, in a state of mortal intoxication.

Wolfe, however, was not so easily subdued. He still kept his upright position; and threw, from time to time, towards his prostrate companion, a look of the most sovereign contempt.

"D—n him for a drunken lubber!" he growled forth; "he has no more head than a tallow candle. But, after all, what can one expect of a nigger! Mynheer," he continued, calling to the host; bring me another stoup, will ye; and, look ye, put a little dry straw beneath that poor fellow's head, to keep him from the cold ground."

The straw and liquor were brought as desired; and Wolfe commenced his potations systematically, to while away the time till his comrade awoke.

He had not been long in this situation, when a new customer entered the booth, in the shape of a Cape-Dutch boor; a stout, roguish-looking fellow, with a broad-brimmed hat on his head, a long tobacco-pipe in his mouth, and a soiled blue linen "kittel" covering his person, as low as the knee.

"Dis von fine evening, Mynheer!" he said to Wolfe; as the landlord placed a pot of beer for him upon the table.

Wolfe, who had been making rapid progress with his additional stoup, and did not find his tongue altogether obedient, replied by a lurch of the head, intended for a nod; to which he added an extremely inarticulate "*Very!*"

"Ha! whom we hab here?" continued the boor; observing poor Tom, with his straw pillow, on the floor.

"Drunk! — lubber!" muttered Wolfe; turning his flushed, sleepy eyes, in the direction of his prostrate comrade.

"Dronk! ya, very right. But he is von dam strong nigger, do', for all dat!" and he very leisurely proceeded

to finger the gigantic limbs of the unfortunate Tom; much in the same manner as a grazier fingers the ox he is about to purchase.

He now drew in a bench, and set himself down opposite to Wolfe; whom every fresh pull at the can was bringing nearer and nearer to a state of utter unconsciousness. Being totally incapable of comprehending the tenor of the various questions and remarks addressed to him by the boor, he either left them unanswered, or responded at random with a gruff drawling "*Very.*"

The wily Mynheer, seeing him in this state, thought it a good opportunity for driving a cheap bargain, for the transfer of the carcase of the unlucky Tom; who, being young and strong, he well knew, would bring, at least, three hundred dollars in the market. He accordingly broached the subject, by asking Wolfe, what he considered the negro's value.

"How mosh you tink dat nigger vorth, eh?" said he; "fifty thaler for him is nit feil, eh? fifty dallar very goot price, you tink? You tink so, eh?" he continued, pressing the unconscious Wolfe for an answer.

Wolfe, who did not understand a word that he said, responded as usual—"*Very.*"

"Denn ven you sell him, I vill gib you fifty thaler; you no gat so mosh anoder time. Vill you sell him, eh? Vat for you no speak? Ven you tink it goot price you vill sell him, eh? Vill you no antwort me? You tink fifty thaler very goot price, eh?"

Thus pressed; Wolfe once more responded, "*Very.*"

"Denn I vill him kaupen; you verstah? I vill buy him—I hab das gelt here vid me!" and he pulled a huge leathern bag from his pouch, and counted out fifty dollars upon the table.

Wolfe, who, half-sleeping, half-waking, was seated with his side towards the Dutchman; his eyes shut, and his head resting on his hand; had never looked up during this dialogue; and, when the money was spread out on the table, the boor found it necessary to draw his attention to it, by shaking him roughly by the shoulder.

"Vill you no look up, eh? Here is dat gelt for you; vill you no look up?"

Thus roused, Wolfe raised his head, and cast his dim heavy eyes, first on the glittering silver coins, and then on his companion; as if he wanted some explanation of what he saw.

"Da is das gelt," said the boor; "dat is de fifty dollar —I hab zahlt it—all very right! Vill you take it up, eh?" he continued; heaping the money together, and pushing it across the table. Wolfe, who had still sufficient sense left to understand the value of money, grappled with it as he best could, and stuffed it into his pockets.

"D—d—honest—up—fellow!" said he, evidently quite ignorant of the nature of the transaction; "d—d —honest—fellow! Pay—when—meet—Ports—mouth—health—long—life!" So saying, he quaffed off the remainder of his liquor; and, next minute, toppled over in his seat, and fell fast asleep.

The Dutchman, having thus concluded his bargain, called the landlord, and told him he had bought the negro. Two Hottentot servants, who were waiting for him without, were then summoned in. Poor Tom was bound hand and foot, like a sheep going to the shambles, and deposited in the bottom of a large wagon; in which his new master was conveying home some other farm stores. The Dutchman, and his two Hottentots, mounted in front of the vehicle; and, driving off, soon left Canvass Town in the rear.

Meanwhile, Wolfe continued buried in his drunken sleep; from which he did not awake till after day-dawn in the morning. When consciousness returned, he recollected where he was; and his first impulse was to call his companion.

"I say, Tom, you drunken beast; get up, will ye! It's time we were going on board."

But poor Tom was not there to answer the summons.

"Speak, will you, you black-faced nigger!" continued Wolfe; "why the devil won't you speak? I never knew such a stone to sleep in my life! Tom! you lubber; rouse up, I say!"

Receiving no answer to this animated address, he at last jumped up, with the intention of awakening his comrade by a hearty shake; and, when the poor fellow was

nowhere to be found, he did not know what to think. His first feeling, was one of anger at Tom, for having "cut, and left him, in such a scurvy manner;" but, a little reflection convinced him, that the negro was the last man in the world to leave a friend under such circumstances. He, therefore, called the landlord, for the purpose of interrogating him as to the cause of his companion's absence.

"Where's Black Tom?" said he.

"W'ere is he?" replied Adrian Van Struyk. "Gone away vid he new master, Mynheer."

"Gone away with his new master!" repeated Wolfe; "why, what the devil do you mean, sirrah?"

"Wahrheit, Mynheer!" replied the host. "You hab him verkauft—sold him!"

"Sold him!"

"Ya! to de bauer dat vas here las' night."

"Boor!"

"Ya! he gab you fifty thaler for him!"

"Boor! fifty dollars!" cried Wolfe, with a look of bewilderment. "Harkye, sirrah! take care what you're after! Do you think to pass off your jokes on me?"

"No joke at all, Mynheer" replied Adrian; "you hab das gelt in your tasch!"

Wolfe, instinctively, stuffed his hands into his pockets, and found the money as the host had indicated. At first, he did not know what to make of this, for he well knew that four dollars was all the money he had when he entered the tent; but, after a little reflection, he began to have some faint remembrance of a stranger, who, on the previous evening, had *lent* him a number of dollars, which he had promised to repay. Mine host, however, put him right in this particular, by explaining the whole transaction; and, as his statement was confirmed by the presence of the money, and the absence of Tom, the awful truth flashed at once across his mind. He did not, however, waste much time in vain regrets; but, having informed himself of the direction the wagon had taken, he sallied forth, in pursuit of his ill-fated comrade.

Meanwhile, the phlegmatic Dutchman was driving his cargo slowly homewards; pursuing his way along the

sea-beach. During the night, throughout which they continued their journey, Tom lay like a log in the bottom of the wagon; in a state of most complete torpor. Towards morning, however, though his body still continued fast asleep, his mind gave symptoms of returning consciousness; and a heavy confused dream came over him. He fancied himself still at the games of the preceding day, engaged in leaping with the young colonist, who had vanquished his companion; and he gave several convulsive starts in his sleep as, in imagination, he sprung at the bar. In this state he continued for some time; till, the effects of the liquor gradually passing off, his bodily senses resumed their sway, and his dream was mixed with a half-waking consciousness of reality. Dim, returning recollection, carried him back to the moment when he was sitting drinking with Wolfe; and, being half-conscious of his present recumbent position, he fancied that the usual result of his debauches had overtaken him, and that he had fallen asleep on the floor of the tent. The jolting of the wagon, he imagined to be his companion, endeavouring to rouse him by shaking; and, as the roughness of the motion gradually awoke him, he turned round on his back, gave his shoulders an impatient twitch, and called out in a peevish tone:

"D—n Dick! what de debbil him shake for! him want sleep."

"Potz-tausend!" cried the Dutchman, turning round at the sound of the negro's voice, and giving him a smart lash with his whip; "lie still, you dam nigger!"

The sharpness of the blow effectually roused poor Tom; who, starting up from his recumbent posture, opened his eyes, and gazed around him with a look of perfect bewilderment.

Memory was now completely at fault. The cords on his wrists and anckels; the Dutchman, with his pipe in his mouth, and his whip in his hand; the two grinning Hottentots; the wagon itself; all was an inextricable riddle. Astonishment at first rendered him motionless; and it was not till after repeated contemplation of the objects around him, and after frequent rubbings of his eyes, to satisfy himself that all was not a dream, that he en-

deavoured to rise to his feet. In this attempt, however, he was completely baffled, by the cords on his legs; and, after various unsuccessful struggles, he at last rolled fairly over on his side, into a corner of the wagon.

Another application of the Dutchman's whip, accompanied by an exhortation to lie quiet, now roused all the fire of Tom's naturally choleric disposition; and, regaining with some difficulty his sitting posture, he began to curse and swear at a furious rate; mixing his maledictions with sundry interrogatories, as to where he was, who dared to bind him, and so forth. To all this, the Dutchman phlegmatically replied, that he had better be quiet, otherwise he would flog him into good manners; and that there was no use making a work, as he had fairly bought him as his slave—and his slave he was!

"And who sell me slave, you dam Dutch tief?" roared Tom, half-choked with fury.

A huge volume of tobacco smoke from the Dutchman's pipe was the only reply.

"Who sell me, I say?" again roared Tom.

Puff, puff, went the pipe; but not a word in the way of answer.

Tom now went into another tirade of curses; but, finding that all his eloquence produced no other effect, than that of making the Dutchman apply more assiduously to his tobacco, he, at last, philosophically determined, to give himself up to his fate, and to trust to fortune.

The whole day, they continued their route along the sea-coast; only stopping once, to bait the team, and to refresh themselves with a little beer and cheese. A part of this fare was thrown to Tom; but he indignantly spurned it, and again they continued their journey.

Towards evening, they left the shore, and took a direction towards the interior of the country.

After a jolting drive of some hours, they at last arrived at what appeared to be a small farm-house; and here, their conductor intimated, they were to pass the night.—Tom was removed from the wagon, and thrown among some straw in an out-house; while the Dutchman and his companions adjourned into the principal dwelling.

Our unlucky negro had scarcely well nestled himself in

his straw bed, when one of the Hottentots entered with a torch, bringing some bread and water for his supper.—The light of the torch gave him an opportunity of observing, that the place where he lay was that in which the farm implements were kept; and, among the rest, he discovered several scythes, pruning-hooks, and so forth, lying scattered about.

Tom, whose whole thoughts were bent upon escape, immediately took advantage of this circumstance; and, as soon as the Hottentot was gone, he managed to crawl near one of the scythes, against the sharp edge of which he rubbed the cords on his wrists, till he fairly sawed them asunder. Having now the use of his hands, he speedily freed his ankles from their bindings; and, waiting till all was quiet in the farm-house, he sallied forth, and took the same road, as nearly as he could guess it in the darkness, by which the wagon had arrived.

Meeting with no obstruction, he plodded on, as fast as his active limbs would carry him; and, after encountering a variety of difficulties, in the shape of jungles, morasses, and rivers, and having nothing to eat but the wild fruits that grew in his path, he arrived, towards the evening of the next day, at the sea-coast. Cheered by the prospect of his favourite element, and having the beach to act as a guide to his farther course, he persevered in his journey, notwithstanding hunger and fatigue; and, on the following day, his eyes were blessed by the sight of the white tents of Canvass Town.

Haggard and emaciated, with his clothes nearly torn off his back, the poor fellow presented himself, at the Blue Boar, just as the usual party were sitting down to dinner. As soon as his arrival was announced, Captain Morley summoned him to give an account of himself; when he narrated, in his own graphic way, most of the circumstances I have endeavoured to describe above.

"And who you tink sell me slave?" he cried, with great indignation, when he had concluded his story; at which we were all nearly convulsed with laughter.

"God knows!" replied Captain Morley; endeavouring, in vain, to look grave.

"God knows!" cried Tom; "bery true, sur; but

Tom sabe too! Dat dam tief of de world, Bolpe! So help me God, sur, him sell me for tree hunder rix daller!"

"Well, Tom," said the captain; "it will be a lesson to you in future, never to get drunk! Where *is* Wolfe?"

"W'ere um is, sur? How me know w'ere um is!—But if ebber me meet him again—'tand clear, massa Bolpe; dat all!"

As for Wolfe we fairly gave him up for lost; all our inquiries concerning him were fruitless.

It was not till nearly three weeks after the occurrence of these incidents, that information was brought one evening, to the Blue Boar, that a stranger, supposed to be a sailor in disguise, had arrived in Canvass Town; and, it was shrewdly suspected, that he was no other than our absent boatswain's-mate. I was the next midshipman for duty; and two marines, who were of the shore party, being summoned, we proceeded, with Captain Morley, to the tent where the man was said to be. The marines remained outside, while the captain and myself entered.

The tent in which we found ourselves was a miserable hovel; with no other flooring than the bare ground, and no furniture, save a few barrels and boxes, which served the purposes of tables and chairs. On one of these stood an empty bottle, with the remnant of a lighted candle, stuck into its half broken neck.

The only occupants of the place were three women and one man. In the appearance of the latter, there was nothing very remarkable. He was, apparently, a farmer of the middle class; a tall robust fellow, in a broad-brimmed hat, bottle-green coat, cord breeches, ribbed worsted stockings, and laced half boots. His dress was arranged with holiday neatness; and his well shaven beard "showed like a stubble-field, at harvest home."

Captain Morley contemplated the group for an instant, and then apologized for having intruded upon them.

"I was given to understand," said he, "that there was a man belonging to my ship here; but I find I have been misinformed, and I am sorry for having disturbed you."

With this apology, the captain was just in the act of turning round to leave the tent, when his eye accidentally

encountered that of the young farmer. No sooner did the two glances meet, than there was an instant recognition on the part of Captain Morley.

"Marines!" he cried in a loud voice to the men without—and the two marines immediately appeared at his summons—"Seize that fellow and take care that he does not escape!"

The marines laid hold of the man by the collar, one on each side; and Captain Morley left the tent, desiring them to follow.

"Avast heaving shipmates!" said Wolfe—for the man was no other—"let me light my pipe, will ye? If you were as hungry and as tired as I am, you wouldn't be in such a d——d hurry to go on board to get flogged."

The two men relaxed their hold for an instant at this appeal; and Wolfe, with his pipe in his mouth, bent his head to the miserable candle end, which stood on one of the boxes that strewed the tent.

"Make haste, men," cried Morley impatiently, from without.

"Coming, sir!" replied Wolfe, starting up from his stooping posture, with the lighted pipe in his mouth; and the next instant, the two marines were laid sprawling on the floor, by an expert "right and lefter."

One spring brought the prisoner to the entrance of the tent; the captain stood in the doorway, and obstructed his passage. A single blow from the powerful hand of Wolfe, would have felled him in an instant to the ground; and thus the only obstacle to his retreat, would have been removed. But, scarcely had the natural promptings of instinct raised his arm to strike the stroke of self-preservation, when it fell again, like a dead weight at his side.

"No!" he cried with something between a groan and a sigh, while he stood completely subdued in the presence of his commander. "No! not you!—any one but *you!* D—n me, if I can strike you!"

Without farther resistance, he suffered himself to be secured, and conveyed on board. I need scarcely add that, under such extenuating circumstances, Captain Morley remitted the punishment of flogging. A night passed in irons was the man's only punishment.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE YOUNG EMIGRANT.

Poor wight! he little weened how hard,
For poverty to earn regard!

QUEEN'S WAKE.

AMONG the other emigrants at Algoa Bay, was a young man named Rowley Neville; who, from his urbanity and gentlemanly deportment, was extremely popular among the officers of the Hesperus. Of Captain Morley, in particular, he was a great favourite; and the circumstance of his having served for several years in the navy, together with the peculiar nature of the events, which had induced him to leave his native country, and seek an asylum in the land of the stranger, probably strengthened the interest which the worthy commander felt in him.

With this gentleman, it was not long, until I formed a close intimacy. He was a man exactly to my mind. Of a high and generous spirit, upright, uncompromising principle, and amiable temper, he was well fitted to win the esteem of all; and when, to these attractive qualities, are added, the manners of a perfect gentleman, and the circumstance of his being a member of the same profession as myself, it will not appear strange, that his society was particularly agreeable to me. Often, long after the other members of the party had retired for the night, have he and I sat together, in the saloon of the Blue Boar in Canvass Town, conversing on such topics of mutual interest, as our common profession, and a similarity of tastes, plentifully supplied; and, not a few were the cigars, and glasses of grog, that were, on these occasions, consumed, during this mutual interchange of thoughts and feelings.

When our intimacy had ripened, at last, into a more familiar friendship, Neville, from time to time, confided to me the particulars of his own, and of his father's his-

tory. These, with his permission, I afterwards communicated to Captain Morley, who always expressed the warmest interest in his welfare; and, as the reader will, in the future course of my narrative, have frequent opportunities of becoming better acquainted with him, I shall not apologize for introducing here, those events of his life, which ultimately led to our meeting him at Algoa Bay.

As the following incidents, however, were not related to me by Neville, in a connected form, but in detached passages, and at various intervals, I shall, in recounting them, employ my own language; taking care, at the same time, to preserve, as much as possible, my friend's graphic descriptions, of persons and events. At present, I shall only add, for the guidance of the reader, that, should the story appear to him to be tedious, he may pass over all that relates to "The Young Emigrant," without infringing, in the least, upon my own particular narrative.

Neville's father was a cadet of a good family; but, as frequently happens with English "younger sons," his only patrimony was an untarnished pedigree, and an ensign's commission in the army.

While yet holding a rank no higher than that of lieutenant, he chanced to spend the merry weeks of Christmas, at the seat of a worthy baronet, a distant connection of his mother, and an extensive landed proprietor in a western county in England.

This gentleman had an only daughter; a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments; for the honour of whose hand and fortune, several of the neighbouring squires held an eager rivalship.

But the pensive Emma could find no pleasure in the society of those gentlemen. Neither in tastes, nor in habits, were they at all fitted, for the witching spliere of "lady's bower." That nice delicacy of deportment, and winning refinement of manners, which alone find favour with a high-minded woman, formed none of their qualifications. Scorning all the lighter, and more elegant accomplishments of their sex, they devoted themselves exclusively, to the sports of the field, and the pleasures of

the bottle; and, accordingly, as old Hal Wharton expresses it, they were only fit

> To drink and sleep,
> By their own fire;
> And when awake, were only good
> To whoop and hallo in a wood.

One after another, Emma rejected their suits; and, in doing so, she gave great offence to her honest father, who told her "she was a foolish girl; and that, whatever she might think to the contrary, ten thousand-a-year, and a handsome establishment, were not matters to be sneezed at."

Emma, however, persisted in rejecting the addresses of her fox-hunting suitors, and the old gentleman ceased to press the point for the present; consoling himself with the reflection, that his daughter was yet young, and that a few more years would teach her more discretion.

At this juncture, Lieutenant Neville arrived at the hall. Young, handsome, and accomplished; with all that polished refinement of manners, and chivalrous devotion to "the fair," which characterise the officers of the British army, was it strange that Emma should consider him infinitely superior to the rude, fox-hunting class, she was in the habit of seeing at her father's board; or, even, that she should look upon him, as approaching somewhat nearer that ideal standard of perfection, by which, seclusion, and Richardson, had taught her to estimate the qualities of the rougher sex?

As for Neville, he had often heard his mother talk of Miss Sharman, as a very pretty girl; but he was by no means prepared, for the blaze of beauty that burst upon him, when he was presented to "cousin Emma."

At first, he gazed upon her, timidly and at a distance, as a devotee gazes on the image of his idolatry; nor, was it, till after an acquaintance of some weeks, that he ventured to express his admiration, even by the silent and unobtrusive language of the eye. Emma read his looks with prophetic exactness; and although, for a time, she encountered his earnest glances with an embarrassed blush, she became gradually accustomed to them, and, at length, even ventured a responsive glance of her own.

Thus, a silent, though perfectly intelligible, correspondence, was established between them; by means of which they communicated to each other, all those tender feelings, hopes, and wishes, which are so inadequately expressed by the language of the lips. Without the use of words, everything was arranged and understood. There needed no promises and protestations to bind the agreement; it was a compact of the heart; and, in the generous bosom of either lover, the generous passion with which they were mutually inspired, was already sufficiently recognised.

Accordingly, when the time of Neville's departure drew nigh, and he, at last, ventured on a formal declaration of his love, he found the candid Emma quite prepared to listen to him; and he received, with rapture, her whispered acquiescence, provided he could obtain the consent of her father.

But here, exactly, the difficulty lay. It is true, the good old baronet was extremely partial to Neville. He liked him for the frank manliness of his manners, and the fine, soldier-like independence of his bearing; he liked him, moreover because he was a finished sportsman, and managed his horse in the field with admirable grace and adroitness; and, although he could not compete with the other guests, in the use of the bottle, he made up for this, by cheering them, over their liquor, with an excellent song. But, then, he was a young man without fortune; and this, Neville well knew, would be an insuperable objection, with the good baronet, should he appear in the capacity of a suitor for his daughter's hand.

Nevertheless, urged by the ardour of his passion, he determined to run all risks, and declare himself; which he accordingly did, one snowy morning, when the hounds could not hunt, and when the baronet was, consequently, confined to the desperation of his easy-chair, and a hit at back gammon.

Having first put him into good humour, by allowing him to win a few games, Neville took advantage of a pause, and opened the matter, by a long and appropriate speech. The baronet listened to him, with great attention, though without being able to comprehend the drift of his oration;

but, when he at last concluded, by formally asking the hand of Emma in marriage, the good old gentleman threw himself back in his chair, and burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"Whoo-o-oop!" he cried, as soon as he was sufficiently composed to speak; "here's a pretty trail to come upon of a dewy morning! God bless you, boy; have you lost your senses, or do you take my girl for a fool? *You* marry Emma! Lord love you! don't you know that she has refused ten thousand a-year; and do you think she would ever consent to listen to *you!* No offence, Harry; you are a very fine fellow, and I like you because you are so; but you know, as well as I do, that you're not a rich one! Come, come, my boy; no more of this nonsense; set your men, and let's have another rubber. Emma!—bless your silly heart—the throw's mine—how she would laugh if she knew of this story! But, come away; never be frightened; I won't tell her a word about it!"

Neville, however, was by no means in a humour to be laughed out of his purpose. He pressed the point with much warmth; and, at last, fairly told the baronet that, as far as the young lady was concerned, he had nothing to fear, as he had already obtained her consent.

This declaration roused all the latent fire of old Sir Rowley. He started from his chair, dashed the dice-box on the ground, and, confronting Neville, with an enraged look, "What's this you tell me, sir!" he cried in a loud and angry tone; "did you dare to slip your ferret, in my warren without leave! Well, sir! I had formed a better opinion of you; but I've done with you now. Emma, indeed! But I won't waste words on you! Tramp, sir! Tramp, I say! Leave the hall this instant; and never let me see your face again!"

Too proud to remain till this injunction was repeated, Neville, with great apparent coolness, rose, bade the baronet a good morning, and, walking out of the room, with the stiff stride of offended dignity, forthwith left the house, and ordered his servant to follow him to the village inn, with his trunk.

As he considered that the baronet had fairly thrown down the gauntlet, and defied him, he thought he would

now be fully justified in taking up the pledge, and in outmanœuvring the old gentleman, if he could. He, accordingly, fixed his residence at the Sharman Arms, in the village; and having, at the expense of the greater part of his existing funds, suborned the services of Emma's soubrette, he established a close correspondence with the lady; and, at last, succeeded in prevailing on her to elope with him.

One night, when old Sir Rowley and his son were abroad at dinner, having procured a chariot for the purpose, he carried her off to the house of a young friend of his, a clergyman, where they were duly married.

The rage of the baronet, when he learned what had happened, was fully commensurate to the provocation he had received. He raved and swore at Neville, for an arrant knave, and at his daughter, for an ungrateful baggage; and he vowed that "she should never darken his door again, but, that, as she had chosen to run off with a beggar, she might stand the consequences of her disobedience and imprudence."

To this determination he rigidly adhered. It was in vain that Emma wrote to him, in a style of extreme penitence, craving his forgiveness; her letters were never answered, and generally returned to her unopened. At last, the pride of Neville took fire, at what he conceived these repeated insults; and he forbade his wife to expose herself in future to such indignity. She, therefore, ceased to write to her obdurate parent; and, having hired a small lodging in the neighbourhood of quarters, the imprudent couple continued to live, as they best could, on love and lieutenant's pay.

Nearly eleven years passed on in this manner, during which time Neville was promoted to the rank of captain; but not the slightest intercourse was held with the family at Sharman Hall.

It was about this period, that the great Peninsular war broke out, and the —— regiment was ordered abroad on active service. Emma insisted on accompanying her husband on this expedition; but he, knowing the difficulties and dangers she would encounter in following the camp, prevailed on her to remain at home; assuring her, that

the campaign would not probably be of long continuance, and that he would speedily return.

Almost immediately on his arrival in Portugal, Neville was engaged in the famous defeat of Laborde, at Roleia, where he displayed great gallantry; "reaping the iron harvest of the field," with the most dauntless courage, in the very thickest of the fray.

It chanced, that, while he was thus engaged, he observed a young officer of cavalry, dismounted from his horse, and fighting, at great disadvantage, against several assailants. Rushing instantly to his assistance, he arrived just in time to save his life. One of the enemy had struck down the officer's sword, and another was on the point of cleaving him to the ground, when Neville interposed, and warded off the blow. A keen contest ensued, in which British bravery triumphed over French numbers; and the assailants were ultimately either cut down or dispersed.

The victory achieved, the two conquerors, the preserver and the preserved, dropped their reeking swords, and regarded each other for a moment.

"This is no time for idle ceremony," said the young officer, addressing Neville; "you have saved a soldier's life, and earned a soldier's gratitude;" saying which, he seized his preserver's hand, and shook it with heartfelt cordiality. Neville, on his part, declared that he considered the event fortunate, which had given him an opportunity of serving so truly gallant a comrade.

"There will be hot work in the field to-day," replied the officer; "and we may probably never meet again. Allow me, before we part, to offer you this small memorial of my gratitude;" and he drew a gold signet-ring from his finger, as he spoke, and slipped it on the blood-stained hand of his preserver.

"I shall esteem it," said Neville, "as a memorial of the gallantry of him who gave it."

They then separated, each engaging with renewed ardour in the combat; which terminated, as every one knows, in the triumph of British arms.

The opening of the Portugese war was no holiday work for our gallant troops. On the 17th of August, the battle of Roleia was fought; on the 18th, Sir Arthur Wellesley

advanced upon Vimeira. Here he was met by the well-disciplined host of the atrocious Junot. One of the bloodiest days in the annals of the war ensued. The British troops, whose well known maxim is Victory or Death, fought, as brave men fight, for honour and their cause; and they were opposed by the impetuous ferocity of the French, who fought, as demons fight, for carnage and for spoil.

In the very hottest of the contest, the gallant Captain Neville was seen, at the head of his division, urging on his men by word and example, and bearing down the columns of the enemy, with that insuperable ardour, which, the justice of his cause, ever inspires in the breast of the soldier.

While he was thus bravely opening up, with his sword, the bright path to honour and fame, he was struck by a musket-shot from the enemy's lines. He staggered, and fell into the arms of a brother officer, who was combating at his side.

"The wound is mortal!" he said with great composure, in answer to the inquiring looks of his comrade. "Barnard!" he continued, "if ever you reach home commend me to my wife—give her this ring, and tell her to preserve it, as a memorial of her unfortunate husband."

He spoke these words in a voice so faltering as scarcely to be audible; and, when he had placed the ring—the same which he received from the cavalry officer at Roleia—in his comrade's hand, he sunk back upon his arm, and expired.

The ultimate history of the battle of Vimeira is well known. The total defeat of the redoubted Junot—the wise policy proposed by Sir Arthur Wellesley—the fatal opposition of Sir Harry Burrard, and the unjustifiable convention of Cintra, are circumstances engraven on the memory of every Briton.

The distress of the bereaved widow, when she received the intelligence of her husband's death, may easily be imagined. It was conveyed to her, together with the ring, by Neville's comrade, Barnard; who, having lost an arm, and been otherwise grievously wounded in the action, returned home, in the same ship with the recalled generals.

When the first burst of grief had subsided, her thoughts naturally reverted to her present forlorn condition; left as she was, with two children, entirely dependent on the scanty pittance of a widow's pension. Her father, old Sir Rowley, had died some time before; having been killed by a fall from his horse while hunting; and his estates were now enjoyed by his only son, Sir Hugh.

This gentleman was an exact counterpart of his father; good-natured, kind-hearted, easy man, who loved his sport and his comforts, and whose only ambition was, to possess the best hounds, the best stud, and the best claret in the county. The sudden nature of the old gentleman's death, had prevented him from making any settlement in his daughter's favour; and he died without leaving her a farthing. Frequently, since that event, she had purposed writing to her brother; but she was invariably prevented by her husband, who said he could not permit her to expose herself to insult and indignity, by applying to a quarter, where she had hitherto met with so little sympathy.

But she now considered it a duty, which she owed to her children, as well as to herself, to apply to her brother, who was the only person from whom she could, with propriety, seek protection in her present destitute condition. She, accordingly, wrote to him a long letter, narrating the particulars of her husband's death; and explaining the nature of the circumstances in which she was left. She told him of her two children, and how entirely dependent they were on her for support; and concluded by entreating, that all former coldness might be forgotten, and that he would receive her again in her native home, now the only place on earth where she could seek an asylum.

When the day arrived, on which an answer to this letter became due, in course of post, she went with a beating heart to the village post-office. But there was no letter for her there. Two days more elapsed without bringing the desired answer; and, she was beginning to fear, that her application had met with the same fate as those she had addressed to her father, when, on the third day, the following characteristic epistle, sealed with a huge blazonry of the Sharman arms, was put into her hands.

"*Sharman-Hall, Sunday.*

"Dear Sister,—I got your letter last Friday when I came in from the hunt, and would have answered it sooner, only I had Squire Stiles, and some of the neighbours, to dine with me, and they well-nigh drank me blind. The squire's a mighty deal worse nor when you was here, and never stops under four bottles. Then on Saturday, I had to be astir betimes, for the hounds were to meet at Horsley; we broke cover in the thick furse at Underlyn, and had a glorious run all the way across the common to Horndean, and there the fox earthed, so we lost him. Then at night I had to dine with Squire Stiles, and had the coach up to fetch me home, for the squire's dinners are always somewhat wet. So I could not write you that night, being very tired; but, this being Sunday, I have more leisure on hand, and am sorry to hear of the captain's being killed. You know I always liked Harry, and thought father rather over hard on him; but you know I always gave the good gentleman his own way, and never contradicted him; as, indeed, where was the use, seeing he never minded a word I said an old whip-cord. But that's just the worst of being a soldier; for then, as the vicar says, there's no respect of persons. However, it can't be helped now, only I'm sorry for it, poor fellow. Bless your silly heart, Emma! what is it you speak about coldness: you know girl, I always loved you, although father set me up a little both against you and the captain. But there's no use talking. I've given orders to have your rooms all made ready as before, and the sooner you come to the Hall, the better I'll like it. Now I think on't, I'll send up Dick, with the coach, to fetch you down. I can easily spare it, as I never get into it, only when I'm dining with Squire Stiles, or the like; and it will be more convenient for you and the little ones. I would have come up for you myself, only the hounds are to be out every day this week, and we expect some spanking runs; so you see I've a great deal of business on hand. Old Joe, the huntsman, is always asking about you; and when I told him, yesterday, you were coming home, the old chap began to blubber like a child. Father let your flower-garden run all up with weeds, and as to the bower, there was no

poking your nose into it for the creepers; but I've ordered Sims to have it all cleaned, and the Woodbine cut, and he's to have some prime new-fashioned flowers in it before you come home. So keep up your heart, my little Emma, and come as soon as you can. I'll send off Dick to-morrow morning; you never saw such a prime team of bays as I've got for the old machine—only don't put yourself in a quandary, or hurry yourself—only I'm longing to see you. Is Rowley anything like father? he was a main good man father, though he had his own ways, and was always over hard in your affair. But there's no use talking. If you could come on Thursday, I shall have no one here, and we can chat together about old things; only don't hurry yourself, but keep Dick as long as you like. I was bargaining yesterday about a bay filly for you; I'm sure she's a good one, for she's out of father's old mare that he used to ride when you were here. You recollect old Die—a prime one in the field, wasn't she? I'll send up a handful of notes with Dick, in case be you have any scores to settle where you are; but I must now stop, as we have a prime haunch this afternoon, and I have some of the neighbours to dine with me.

"Your affectionate brother,

"Hugh Sharman."

It would be superfluous to describe the pleasure which Mrs. Neville derived from this quaint, but truly affectionate, epistle. Her little arrangements were soon made; and, in a few days, she was once more an inmate of the hall of her fathers.

Here she found everything arranged according to her fondest wishes. Sir Hugh conducted himself towards her with true fraternal kindness. Whatever he thought would please, or humour her, he did with alacrity; and, he even carried his complaisance so far, as to absent himself from some of the county-club dinners, in order that she might not be left alone.

For occupation, she was never at a loss. Her brother committed to her the entire superintendence of his household affairs; and he declared that, in this capacity, "she was a perfect god-send to him; for, though the house-

keeper was a very honest woman in her way, yet still she was a housekeeper."

Nothing was done by the baronet, either in or out of doors, without the advice of his sister. He never even purchased a horse, but he had it paraded in the lawn, that she might pass judgment upon it; "for Emma," he would say, "knows a Barb from a Fleming; and is as good a judge of horse-flesh as any squire in the county."

But, the chief object of her care, was the education of her daughter Mary; a charming little girl, about eight years old, who promised to emulate her mother in beauty of person, as well as in amiability of disposition. Emma's extensive accomplishments qualified her well for the office of an instructress; and the aptitude of her daughter's talent rendered her task truly delightful.

As to the boy, who was a fine manly fellow of ten years, the care of his mental culture was entrusted to the curate of the parish; while the baronet took upon himself, the task of instructing him in everything, that came within the range of his own accomplishments.

The curate was a scholar, a gentleman, and an amiable man. Under his care, little Rowley made rapid advances in polite literature; and, what is of much more importance, he imbibed pure principles of moral rectitude, and acquired an habitual veneration for the sublime truths of our holy religion.

The baronet's range of instruction was more limited, and was founded, unknown to himself, upon the renowned principle of the ancient Persians. He taught his nephew, exactly what the Persians taught their youth, "to ride, to shoot, and speak the truth." In instilling into his pupil a just regard for the latter of these, which he considered the great mainspring of honour, morality, and everything else, he was extremely scrupulous; and he, sometimes, even went so far, as to hold an edifying lecture on the subject.

"Look ye, Rowley," he would say, whenever the detection of a falsehood among his domestics, or any other circumstance, gave him an opportunity of launching forth on his favourite topic—for, in morals, this might be termed the baronet's hobby—"I'll tell you what, my boy; I

wouldn't give the crack of a bit of old whip-cord, for any man that didn't always speak the truth. There's no use talking, but mark my words; the man who can bring himself to tell a falsehood, would cut his neighbour's throat, if he dared. No matter what it's about—it's the principle, Roe', it's the principle—never lose sight of that, my boy; or, if you do, you'll be hanged, as sure as you are your mother's son. There's no use talking, but mark my words!"

In the other accomplishments which his uncle taught him, Rowley soon became a great proficient. He managed his angling rod with superior skill, and could throw thirty yards of line with ease; making his flies fall, light as thistle-down, exactly on the spot where he wished to drop them. In shooting, he gained the approbation of his uncle; and, in riding, he would dash at everything, and seldom met with a fall.

It was with pride, that his fond mother beheld his improvement in these manly exercises, which only kept pace with his advancement in his studies; and, both his instructors had thus every cause to be satisfied, with the attainments of their amiable pupil.

Under such circumstances, what could be wanting to render Mrs. Neville completely happy? With the kind attentions of a fond brother to soothe, and the smiling looks of her charming children to cheer her; surrounded by every comfort and luxury she could desire: dwelling amid scenes, fitted to recall the fondest recollections of her infancy and childhood, could sorrow ever intrude, to cloud the sunshine of her peaceful days? Yes! strange as it may seem, Emma was not happy. Cheerful, indeed, she endeavoured to appear; but, though she never obtruded her grief upon her friends, she indulged it to the full, in her hours of solitude. Sometimes her children would surprise her in tears; but she would dry her eyes, and smile, as they approached—a languid smile—a solitary ray of gladness, struggling through heavy clouds of grief.

The kindness of her bother, she endeavoured to repay, by sometimes even appearing lively in his company; but, an experienced eye could still trace, in her beautiful fea-

tures, the silent sorrow, that rankled at her heart, and endiademed, her once smiling forehead, with the cincture of wo.

What could her grief be? Those who have loved, as as Emma did, with all the intense warmth of a first, and devoted passion, and who have seen the idol of their dearest affections snatched away by an untimely death, can best answer the question. No occupation, no change of scene, no fascinations of society, could ever banish from her thoughts the memory of him whom she had lost; of him, in whom all her warmest affections had been centred, and, in whose grave, her most fondly cherished hopes, were for ever entombed.

He who believes, that human life is never sacrificed, at the shrine of human affection; who considers, that "the broken heart," has no existence, but in the fevered fancy of the poet; knows little of the intensity of ardour, with which fond woman loves! Deep, in her very heart of hearts, the all-engrossing passion is enshrined; *there* she nourishes, and fans it, with the enthusiastic devotion of an idolater; and, when aught occurs to blast the sacred flame, the altar and the worshipper sink together in the dust. And so it was with Emma Neville. Her health gradually became affected by the intensity of her grief; like some fair summer flower, drooping in the sunshine, she gently faded away; meek, patient, and resigned;

> With, all the while, a cheek whose bloom
> Was but a mockery of the tomb;
> Whose tint as gently died away,
> As the departing rainbow's ray.

When sensible that her end was near, she summoned her children to her bedside, and blessed them; and, having drawn from her finger the ring which her husband had sent her, she placed it in the hand of her son.

"It is a memorial of your father, Rowley," she said; "let it be a memorial of your mother also!" and, having commended the orphans to the care of her brother, she kissed them, sunk back, smiled, and died.

About a year had passed away after this sad event, and the hand of time had already done much to heal the wounds

of the bereaved, when one morning, Squire Stiles presented himself at the hall. The squire was a sadly altered man. The burly rotundity of his person had shrunk into the most meagre spareness; his once plump cheeks were pale and livid; and the jolly rubicund tint of his face, had settled in a deep purple, round the region of the nose.

"Whoo-o-oop!" cried the baronet, as soon as his friend was ushered into the room; "glad to see thee a-field again, squire. Blown a bit, however, eh?"

"I'faith you may say that," replied the squire; "a pretty chase I've had on't these six months! Would you believe it, Sir Hugh, I'm not allowed to taste a drop of anything stronger than home-brewed? But that's not the worst on't. What think ye? The doctor says I'll die, and no redemption, if I don't take a run, for a couple of months, to Cheltenham, to drink their infernal rot-gut waters! Ods rattans! a pretty pass it's come to—die quotha!"

"Then I'd advise you to go," said Sir Hugh; "if you don't, you'll die, as sure as your name's Stiles—that is, if the doctor said so."

"Well, that's just what I've been thinking," replied the squire. "Now, look ye, Sir Hugh—if you'll go with me, I'll go; but, I'll be whipped, if I budge a step, to such an outlandish place, alone. Say, done! and tip me your hand on't, and all's right: if not, I may just die and be d—d; for, burn me, if I go alone, for all the doctors in Christendom!"

This was an appeal, to the friendship and good nature of the baronet, which he could by no means resist; indeed, upon his acceding to the squire's proposal, the life or death of the latter might be said to depend. Accordingly, they shook hands over it; the bargain was concluded; and, the children having been duly committed to the care of the housekeeper, the two friends were, in a few days, wheeling along, for the far-famed Cheltenham; as fast, as four post-horses could drag, the somewhat cumbrous chariot of the worthy squire.

Who is he, who can boast of having put a spoke in the wheel of Fortune, or of having read the riddles in the book of Fate?

While Sir Hugh Sharman "rolled along the turnpike," snugly ensconced, in the corner of his well-padded chariot, and snoring, in harmonious concert with his intellectual friend, little did he dream of what Fate was preparing for him.

Those who have resided in Cheltenham know, what a motley group of human beings, the attractions of that celebrated place, yearly congregate. First, and, in the foreground of the picture, we have an infinite variety of chocolate-cheeked, asthmatic, old Indians; who are endeavouring to patch up their broken constitutions, and to *enjoy* their riches, so dearly earned by the sacrifice of health. Next, come the heirs, and heiresses, of these "weak old men," in the persons of some half score of dashing nephews and nieces, who are impatiently watching the progress, of their "dear uncles," towards the grave; comfortably assured, that they cannot, by any possibility, survive much longer, and that there is every chance, of their being suddenly carried off, by an apoplectic shock, or, at least, by a severe fit of asthma. After these, we have a whole guild of gouty aldermen, who are paying the earthly penalty of too free an indulgence in "the good things of this life." Then, we have a numerous assemblage, of gentlemanly fortune-hunters, who are laying their gins for some fair matrimonial prize; of young ladies, endeavouring to coquet themselves into the possession of husbands; of mothers, seeking a suitable market for their rosy-cheeked daughters; and of buxom widows, who, tired of their state of single blessedness, are looking out for matches, "suitably apportioned." Add to these, an infinite variety of sharpers, and rakes; whose sole object is gaming, and dissipation; and you will have a pretty accurate summary of the motley multitude, who annually make the use of the waters, the pretext, under which, they prosecute their various designs.

Daily may the public walks, and the pumproom, be seen crowded by this incongruous assemblage; each occupied with his own affairs, and paying little attention to his neighbour's; except, in so far, as he may consider them useful to his own purposes.

The arrival of Sir Hugh Sharman and his friend, caus-

ed, at first, a sensation, such as every man causes, who drives up to the principal house, with four horses in his carriage.

Who was he; and what could have brought him to the wells? He was too robust to be an invalid, and too careless, in his habits, to be a valetudinarian; his look was too honest and open for a sharper; he was too old, and somewhat too corpulent, for a lover; he spent his money too freely for a fortune-hunter; and was by far too hale and vigorous for a debauchee.

But, it was not long, till his rank, name, and fortune, were sufficiently known; and from that moment, he became an object of particular attention, particularly among the ladies. Mothers, who had marriageable daughters, fawned upon him, and flattered him; the young ladies displayed their sweetest looks in his presence; and all seemed anxious to captivate the substantial baronet, and his snug thousands a-year.

Among the rest, was a certain Mrs. Western; a young, widow lady, of considerable personal attractions, who had ostensibly come to the wells for the health of her son; a great, lubberly, pampered-looking boy, of about fifteen.

The deceased husband of this lady, having been, in the words of the song, nothing more than

> An oily soap laborator,
> And, also, a Whig-orator;

she was by no means admitted, in those aristocratic days, into the society of "the exclusives" of Cheltenham. She moved entirely in the lower circles; but there, from her talents at whist, and her unrivalled collection of the ruling scandals of the day, she was considered a person of no small note.

The ostensible object, as I have said, of this lady's visit to the wells, was the health of her son; her real one, the laudable purpose, of endeavouring to find a suitable successor to "her poor, dear Western," in the person of any substantial, middle-aged gentleman, whom her juvenile charms might chance to captivate.

As soon as Mrs. Western saw Sir Hugh Sharman, and became acquainted with the particulars of his rank and

fortune, it occurred to her, that he was the man, of all others, made, as it were, to her hand. She had few opportunities, indeed, of meeting him in society; for Sir Hugh moved in a totally different circle; but, whenever she encountered him in the public walks, or at the pump-room, she played upon him with the whole artillery of her full dark eyes.

At first, the baronet took no notice of her glances; indeed, he was not sufficiently skilled in the tactics of the sex, even to be aware that they were intended for him; but, after repeated attacks, and several well-managed blushes, on the part of the lady, when Sir Hugh chanced to encounter her enamoured eye, the honest gentleman began to think that she was really extremely pretty; and, one day, he went home, and told Squire Stiles, that, "might he never take another brush, but Mrs. Western was a deuced fine woman!"

In the meantime, the wily widow played her game with the most consummate dexterity. She was sure to meet the baronet, accidentally, wherever he went; and on such occasions, she took care to betray a sufficient quantity of amiable embarrassment. If she met him in the public walk, she never failed to gaze on him intently, till his glance, wandering over the multitude, chanced to encounter hers; when she instantly sunk her eyes to the ground, with a due degree of blushing trepidation. In the pump-room, if he were present, a glass of waters, which she was conveying to her lips, was sure to tremble violently in her hand; and, when he looked at her, it trembled still more.

All this, Sir Hugh could not avoid observing; and, though he had no means of ascertaining the real character of the widow, he insensibly became more and more convinced, that she was "a very superior woman!" Still, however, he never dreamed, of carrying his admiration beyond mere empty ceremonial; till, one day, after their acquaintance had been sufficiently matured, the pretty widow took occasion, during a stroll in the park, to ask him why he had never married.

"I wish," said she, "you had only seen how happy my poor dear Western was! Poor, sweet man—he loved me so!"

Sir Hugh cast a glance on the "full, voluptuous, but not o'ergrown form" of his companion, and thought it was very natural, for "her poor dear Western," to love her.

"To be sure," she continued, "I was always very kind to him, and did everything I could to make him comfortable; and then I never interfered with any of his little ways, poor dear man, and never contradicted him, but just let him do what he liked. But, indeed, that's my way, Sir Hugh; I never *can* interfere with other people's little hobbies; though poor Western had his full share of them, it is true."

"What a sweet-tempered amiable creature!" thought Sir Hugh.

The trenches being thus opened, to use a military phrase, it would be needless to follow the intriguing widow, through the whole progress of her amorous siege, upon the heart of the unlucky baronet. Suffice it to say, that the stronghold at last capitulated; and, in three weeks, Sir Hugh led her, as his blushing bride, to the altar.

After the customary honey-moon excursion had been duly completed, they took up their residence at Sharman Hall; and Lady Sharman's son, George Western, or "Georgey dear," as she used to call him, formed, of course, one of the party.

The heart of the *ci-devant* widow rose high within her, when she beheld the fine old baronial residence, of which she was now mistress, and traversed, in company with her husband, the broad acres of the estate. She contemplated, in perspective, the death of the good old baronet, and the succession of her son to the splendid demesne; she thought of the important figure she would cut in the county, as the dowager lady of the hall; and she had already planned a variety of alterations and improvements which should be completed in that event; for she knew that "Georgey dear," would give up everything to her direction.

In the meantime, she commenced a regular system of domestic, and economic, reform. All the old servants, and retainers of the family, were dismissed, and an entirely new set introduced. She declared, that Sir Hugh lived far too extravagantly for his income; and the honest

baronet was, accordingly, forced to part with half of his stud; and, at length, even to dispose of his fox-hounds. The garden, which was extensive, and maintained at considerable expense, was found to be unnecessarily large; and two-thirds of it were, forthwith, ploughed up, and laid off in grass. The baronet's hunting-stable, over the stalls of which, were painted the proud names of his ancestors' favourite horses, was converted into a cow-house; where the lady kept a number of those useful animals, for the laudable purpose of trafficking in butter and cheese.

In one word, the reins of government were completely transferred, from the hands of Sir Hugh, to those of his wife; and, the once omnipotent baronet, could scarcely even be said, to possess a vote in his own council. Whatever he proposed, was met by the keenest opposition; and, before a year had elapsed, Lady Sharman and "Georgey dear" ruled supreme.

In one thing, however, to the great chagrin of his lady, Sir Hugh was immoveable. He had made a settlement of his estate, in case of his dying without children, in favour of his nephew Rowley Neville; and his wife used all her rhetoric to no purpose, in endeavouring to prevail on him to alter this arrangement, and substitute her own son George. Sir Hugh was perfectly obdurate; neither threats nor entreaties could move him; his nephew was, as he deserved to be, a great favourite, and the very sight of "Georgey dear," was loathsome to him.

Finding all her efforts in this affair fruitless, Lady Sharman changed her tactics, and resolved to effect her purpose in another way.

She saw how affectionately her husband loved his nephew; and she saw, too, that, independently of his relationship, it was the fine, manly, honorable character of the boy, that had raised him so high in his uncle's esteem. She, accordingly, laid her plans, with all the art of an intriguing woman, to undermine the character of the boy, in the eyes of his uncle; and, for this purpose, she suborned the services of her domestics.

It would be endless, to repeat the innumerable stories that were now daily related to the unsuspecting baronet, to the discredit of poor Rowley; or to describe the incre-

dulity with which the fond uncle at first listened to them. "Constant dropping, however, wears the hardest stone." Sir Hugh, by degrees, became shaken in the confidence he had hitherto placed in his nephew; he next began to be suspicious of him; and, every one knows, that suspicion is apt to throw the shade of guilt, over even the most innocent actions. Sometimes, he would openly charge the boy with his misconduct; and, when Rowley manfully maintained his innocence, Lady Sharman had always some of her domestics at hand, who testified loudly against him. This was the worst of all. To be guilty of falsehood was, in Sir Hugh's eyes, the most heinous of all offences; and, after repeated instances of this kind, he became so enraged against his nephew, that, for several days, he would not permit him to sit at table.

Still, however, the boy was the son of his beloved sister; and he was unwilling to cast him off entirely. He was anxious to give him some opportunity of regaining his character; and, for this purpose, with the advice of his lady, who lamented sadly the defection of the boy, he procured him an appointment in the navy, and sent him off to sea.

Rowley, glad to escape from the hall, where his life had, of late, been rendered perfectly miserable, entered on his new profession with the most eager ardour; and, during several successive voyages, he conducted himself much to the satisfaction of his superiors.

Meantime, he was never permitted to revisit the hall. No sooner did he return from one cruise, than he found himself again appointed, and ordered to sail upon another. On board, he was always a great favourite; his generous temper, and daring, reckless disposition, gaining him the esteem of every officer under whom he served.

It so happened, however, that, on board of every ship in which he sailed, there *chanced* to be a confidential friend of George Western; who wrote, from time to time, to the hall, giving a shocking account of poor Rowley. Each letter contained some fearful instance of his pusillanimity, his treachery, or his want of faith; and, as this correspondence was regularly shown to the baronet, the good gentleman became at last so enraged, that he declared

"the boy was not his mother's son; that he would never see his face again, and that he would cut him off in his will with a shilling!"

This was exactly the point at which Lady Sharman wished to arrive. She expressed herself extremely sorry for the poor boy; but, at the same time, she applauded her husband's resolution, in discarding, for ever, so disreputable an outcast.

Rowley, totally ignorant of this state of affairs at Sharman Hall, had arrived from a three years' cruise in the Mediterranean; and, having first despatched a letter to his uncle, intimating his return, and requesting him to get him appointed again as soon as possible; he put himself on the top of a stage-coach, and proceeded to the lovely village of Eastcourt, which stands in a wood-embosomed valley, on the borders of Kent.

In one of the most delightful cottages of this delightful place, resided Lieutenant Harwood; the father of one of Rowley's earliest messmates. Though now well advanced in life, this gentleman had been obliged, on account of his wounds, to leave the army when very young; and he had since lived, with his wife and daughter, in his present place of abode.

Whenever Rowley was on shore, Harwood's cottage was the place of his earliest, and most frequent resort. The lieutenant was the father of his dearest friend; and Julia Harwood was one of the most beautiful and accomplished girls in England. With the consent of her parents, he had paid his addresses to her; and, it was agreed, that they should be united, whenever his promotion should render such a step prudent. He had already gone two voyages as first lieutenant; and he hoped soon, by the influence of his uncle, which was considerable, to obtain a command.

He, accordingly, waited impatiently for Sir Hugh's reply to his last letter; and, on the fifth or sixth day of his residence at Eastcourt, he received the following:

"*Sharman-Hall, Sunday.*

"Sir,—I got your letter, and write to say that, in consequence of your late disgraceful conduct, you need look

for no farther countenance or support from me. There's no use in talking; your own conscience must tell you what I mean; and, had I nothing else to complain of, the unblushing manner in which you tell me to address this to the house of your paramour, would be sufficient.—Never let me hear of you again—if you write, your letters shall be returned unopened.

"Your abused Uncle,

"HUGH SHARMAN."

The first part of this epistle was utterly unintelligible to Rowley; but, as he perused the latter part, he trembled with agitation.

"Would to heaven!" he cried; as he tore the letter to shreds, and trampled it beneath his feet, in a paroxysm of rage; "would to heaven, he were not my uncle, that I might call him villain, and, with my sword, wrest the vile lie from his heart! But no," he continued, when he became more calm; "his relationship protects him; and so farewell, for the present, to Julia and promotion!"

As he uttered these words, Lieutenant Harwood entered the room; and, the circumstances having been explained to him, with the exception of the imputation which the letter contained on the character of his daughter, he endeavoured to convince his young friend, that Sir Hugh must be labouring under some mistake, and advised him to write and ask for an explanation.

"Never!" cried Rowley, stamping with rage; "I would sooner cut my head off!"

Finding that he could not persuade him to adopt this course, Harwood next asked him what he meant to do.—But Rowley had not the slightest idea of what he meant to do; till, at last, by the advice of his friend, he determined to apply to the Admiralty in person, and to state his services as the ground of his application. He, accordingly, set out for London; but, after hanging on in attendance at the Admiralty for several months, he found there was not the slightest chance of his succeeding; and he, at length, gave up the pursuit in despair.

At this juncture, the British government were offering a handsome bounty for the colonization of Africa; and, as

this seemed to afford a promising investment for the small sum he had saved from his prize-money, Rowley determined to take advantage of it; intending to return and fulfil his engagement to Julia, after having increased his little store as much as possible by trade in the colony.

I have already said, that he was among the emigrants, entrusted to the care of the Hesperus, at Algoa Bay.—The peculiar nature of the circumstances in which he was placed, excited an extreme degree of interest in his favour; while the elegance of his manners, and the frankness of his general deportment, gained him the good-will of all who knew him; especially of our worthy commander; whose eyes were ever open to merit, and whose heart was ever alive to misfortune.

The particulars of his story, as I have above briefly narrated them, were communicated to me by himself; and the detail of the circumstances attending his own and his father's fate, occupied many a midnight hour in the Blue Boar at Canvass Town. Sometimes, he called himself "the doomed," whom an unseen Destiny had irrevocably fettered to misfortune; and he never ceased to lament the circumstances which had severed him from his profession.

But brighter days were in store for him!

END OF VOL. I.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S ENTIRE WORKS.

E. L. CAREY AND A. HART,

PHILADELPHIA,

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

A COMPLETE EDITION OF THE WORKS OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

COMPRISING

The Waverley Novels, complete.
Poetical Works, including The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.
Lives of Swift and Dryden.
Lives of the Novelists.
History of Scotland.
Tales of my Grandfather, Four Series.
Life of Napoleon.
Essays on Chivalry, Romance, &c.
Demonology and Witchcraft.
Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk.

Sermons, &c. &c.

THE WHOLE REVISED AND CORRECTED BY HIMSELF.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

HIS LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE,

EDITED BY

J. G. LOCKHART

Forming the *only complete and uniform edition* of the writings of the "Magician of the North" ever published in America.

THE WHOLE COMPRISED

IN EIGHT LARGE OCTAVO VOLUMES,

WITH A FINE PORTRAIT ENGRAVED ON STEEL.

Price, elegantly bound in embossed cloth, and lettered, $20.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS

COMPLETE.

PRICE ONLY TEN DOLLARS.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS,

(BEING A PORTION OF THE FOREGOING SERIES.)

CAN BE HAD SEPARATELY, AND ARE COMPRISED IN

FOUR LARGE OCTAVO VOLUMES,

WITH A FINE PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

Waverley,	Quentin Durward,
Guy Mannering,	St. Ronan's Well,
Antiquary,	Redgauntlet,
Rob Roy,	The Betrothed,
Black Dwarf,	The Talisman,
Old Mortality,	Woodstock,
Heart of Mid Lothian,	The Highland Widow,
Bride of Lammermoor,	Two Drovers,
Legend of Montrose	My Aunt Margaret's Mirror,
Ivanhoe,	Tapestried Chamber,
The Monastery,	The Laird's Jock,
The Abbot,	Fair Maid of Perth,
Kenilworth,	Anne of Gierstein,
The Pirate,	Count Robert of Paris,
Fortunes of Nigel,	Castle Dangerous,
Peveril of the Peak,	The Surgeon's Daughter,

Glossary.

The whole revised and corrected, with explanatory notes, by the Author.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S

POETICAL WORKS,

COMPLETE

IN ONE LARGE VOLUME, OCTAVO.

PRICE, FULL BOUND IN EMBOSSED CLOTH, $2 50.

CONTENTS.

The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, complete;
The Lay of the Last Minstrel; Marmion;
The Lady of the Lake; Rokeby; The Lord of the Isles;
Bridal of Triermain; Harold the Dauntless.

DRAMAS.

Halidon Hill; Goetz Von Berlichingen; Mac Duff's Cross;
The House of Aspen;
The Doom of Devorgoil; Auchindrane.

LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT,

EMBRACING

HIS PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITED BY J. G. LOCKHART.

IN ONE LARGE VOLUME, 8VO.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S

MISCELLANEOUS PROSE WRITINGS.

IN TWO VOLUMES, OCTAVO.

PRICE FIVE DOLLARS,

NEATLY BOUND IN EMBOSSED MUSLIN.

CONTENTS.

Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk,
Essay on Chivalry and Romance,
Sermons,
Life of Swift,
Life of Napoleon,
History of Scotland,
Life of John Dryden,
Demonology and Witchcraft,
Tales of a Grandfather—Four Series;

AND

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF

Samuel Richardson,
Henry Fielding,
Tobias Smollett,
Richard Cumberland,
Oliver Goldsmith,
Samuel Johnson,
Laurence Sterne,
Henry Mackenzie,
Horace Walpole,
Clara Reeve,
Mrs. Ann Radcliffe,
Le Sage,
Robert Bage,
Charlotte Smith,
Sir Ralph Sadler,
John Leyden,
Miss Anne Seward,
Daniel De Foe,
Late Duke of Buccleugh and Queensbury,
Lord Somerville,
King George the Third,
Lord Byron,
The Duke of York,
Charles Johnstone.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE AMERICAN EDITION

OF THE

Complete Works of Sir Walter Scott.

The writings of Walter Scott will be referred to hereafter as marking an era in English literature. With a genius expansive as the broad field of letters, his was the intellectual capacity to master every subject it approached. Familiar with the accumulated knowledge of dead ages, he brought to his task, whatever were its nature, a mind richly stored with all that was beautiful and apt for illustration, description, or analogy.

Criticism has failed in its attempt to confine the acknowledged superiority of Scott to any distinctive range of subjects. The reader who finds surpassing beauty and thrilling pathos in the "Lay" and "Marmion," before he records his admiration will recall the graphic force and splendid imagery of "Waverley" and "Ivanhoe."—Though in the simple and natural sketches of the "Lives of the Novelists," he becomes entranced by the wizard power of the writer, yet will he not forget that the historic page which tells of Bruce, or Napoleon, bears an evidence of the writer's genius equally brilliant and enduring.

Scott's great and peculiar merit is admitted to be his invincible truth to nature. In the regions of poetry and romance, with an imagination that never slumbers, and which gives light and life to every picture of its creation, there is still a naturalness that wins upon the heart, till fiction becomes reality. It is here that the magician's power is felt, though the arm that lifts the wand is unseen. On the busy, life-like pages of biography, his deep knowledge of human character, and universal benevolence of disposition, are alike discernible. Charity tempers the justice of all his inferences, and there is ever a pouring forth of that spirit of kindness which "delights to praise, but falters to condemn." It is perhaps on the graver themes of history, that the triumph of Scott's genius is most remarkable. So irresistible are the charms of style which he throws around historical subjects, that what in other hands is dry and uninteresting detail, comes from his pen with the force of truth, adorned with all the attractive grace of fiction.

The works of an author like Scott cannot be too extensively diffused. No one can rise from the perusal of his writings with-

out having been instructed as well as amused. The cause of religion, and virtue, and morality, finds an advocate on every page; vice will seek encouragement from the same source in vain.

It has been well observed by an able and eloquent American critic, that "if ever writer deserved universal citizenship, it was Sir Walter Scott. He was the poet of nature, the delineator of his species in every climate and on every soil; so that, wherever his works were known, there was he to be regarded as a native and a denizen."

It is in this spirit that the publishers of the American edition of Scott's complete works have undertaken to present them to the American people. They have supposed that they could not render a better or more acceptable service to the great mass of readers, than by placing such a publication within their reach. The revised uniform Edinburgh edition, from which this is reprinted, comprises eighty-eight volumes, the cost of which is one hundred and twenty-five dollars. The American edition now published contains the entire matter, with the addition of "*Lockhart's Life of Scott*," with the latest emendations, in eight octavo volumes, stereotyped, and printed on excellent paper. *The price of this edition is above one hundred dollars less than that of the Edinburgh.*

The text of the "Life of Napoleon" was revised by Sir Walter himself. It contains copious editorial notes, with brief notices of many distinguished men who acted a prominent part in the eventful wars which followed the French revolution.

In addition to the likeness of the author, engraved from a painting by Newton, which accompanies the first volume, will be found a beautiful medallion portrait to preface the seventh volume.

The publication price affixed to this work is less, in reference to the quality of materials and style of execution, than that of any other production of the press in Europe or America. The investment and expenditures connected with this undertaking are much greater than usually attend a republication; and it will be apparent that the publishers must rely on an extensive sale for their remuneration. They appeal with entire confidence to the American public, for a just and liberal support in their endeavours to disseminate the means of an enlightened and rational enjoyment.

E. L. CAREY AND A. HART.

Philadelphia, October, 1838.

AUTHOR'S

ADVERTISEMENT.

Abbotsford, January, 1829.

It has been the occasional occupation of the Author of Waverley, for several years past, to revise and correct the voluminous series of Novels which pass under that name; in order that, if they should ever appear as his avowed productions, he might render them in some degree deserving of a continuance of the public favour with which they have been honoured ever since their first appearance. For a long period, however, it seemed likely that the improved and illustrated edition which he meditated, would be a posthumous publication. But the course of the events which occasioned the disclosure of the Author's name, having, in a great measure, restored to him a sort of parental control over these works, he is naturally induced to give them to the press in a corrected, and, he hopes, an improved form, while life and health permit the task of revising and illustrating them. Such being his purpose, it is necessary to say a few words on the plan of the proposed edition.

In stating it to be revised and corrected, it is not to be inferred that any attempt is made to alter the tenor of the stories, the character of the actors, or the spirit of the dialogue. There is, no doubt, ample room for emendation in all these points,—but where the tree falls it must lie. Any attempt to obviate criticism, however just, by altering a work already in the hands of the public, is generally unsuccessful. In the most improbable fiction, the reader still desires some air of *vraisemblance*, and does not relish that the incidents of a tale familiar to him should be altered to suit the taste of critics, or the caprice of the author himself. This process of feeling is so natural, that it may be observed even in children, who cannot endure that a nursery story should be repeated to them differently from the manner in which it was first told.

But without altering, in the slightest degree, either the story or the mode of telling it, the Author has taken this opportunity to correct errors of the press and slips of the pen. That such should exist cannot be wondered at, when it is considered that the Publishers found it their interest to hurry through the press a succession of the early editions of the various Novels, and that the Author had not the usual opportunity of revision. It is hoped that the present edition will be found free from errors of that accidental kind.

The Author has also ventured to make some emendations of a different character, which, without being such apparent deviations from the original stories as to disturb the reader's old associations, will, he thinks, add something to the spirit of the dialogue, narrative, or description. These consist of occasional pruning where the language is redundant, compression where the style is loose, infusion of vigour where it is languid, the exchange of less forcible for more appropriate epithets—slight alterations, in short, like the last touches of an artist, which contribute to heighten and finish the picture, though an inexperienced eye can hardly detect in what they consist.

The general preface to the new edition, and the introductory notices to each separate work, will contain an account of such circumstances attending the first publication of the Novels and Tales, as may appear interesting in themselves, or proper to be communicated to the public. The Author also proposes to publish, on this occasion, the various legends, family traditions, or obscure historical facts, which have formed the groundwork of these Novels, and to give some account of the places where the scenes are laid, when these are altogether, or in part, real; as well as a statement of particular incidents founded on fact; together with a more copious glossary, and notes explanatory of the ancient customs and popular superstitions referred to in the Romances.

Upon the whole, it is to be hoped that the Waverley Novels, in their new dress, will not be found to have lost any part of their attractions in consequence of receiving illustrations by the Author, and undergoing his careful revision.

Philadelphia, 1838.

LIBRARY OF STANDARD NOVELS.

E. L. CAREY & A. HART

Have recently published *cheap* and BEAUTIFUL editions of the works of the following HIGHLY POPULAR AUTHORS. Various other volumes are in preparation, and the series, when completed, will form a LIBRARY OF NOVELS UNSURPASSED in beauty and cheapness; each work embellished with a fine portrait, engraved expressly for this edition.

MARRYAT.

The complete Works of

CAPTAIN MARRYAT,

In One Volume, 8vo.

COMPRISING

Jacob Faithful,
The Naval Officer,
Newton Forster,
The King's Own,
Peter Simple,
Japhet in Search of his Father,
The Pirate and Three Cutters,
Pacha of Many Tales,
Mr. Midshipman Easy,
Snarleyyow.

BULWER.

The Novels of

E. L. BULWER,

In One Volume, 8vo.

CONSISTING OF

Falkland,
Pelham,
Disowned,
Devereux,
Paul Clifford,
Eugene Aram,
Last Days of Pompeii,
Rienzi.

D'ISRAELI'S WORKS,

COMPLETE

IN ONE VOLUME, OCTAVO, WITH PORTRAIT.

COMPRISING

Vivian Grey,
Young Duke,
Contarini Fleming,
Tale of Alroy,
Rise of Iskander,
Henrietta Temple,
Venetia.

LADY BLESSINGTON'S

COMPLETE WORKS,

IN ONE VOLUME, OCTAVO, WITH PORTRAIT.

COMPRISING

The Two Friends,
The Repealers,
Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman,
Confessions of an Elderly Lady,
Victims of Society,
Conversations of Lord Byron,
Gems of Beauty, &c. &c.

MISS LANDON'S COMPLETE WORKS.

IN ONE VOLUME, 8VO., WITH A PORTRAIT.

CONSISTING OF

PROSE.

Romance and Reality,
Francesca Carrara,
Traits and Trials of Early Life,
Ethel Churchill,
Book of Beauty.

POETRY.

The Improvisatrice,
The Troubadour,
Venetian Bracelet,
Golden Violet,
Vow of the Peacock, &c. &c.

NOTICES OF

THE LIBRARY OF STANDARD NOVELS.

"The praise of Miss Landon has been in all the literary circles, since the publication of the 'Improvisatrice,' in 1824. Her Poems placed her in the first rank of her contemporaries, and her Novels have fully sustained this enviable reputation. The publishers have done her full justice in this elegant edition of her works, which adds one more volume to their series of complete works of popular authors, making thirteen volumes in all; and comprehending the works of Bulwer, Marryat, D'Israeli, Lady Blessington, and Sir Walter Scott;—the last in eight volumes, royal octavo, to correspond with the others. What a library of light and solid reading! What an everlasting fund of entertainment for one who lives on his plantation, and has much spare time!"—*Messenger.*

"One of the handsomest books of the day is that embracing the complete works of L. E. L., which has just been published by Carey and Hart. The admirers of that gifted lady—and she has them by thousands—will be pleased to possess this most various volume."—*Philad. Gazette.*

"The writings of this accomplished lady are too highly and too generally esteemed to render necessary a word of commendation from us. We may say, however, that the publishers have done their share of the work well."—*U. S. Gazette.*

THE AMERICAN BOZ.

CHARCOAL SKETCHES,

BY

JOSEPH C. NEAL.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. C. JOHNSTON.

"We do not hesitate to say—and a perusal of the work before us will fully sustain the assertion—that in all those cunning attributes 'which involve a design upon the risibles of the public,' Mr. Neal stands on equal ground with that author (Boz) in whose praise the realm of England rings from side to side."—*Philad. Gazette.*

"It is made up of a series of off-hand sketches of real life, which, for humour, nature, and graphic force, are, we venture to assert, equal to the best passages of the celebrated Pickwick papers. Several of these sketches are indeed inimitable. Nothing superior in the same style is to be found in modern English literature."—*Pennsylvania Inquirer.*

"This volume is a right merry production, from the pen of J. C. Neal, who peculiarly excels in that most difficult path of literature—the humorous. The engravings with which it is enriched, are 'Charcoal Sketches' of no common character. They are truly racy and laughable."—*Saturday Courier.*

"A collection of sketches humorously delineated and dashed off in a style of pleasantry from a spirited pen."—*Public Ledger.*

"The 'Sketches' are so graphic, and at the same time so quaint, that the illustrations, though sufficiently well executed, add little or nothing to the value of the tome."—*Com. Herald.*

"We have a perfect recollection of there being such a man as Dickens; and we like 'Boz' as well as others, but Neal is his superior; and we care not who laughs at us for saying so. There is nothing in the raciest page of the Pickwick to equal some quaint, and quiet, and exquisite touches of Neal's 'City Worthies.' "—*N. Y. Gazette.*

"The most original work of the day. It is a Pocket Encyclopædia of honest, sensible fun; free from the remotest taint of vulgarity, but rich in fanciful and ludicrous conceits."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

AMERICAN COOKERY.

DIRECTIONS FOR COOKING,

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

FOURTH EDITION, MUCH ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

BY MISS LESLIE,

AUTHOR OF "SEVENTY-FIVE RECEIPTS."

"This is the most complete manual of cookery which has yet been published. It contains a large number of receipts, many of them original, in all the branches of the culinary art, set forth with a simplicity and plainness that must prevent all difficulty or misunderstanding. All the processes of preparing meats, vegetables, and pastry; all the mysteries of cakes and confectionary; all the secrets of the dishes which have a thousand times delighted our palate and puzzled our brain, are here laid open to every one who chooses to pry into them; and every housewife who is furnished with this key may provide her table with a variety of delicacies which heretofore have been thought inaccessible, but through the skill of professed cooks."—*Sat. News.*

"This volume contains the art of cooking, preparing, and carving the whole list of eatables from the egg to the apple. The book is a perfect *Vade Mecum* for the housekeeper, and we should think would be in demand for the soundness of its culinary doctrine, and the simplicity of its precepts."—*U. S. Gazette.*

"Miss Leslie has presented an excellent work to American housewives. Nothing has been incorporated but what will, by the generality of tastes, be considered good of its kind. The various matters are also arranged under distinct heads, forming a ready manual to turn to on all occasions."—*Sat. News.*

"Every parent should insist on his daughter being able to quote page and line from Miss Leslie's book. The literature and science of cookery open a new path to fame that can never be broken up or destroyed. We repeat that it should be a mother's duty to make it a daughter's study."—*Saturday Morning News.*

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

AN EXPLANATION

OF THE

LAWS OF GROWTH AND EXERCISE,

THROUGH WHICH A PLEASING CONTOUR, SYMMETRY OF FORM, AND GRACEFUL CARRIAGE OF THE BODY, ARE ACQUIRED; AND THE COMMON DEFORMITIES OF SPINE AND CHEST PREVENTED.

BY JOHN BELL, M.D.

IN ONE VOLUME, 18MO.

"A volume full of practical detail and most practical advice."—*U. S. Gaz.*

"We want language sufficiently strong to commend this volume as it should be commended, to the notice of parents, teachers, and heads of families. A statement made by one of the best surgeons in Boston shows that a large proportion of the young ladies who grow up to womanhood are affected with the curvature of the spine, arising from the neglect of the very laws which Dr. Bell's volume explains and inculcates. Parents are not deficient in affection for their offspring; but they do not think of these things. They neglect them wholly from never having their attention properly directed to the subject. We say then to all parents, If you would preserve the health and beauty of your offspring, read Dr. Bell's book."—*Weekly Messenger.*

TREDGOLD'S CARPENTRY.

ELEMENTARY

PRINCIPLES OF CARPENTRY.

A Treatise on the Pressure and Equilibrium of Timber Framings, the Resistance of Timber, and the Construction of Floors, Roofs, Centre Bridges, &c.; with Practical Rules and Examples. To which is added an Essay on the Nature and Properties of Timber, including the Methods of Seasoning, and the Causes and Prevention of Decay, with Descriptions of the Kinds of Scantlings of Timber for different Purposes, the specific Gravities of Materials, &c. Illustrated by twenty-two engravings and several wood cuts.

BY THOMAS TREDGOLD, *Civil Engineer.*

"This work forms an excellent elementary manual for the carpenter, as well as a valuable book of reference for the architect or engineer.

"The principles laid down by Mr. Tredgold, relating to that branch of the art which is particularly directed to the support of pressure, are all founded upon the immutable laws of mechanics. and explained with great perspicuity. The strength of various kinds of timber to resist tension, compression, or cross strains, is fully investigated, and copious tables are given, exhibiting the results of experiments on the strength and cohesion of almost every description of wood.

"One of the most important divisions of the work is that which is devoted to the investigation of the nature and properties of timber. Many of the curious and interesting facts connected with the growth of trees are mentioned, and much valuable information is furnished on the subject of felling and seasoning timber, the prevention of decay and dry rot, and the durability of wood in different situations."—*Journal of the Franklin Institute.*

MADAME DE STAEL.

CORINNE.

BY MADAME DE STAEL.

Two Volumes, 12mo.

BEAUTIES OF THE COURT

OF

CHARLES THE SECOND.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

Author of "CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN."

NEW BOOKS PUBLISHED BY

DELPHINE.

BY MADAME DE STAEL.

Three Volumes, 12mo.

BOLMAR'S FRENCH GRAMMAR.

A THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL

GRAMMAR OF THE FRENCH TONGUE.

IN WHICH THE PRESENT USAGE IS DISPLAYED AGREEABLY TO THE DECISIONS OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

BY M. DE LEVIZAC.

With numerous Corrections and Improvements, and with the Addition of a complete Treatise on the Gender of French Nouns; as also with the Addition of all the French Verbs, both regular and irregular, &c. &c.

BY A. BOLMAR.

Fifth Edition, corrected.

BLAKE'S BOTANY.

CONVERSATIONS ON VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY,

COMPREHENDING THE ELEMENTS OF BOTANY, WITH THEIR APPLICATION TO AGRICULTURE.

By the Author of "CONVERSATIONS ON CHEMISTRY."

Adapted to the use of schools,

BY JOSEPH L. BLAKE.

CAPTAIN BACK'S JOURNAL.

JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE IN

SEARCH OF CAPTAIN ROSS.

In One Volume, 8vo.

NEW BOOKS PUBLISHED BY

MR. WARD'S NEW WORK.

FIELDING; OR, SOCIETY.

By the Author of "TREMAINE," and "DE VERE."

In Three Volumes, 12mo.

"Mr. Ward has produced an extraordinary work; Fielding is not a novel, and certainly cannot be termed a romance; it is a *recolement* of the practical philosophy of a cosmopolite. The experience of an observation hunter—an analysis of human nature, by a strong-minded man, detailed with much conversational spirit and logical effect. There are two divisions in the work, but Mr. Ward has not employed the agency of a pilot to connect his illustrations of society and life; or the developement of his category of supernatural influences. Fielding will be more generally perused than either of Mr. Ward's former productions. The Christian moralist and philosopher will find matter equally valuable—and the attention of the general reader will be attracted by the variety and spice of the anecdotal illustrations, which were not suffered to enlighten the didactics of Tremaine or De Vere."—*Burton's Gentleman's Magazine.*

"Mr. Ward's reputation is high as a didactic novelist. He is at the head of a class in which he has few imitators, and into which none can enter but men of consummate ability and wide reaching experience. His novels are not so much pictures of society, as practical expositions of human character."

"In Fielding we have a perfect picture of a profound thinker. The progress and history of his mind is a fine conception admirably executed."—*La Belle Assemble.*

"A most delightful work, abounding, like Tremaine, in beautiful descriptions, and like De Vere, in strong and lively pictures of human character, in the different varieties of life."—*Messenger.*

"It deserves a wide circulation."—*Athenæum.*

"This book will be read a second, nay, a third time, with increased pleasure."—*Dublin Evening Packet.*

LADY MORGAN'S NEW WORK.

WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

BY LADY MORGAN.

THE DIVORCED.

BY THE LADY CHARLOTTE BURY.

Authoress of "FLIRTATION," &c.

In Two Volumes, 12mo.

"This new novel is one of the most effective of Lady Bury's productions. The story is powerfully and admirably told, and it seems to us that not only is it founded on facts, but that the characters are chiefly drawn from the life."—*John Bull.*

NEW BOOKS PUBLISHED BY

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

In One Volume, 12mo.

PAUL DE KOCK.

ANDREW THE SAVOYARD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

PAUL DE KOCK.

The following is extracted from a very able article which appeared in the Foreign Quarterly Review:

"The name of Paul de Kock is probably known to few of our readers, and yet he is a highly popular author, within two days' journey of our capital. During a year or two past, he has been the prolific parent of almost innumerable volumes, which have received a warm reception from his countrymen, and are every day being multiplied in new editions. It is worth while to inquire, what is this which pleases our neighbours so much? We wish we could communicate to our readers a tithe of the amusement that inquiry has afforded us. Where Peregrine Pickle is a welcome guest, the society of Paul de Kock will be enjoyed. Humour is not the only characteristic of our author; he has another virtue, the truth of his pictures of life and society—the absolute nature of his pieces of conversation and character."

THE GOOD FELLOW.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

PAUL DE KOCK.

"The work now before us is one of those pleasing and instructive tales for which that highly gifted author is so celebrated, and fully maintains his already high reputation. We think it a valuable work to put into the hands of children, and not less worthy the attention of young men; it is well calculated to instruct and amuse; and to all our young friends we recommend a perusal of the Good Fellow."—*Baltimore Gazette.*

MISS STICKNEY.

PRETENSION.

A NOVEL.

BY MISS STICKNEY.

Two Volumes, 12mo., with a beautiful plate.

"This is one of those enchanting tales of modern life, which, like Crabbe's Poems, and Hogarth's Pictures, delight by their reality and minuteness of effect."—*Burton's Gentleman's Magazine.*

"It certainly has 'Pretension' to rank among the interesting and instructive literature of the day."—*U. S. Gazette.*

"The characters are nobly drawn, and the whole story is of that absorbing nature which enchains the attention of the reader, as he finishes each page."—*Ladies' Companion.*

E. L. CAREY AND A. HART.

TOM HOOD.

THE COMPLETE
WORKS OF THOMAS HOOD.

In One Volume, 8vo.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

COMPRISING

The Comic Annual complete,
Hood's Own,
Facetiæ,
Whims and Oddities,
Tylney Hall,
National Tales, &c.

WITH NEARLY ONE HUNDRED HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

It would be difficult to find in the language a volume containing a greater amount of drollery, or one better calculated to drive away the blue devils. Let all hypochondriacs throw away their physic, and in lieu of it take a dose of TOM HOOD, and the cure is certain.

LARDNER ON STEAM.

THE STEAM ENGINE
FAMILIARLY EXPLAINED AND ILLUSTRATED.

WITH AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF ITS INVENTION AND PROGRESSIVE IMPROVEMENTS: ITS APPLICATION TO NAVIGATION AND RAILWAYS.

BY DIONYSIUS LARDNER.

With Additions and Notes,
BY JAMES RENWICK.
With numerous Plates.

CELEBRATED TRIALS,
IN
ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES.

In One Volume, 8vo.

MEMOIRS OF COUNT GRAMMONT.
BY HAMILTON.

In One Volume, 8vo.

NEW BOOKS PUBLISHED BY

MATHEMATICS FOR PRACTICAL MEN;

BEING

A COMMON-PLACE BOOK

OF PRINCIPLES, THEOREMS, RULES AND TABLES, IN VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS OF

PURE AND MIXED MATHEMATICS,

With their applications; especially to the pursuits of Surveyors, Architects, Mechanics, and Civil Engineers.

WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

BY OLINTHUS GREGORY, LL.D., F.R.A.S.

SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED AND IMPROVED.

In One Volume, 8vo.

"Only let men awake, and fix their eyes, one while on the nature of things, another while on the application of them to the use and service of mankind."—*Lord Bacon.*

Extract of a Letter from WALTER R. JOHNSON, *Professor of Mechanics and Natural Philosophy in the Franklin Institute.*

"This treatise is intended and admirably calculated to supply the deficiency in the means of mathematical instruction to those who have neither time nor inclination to peruse numerous abstract treatises in the same departments. It has, besides the claims of a good elementary manual, the merit of embracing several of the most interesting and important departments of Mechanics, applying to these the rules and principles embraced in the earlier sections of the work.

"Questions in Statics, Dynamics, Hydrostatics, Hydro-dynamics, &c. are treated with a clearness and precision which must increase the powers of the student over his own intellectual resources by the methodical habits which a perusal of such works cannot fail to impart.

"With respect to Engineering, and the various incidents of that important profession, much valuable matter is contained in this volume; and the results of many laborious series of experiments are presented with conciseness and accuracy."

SNARLEYYOW;

OR,

THE DOG FIEND.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

In Two Volumes.

"Not inferior to any of Captain Marryat's previous works, Peter Simple alone excepted. It is grotesque and humorous from beginning to end."—*Athenæum.*

"This work is in a completely new style; and full of character and spirit it is. The dash of historic character gives great effect to the wild and animated narrative."—*Literary Gazette.*

"The Captain, whether on sea or on shore, is equally in his element. His dog and his Dutchman are amiable counterparts of each other; the dog being a Dutchman on four legs, and the Dutchman a dog on two."—*New Monthly.*

RD-431

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing Agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date:

PRESERVATION TECHNOLOGIES, INC.
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Twp., PA 16066
(412) 779-2111

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

DOBBS BROS.
LIBRARY BINDING

JAN 1977

ST. AUGUSTINE

FLA.

32084

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00014973886